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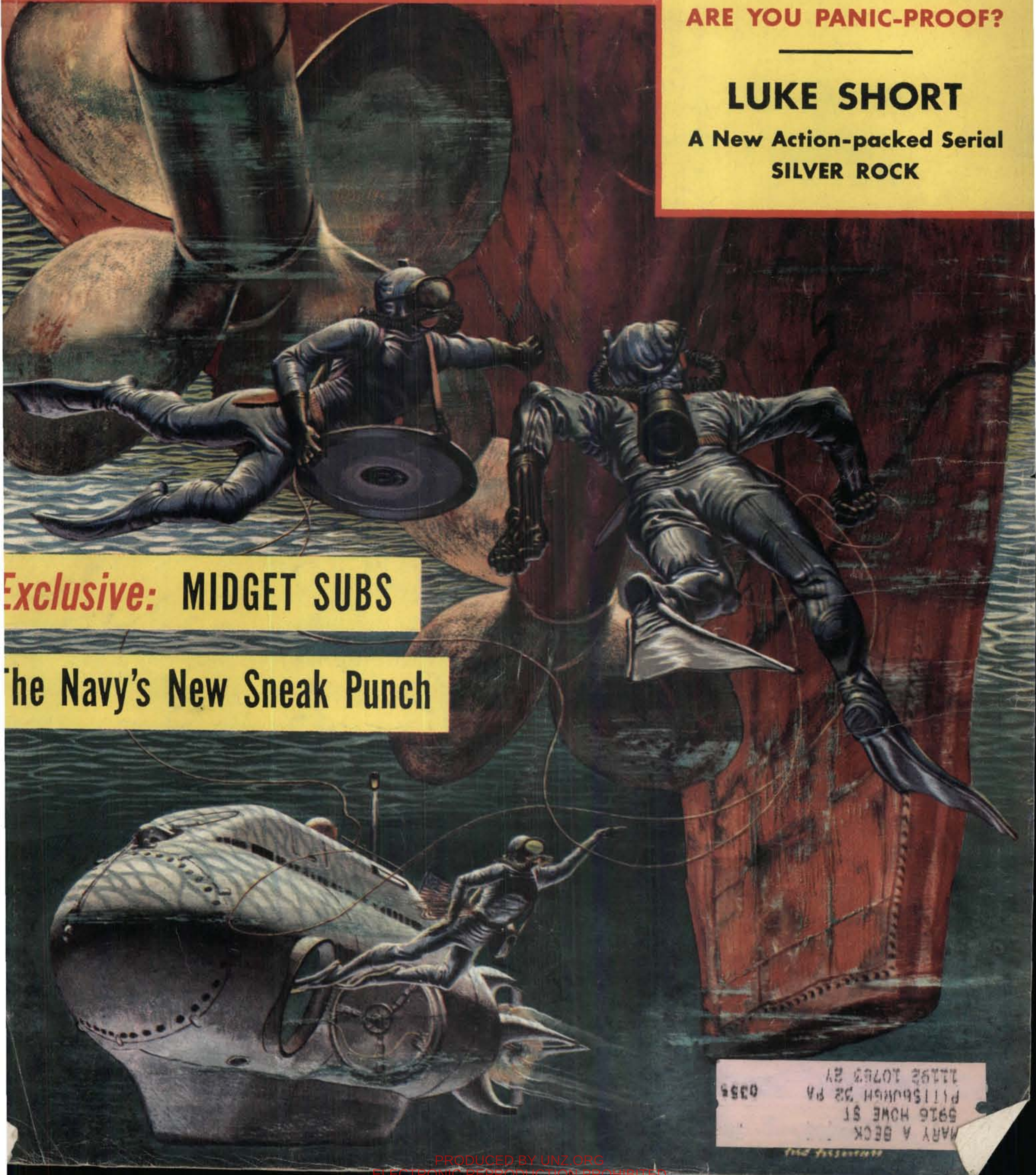

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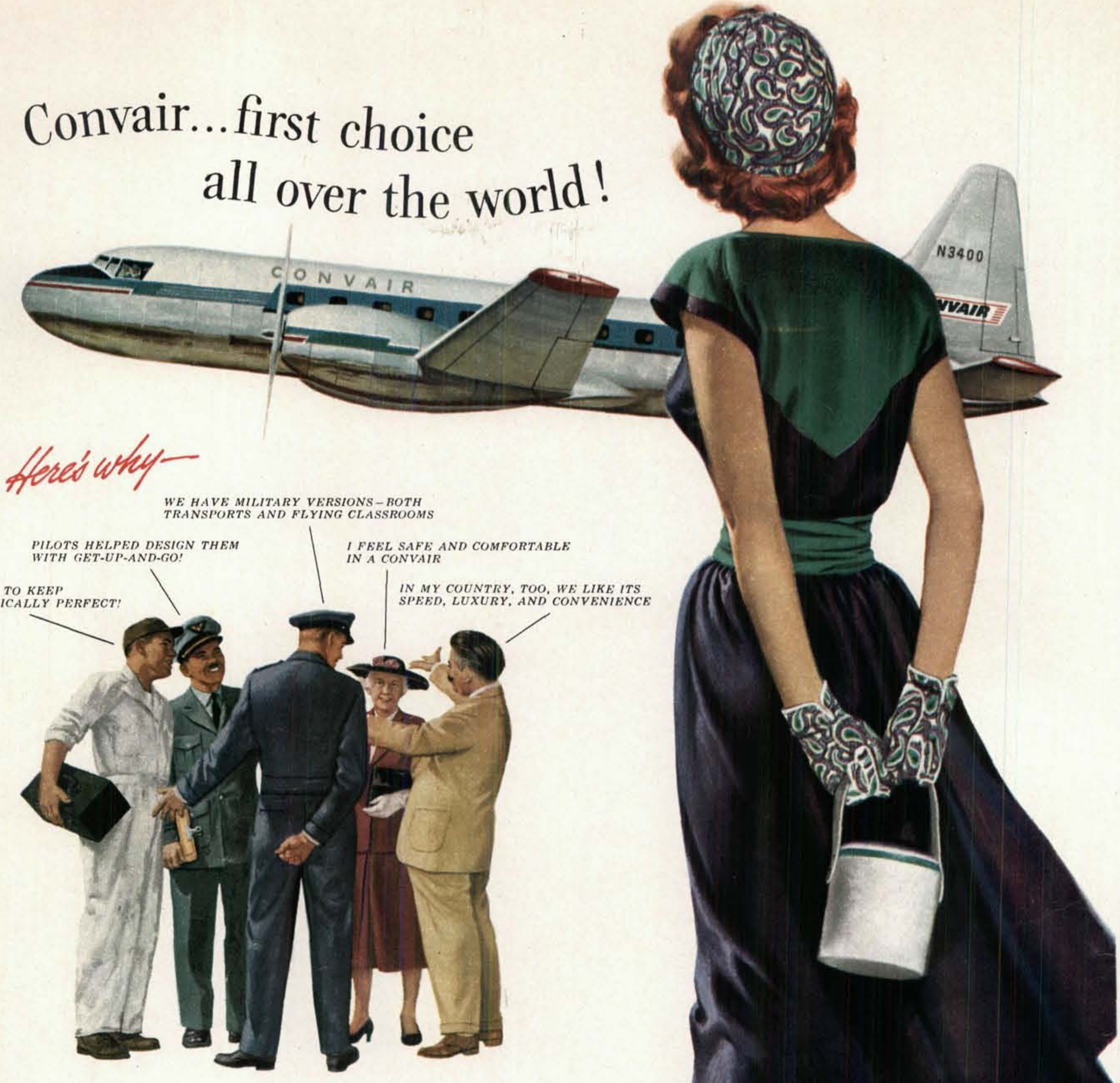

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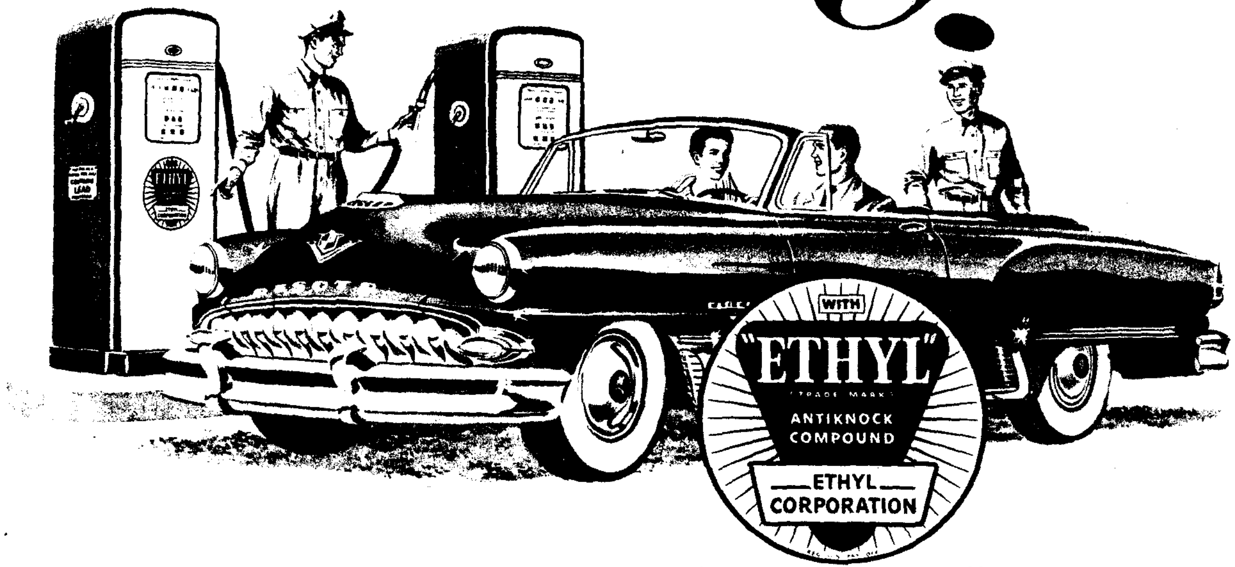

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Collier's

AUGUST 21, 1953

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THE COVER . . Fred Freeman

Frogmen swim from the side hatch of a midget sub—the Navy's new weapon, now in the design stage—to attach a limpet mine to the hull of an enemy vessel. The mine will explode long after the raiders have escaped. Mr. Freeman, noted naval artist, also did the illustrations for Collier's article on the atomic submarine (December 20, 1952). For details of our lethal new midget raider and more dramatic pictures by Freeman and Rolf Klep, see pages 48-53

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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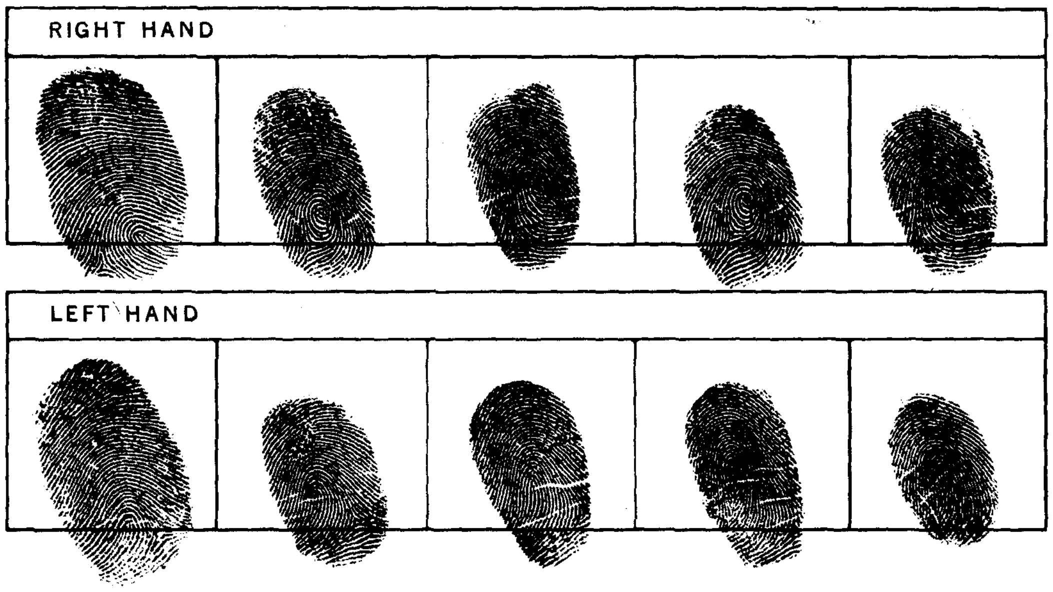
DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?



HIS NEGLIGENCE IS CAUSING THOUSANDS OF DEATHS FROM HEART DISEASE

Here's a description of the culprit:

Overweight. Short of breath. (The old ticker really pounds on a flight of stairs.)

Often over-exercises on week-ends after a sedentary week. Sometimes bothered by a peculiar swelling in the ankles.

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Had a couple of attacks of "indigestion" recently. When asked by wife to please check with doctor, was heard to reply: "What for? I'm not sick . . . besides, I'm too busy!"

The greatest problem in dealing with heart disease today is *the man (or woman)* who ignores the "danger signals" until it may be too late to take advantage of the help which medical science today is prepared to give.

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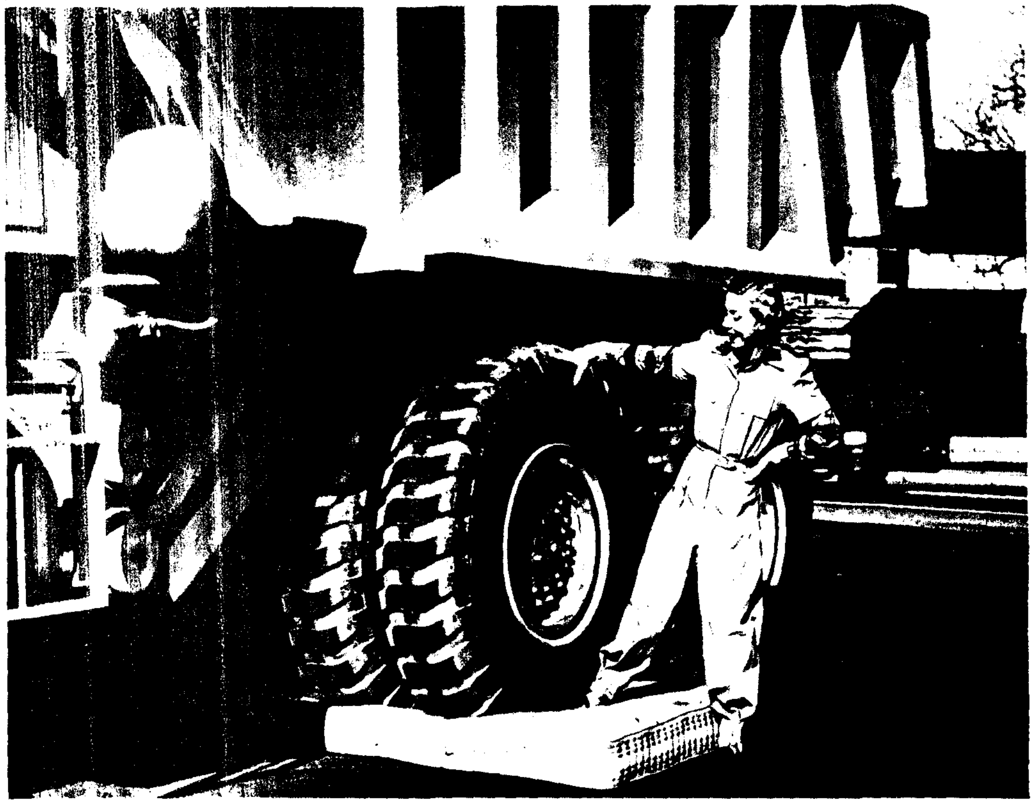

Home on a hill . . . and a beauty, too, since the strength of its structural steel framework allowed the architect greater freedom of design. Being fireproof, structural steel also makes this home *safer*. If you want *your* new home to be more modern, more durable, and a safer place for your family to live, use *steel* wherever possible. *(Photo—Hedrich-Blessing)*

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Lockheed's huge Marietta, Georgia, factory speeds output of U.S. aircraft

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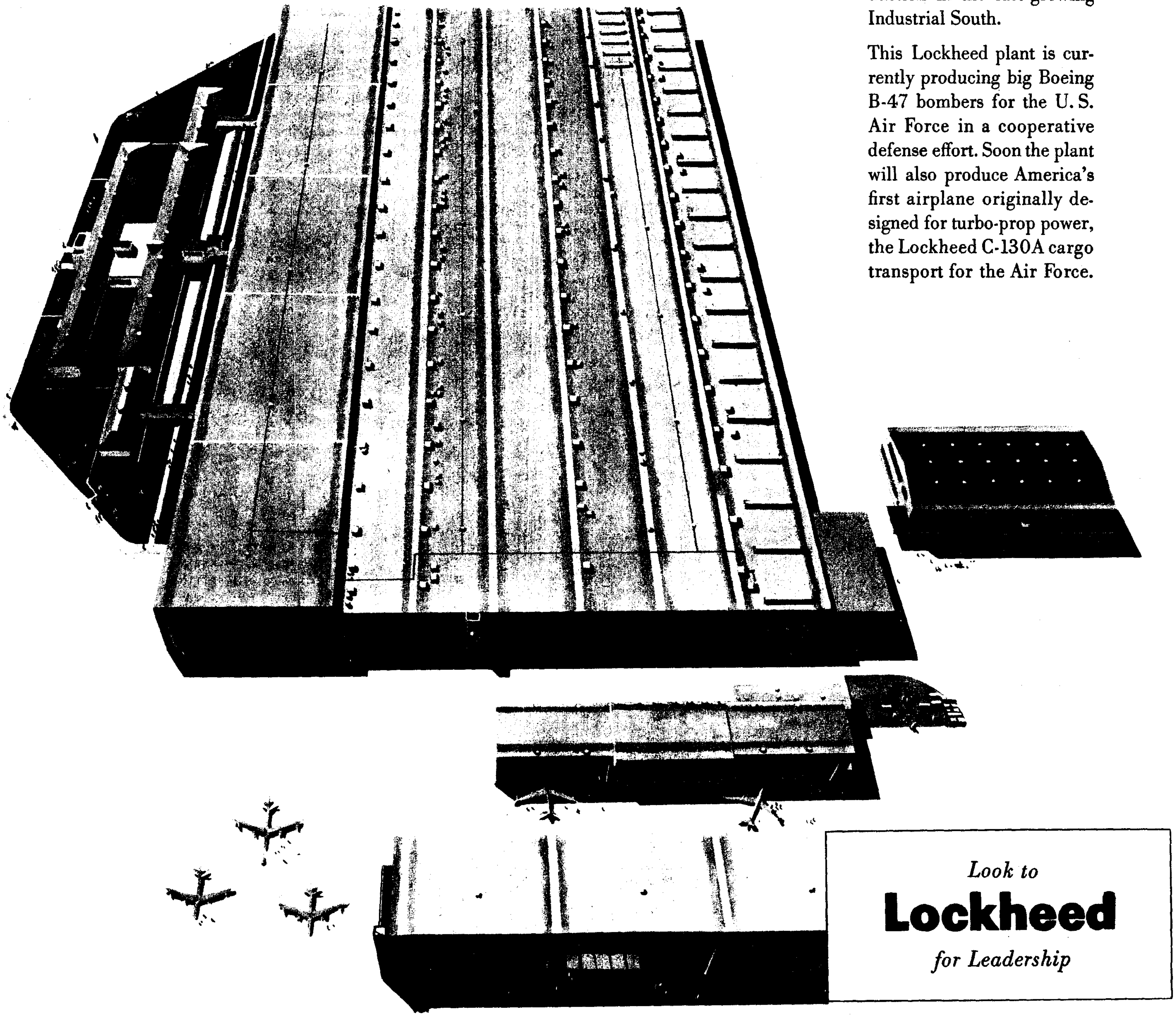
A short distance from Atlanta, this factory complements Lockheed's California Division, providing the industrial dispersal now considered vital to U.S. defense.

Lockheed's Georgia Division employs over 13,000 people and has an $800 million backlog of airplane orders. That's big business—and an excellent example of new production in the fast-growing Industrial South.

This Lockheed plant is currently producing big Boeing B-47 bombers for the U.S. Air Force in a cooperative defense effort. Soon the plant will also produce America's first airplane originally designed for turbo-prop power, the Lockheed C-130A cargo transport for the Air Force.



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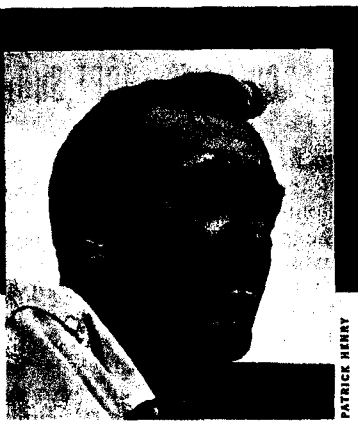
COLLIER'S CREDITS..


PATRICK HENRY

Short for Glidden

LUKE SHORT advises us that, having lived in just such a place as the fictional town of Azurite, it seemed inevitable he'd write a yarn with old Colorado diggings as background. So, Silver Rock, which begins in this issue, has in it a bit of Aspen (where Luke now resides), plus Silverton, Ashcroft and Ouray.

"What prompted the story," he makes public, "is another thing. Some years ago I was tagged for our county hospital board, which put me in constant touch with our Board of County Commissioners. I was fascinated by their meetings because in the thinly populated counties of the West, the county board *is* the grass-roots government. Need I add that the three slobs who make up the board in Silver Rock never existed?"

Don't tell anybody, but Luke Short is really Frederick Glidden, who, married, has been the father of three children and exactly ten times as many magazine serials.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of Colorado, during the winter we ran a Color Camera story called Snowbound, concerning the extraordinarily cold weather out that-a-way. Outraged citizens of the Mountain State asserted we were crazy with the heat. Well, sir, late in June we saw newspaper pictures of snowplows clearing four-foot drifts from an auto highway near Denver. Collier's takes credit for being right in this case, but, right or wrong, we wish at this moment that charitable Coloradans would push any unwanted blizzards this-a-way. The thermometer outside our office window just went crazy with the heat.

★ ★ ★

Every time we publish an authoritative piece on a new weapon or defense gimmick, a number of patriots march into the office or write in to ask why we insist upon blabbing military secrets all over the lot. To forestall any such expressions of indignation—even though we like to see and hear from our readers—we wish to make it clear that the several pages of art and text devoted to our new midget submarine were cleared for security by the Navy and Defense Departments. Uncle Sam is not worried.

★ ★ ★

In the course of investigating the lethal progress being made against the villainous *musca domestica* (Latin for pesky housefly), writer Herbert Yahraes had a session in the Savannah, Georgia, Public Health Service office of Dr. Richard W. Fay, the hero of the page 62 drama. While they talked, a member of the problem species kept buzzing from window to desk and making occasional landings on the interviewer and interviewee. When the irritating insect finally settled on a stack of reports, Dr. Fay picked up—yes—a fly swatter and swatted. This would seem to be highly unscientific behavior on the part of a man who has been testing the use of unpronounceable chemicals for the eradication of everybody's pest. The scientist explained, however, that an insecticide spray might mess up nearby laboratory experiments and contaminate flies used for breeding purposes.

Aside from any comment we might make about anyone who actually devotes time and effort to breeding flies, we recommend Dr. Fay's premises to fly-swatter peddlers.

★ ★ ★

A considerable portion of Collier's readers indubitably will link Mel Heimer with a syndicated column, My New York, published in a goodly number of daily gazettes from here to almost everywhere. But the racing background for his current short short about A Horse Named Dopey, the author reveals, was brewed from even more personal agony. Raised in Yonkers, New York, Mel sat on the backstretch rail at Empire City during the long summer vacation days and tried to shoo in three-to-five shots, a habit, he admits, that still persists.

"Along about the time this story appears," Mel adds, "I'll be in Saratoga attending the races and yearling sales (I wrote the book Fabulous Bawd, last year, about Saratoga) and maybe for $800 or so I will come up with a horse as good as Old Dopey."

★ ★ ★

While fellow staffer Tom Meany was sitting in a dugout with Brooklyn's manager Charlie Dressen getting the lowdown on Gil Hodges' batting slump (page 24), fans kept gumming up the deal by asking Dressen for autographs. It was, Meany says, like interviewing somebody in a revolving door. And Dodger announcer Red Barber, who was there at the time, has this to say about Hodges: "Not once during the black days," he told Collier's, "did Dodger fans boo him; nor did Gil tear his hair, growl at umpires or rail at Heaven for his slump. A real nice guy." Thank you, Red Barber.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

HUGH BRODERICK

Hodges and announcer Red Barber

Mountain Goats achieve security by staying in high mountainous regions, but their kids are often exposed to attack by big birds of prey. So canny mothers use rugged, sharp-pointed horns as effective protection against these attacks.

Here's Real Protection

You can get real protection for the engine of your car too, if you change your oil filter element regularly. Here's proof:

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The car with the oil filter showed from 40% to 78% less wear of such vital engine parts as cylinders, piston rings and bearings.

When you change oil filter elements, always insist upon the finest money can buy—AC *Aluvac.*

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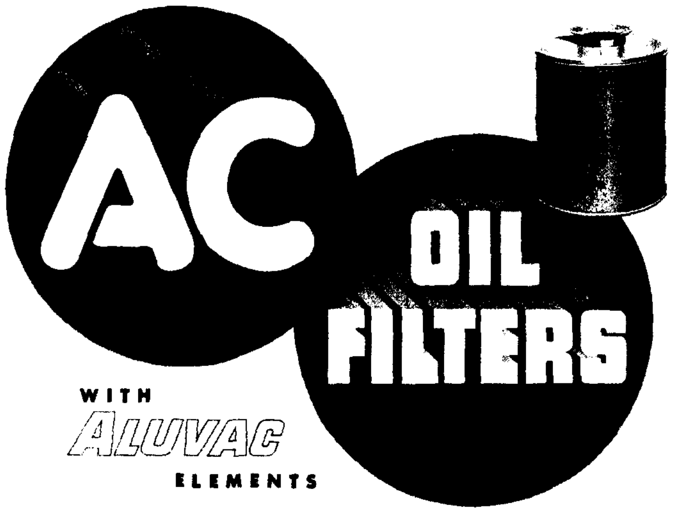

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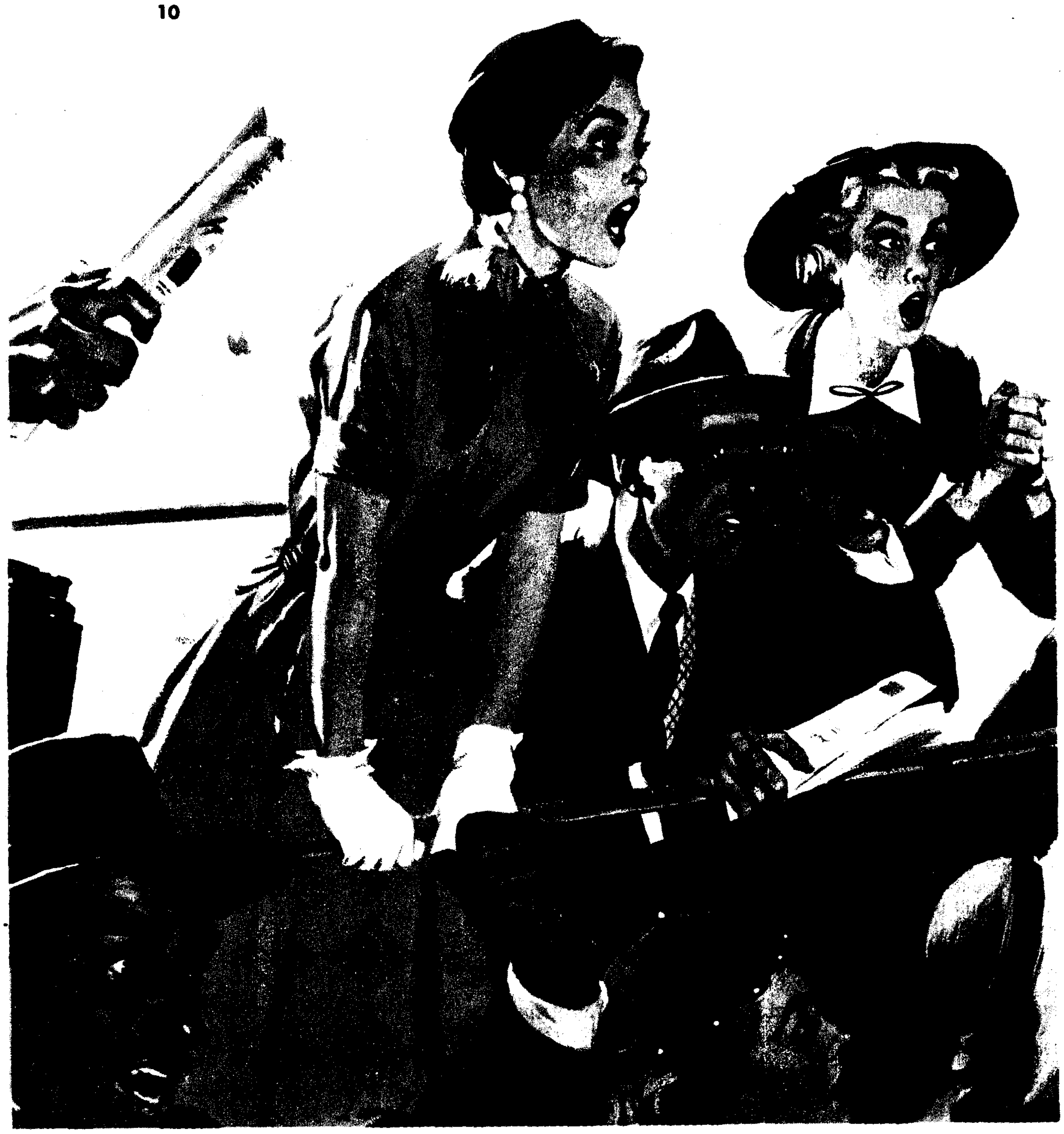


Jenny shouted, "Run, darling, run!" while Polly gasped and asked the jockey savagely, "And just where do you think *you're* going?"

A HORSE NAMED Dopey

By MEL HEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

THE sun chose to make its first appearance of the day at the exact moment that Firewater stepped onto the track at Belmont Park. Third in line in the parade of eleven thoroughbreds, Firewater paused meditatively as the sun gilded his shiny black back. Then he tossed his head and stood there with his ears pricked up. The moment was theatrical and absurd and beautiful. And Willie Schall, in his clubhouse box, felt sweat on his palms, like a man proposing marriage or power-diving forty thousand feet. It figured. Willie owned Firewater.

Willie, who read the funnies and rooted for the Dodgers and otherwise distressed his elegant forebears, had dropped the "van" from in front of his last name. He could afford to—he had fourteen million dollars of his own, free and clear. He owned Last Dime Farm. Understating it, he loved horses. And he adored Firewater.

"Well, he looks fit," he said nervously to the five or six assorted souls sitting with him.

It was a little strange, he thought, having both Jenny and Polly here in the box together. Jenny was a postdebutante, blonde, and sweet as May violets. Polly was also a postdebutante, but brown-haired and inclined to smile a little too much. Eddie Thomas, who trained Willie's horses, summed it up. "Them is two nice dames," he said.

Horses were Willie's specialty. He appreciated women but did not understand them very well. Vaguely he knew either Jenny or Polly was meant for him. He had no idea, however, which. For six months he had meditated—between races. He did wish somebody would tell him or that God would give him a sign or something.

The horses had paraded past the stands; now they were cantering toward the backstretch. Willie had his field glasses on Firewater.

"Is this a terribly big race?" Jenny asked.

"No," said Willie, "not really. For three-year-old maidens—horses that never have won." Then he explained a little defensively, "Of course the only reason Dopey hasn't won yet is because this is his first race."

Old Dopey was what they called Firewater around the barn, where he was a big whimsical brute who would eat a piece of your shirt if you came too close. He had cost Willie Schall fifty-two thousand dollars at the Saratoga yearling sales, and around the barn they slapped him on the head and pushed him around and called him Dopey.

"He'll win," Jenny said, patting Willie's arm.

"You trying with him?" Polly asked.

Willie looked a little huffy. "Last Dime horses always try," he said.

"He could lose," she said. "Even Citation got beat."

She was right, naturally. Firewater could lose. There are eight hundred and forty-two ways to lose a horse race. But owners of good colts have just one dream the first time they send them postward: this is the colt who will go through his entire racing career undefeated.

The horses were strung out along the backstretch. A breeze rippled the little lake in the infield. The tote board kept blinking the changes in the odds. No. 3—Firewater—was fluctuating around 2 to 1 and 5 to 2. Last Dime horses, even first-starters, always were bet.

"Nice colt you have there, William," said G. Trafton Sellers, one of Belmont's officers, a trifle pontifically.

Polly looked at him sharply. "Nice colt," she said darkly, as if repeating the words of a fool.

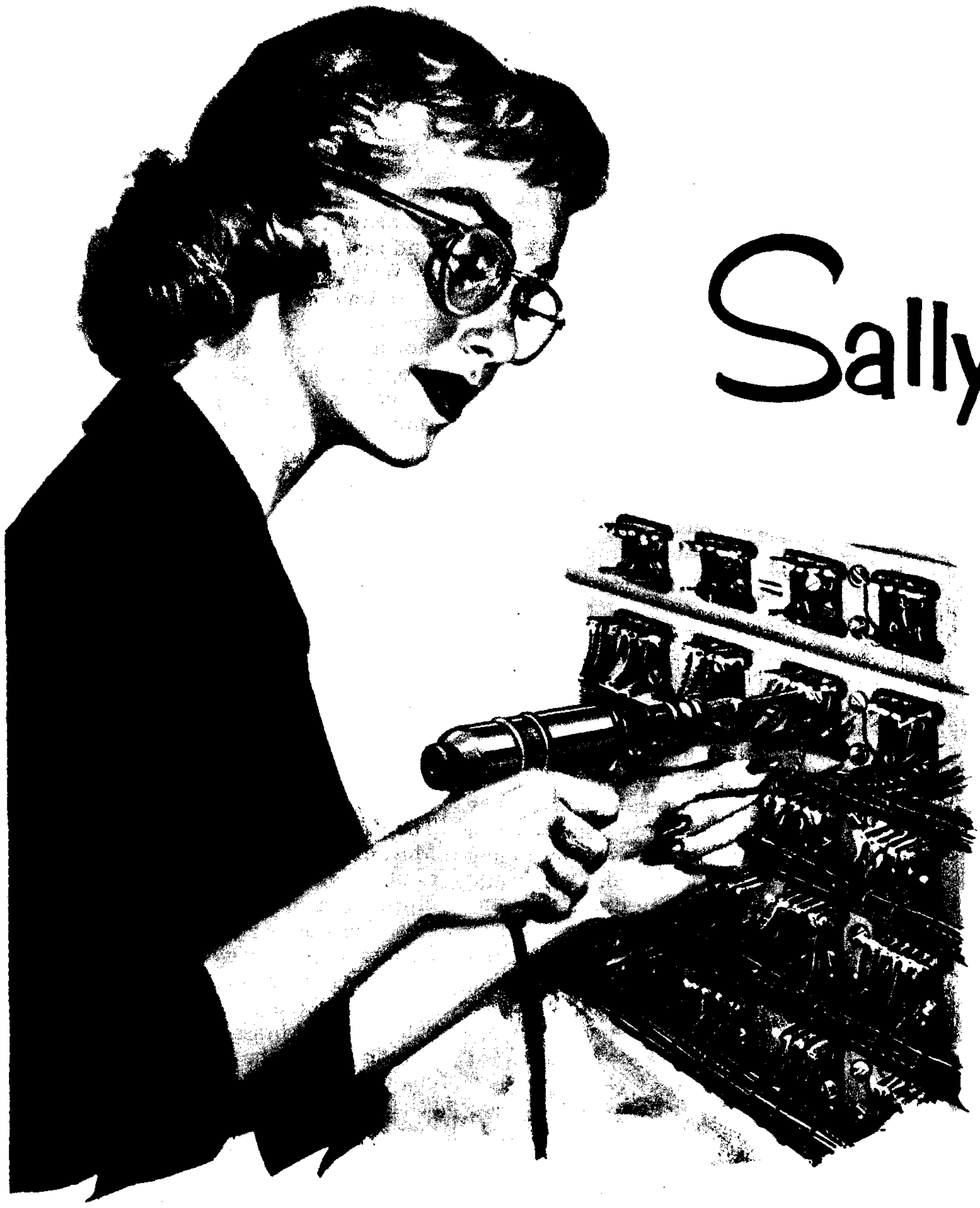
"Look, dear," Jenny said, peering through her binoculars, "Firewater's going the wrong way."

Willie looked up quickly and saw the boy galloping Dopey back down the track for a sixteenth or so to warm him up. "That's to get him loose and ready to go," he said as gently as he could. He looked out of the corner of his eye at Polly, but she was holding her tongue.

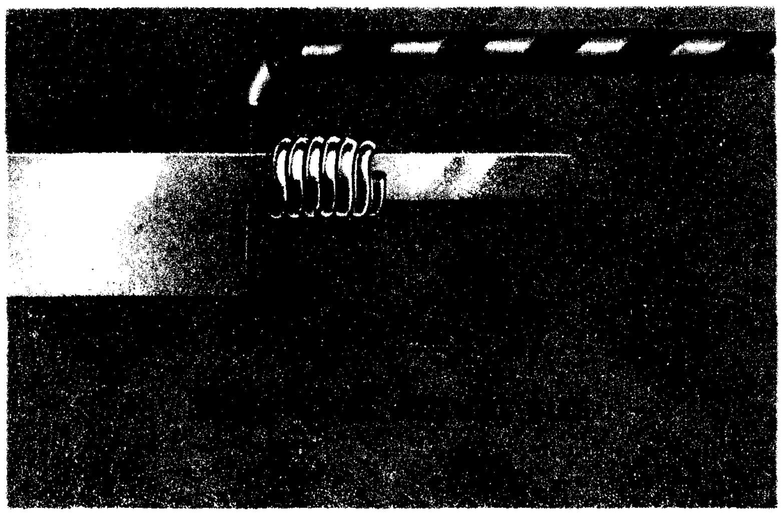
The horses would be locked in the stalls in a

Sally doesn't solder any more...

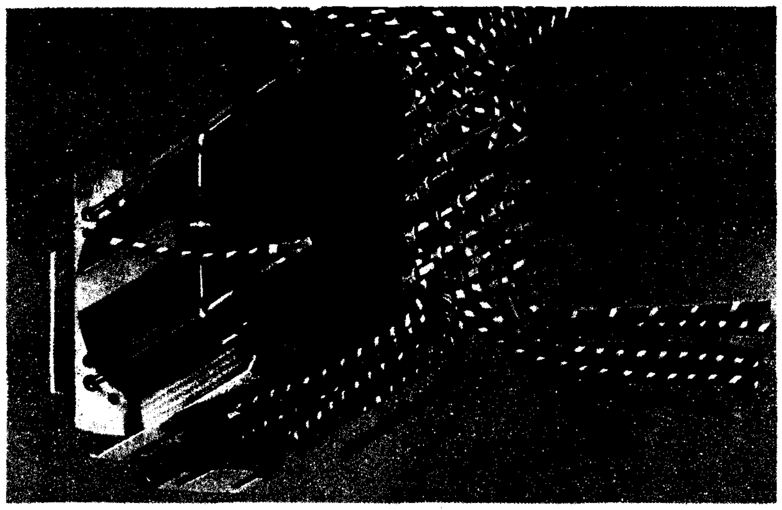
and that benefits Bell telephone users



With one quick zip, this "gun"—developed jointly by Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric—wraps wires on telephone equipment so tightly that solder isn't needed.



At Western Electric, where we make a billion wired connections a year, this new method speeds production and cuts costs. Such savings help to hold down the cost of telephone equipment—and in turn help hold down the price of Bell telephone service.



Now, for example, 36 terminals can be connected quickly and easily even in the small space provided in the relay above. That leads to savings in our job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System.

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minute. There was nothing more he could do for Old Dopey. He looked at Jenny and Polly in the subtle way a man has when he doesn't want a woman to know he's looking at her. They were like two horses. Purebred both, but the strain was different. Jenny was like a Bull Lea offspring—quiet, easy, reliable, consistent. She'd win out her purchase price for sure. Every time you relied on her, you'd get a real run for your money. Polly ran more to Whirlaway lines. Looking at her wonderful eager face, you felt she could run all over the others in performance, but you'd never know when. The Morning Telegraph chart would say: *Erratic filly. Speedy if in mood.*

THEN suddenly there was the throat-catching moment when the bell rang throughout the stands, signifying it was post time and the betting machines were closed. One by one the horses went into the stall gate, and then the starter's yellow flag was up.

And they were out—coming away from the gate like arrows shot from a crossbow, and with the roar beginning to rise up from the crowd. "Eee-yah!" yelled the boys as they drove the colts forward, fighting for position.

In his clubhouse box, Willie Schall wet his lips. "Get him out of there, Joe," he said softly, fervently. "Get him out of trouble. Get him up there."

The big black colt surged forward and suddenly ran into a wall of four horses. The boy had to snatch him back. When they hit the far turn after running a quarter of a mile, Firewater was tenth out of eleven horses. Little Joe steadied him momentarily, bobbing along with practiced ease on the long-striding colt's back, looking for holes in the pack in front of him. They were midway on the turn when he thought he saw what he wanted. He shook up the big black and sent him up.

"Run, darling, run!" Jenny shouted, her warm, tender voice almost lost in the crowd's roar. And Firewater ran.

"Where do you think *you're* going?" Polly said savagely, almost under her breath. The question was addressed to little Joe, astride Old Dopey.

Firewater was blocked. It was as simple as that.

At the top of the homestretch little Joe sent him through the first hole. Firewater was running fifth at the eighth pole, going fastest of all. But there were only two hundred and twenty yards left—and the second hole, through which Dopey was going to thrust his way and win going away, closed as quickly as it had opened. Little Joe had no choice, no place to go.

When the horses ran under the wire, Firewater was second. Five yards past the finish, he was a half length in front: fifty yards past, he was six lengths in front, but the prudent management of Belmont was not paying off on those interesting positions. They had run the race. Old Dopey had lost.

Willie Schall put down his glasses slowly. He looked around. Jenny was right behind him—there, always there, the way you knew a girl like that would be. She rubbed his shoulder. "Never mind, Willie," she said, and there was maternal warmth and solace in her voice. "I think he ran a beautiful race and wasn't disgraced at all. He's a fine, fine horse and we're all proud of him."

For just a moment Polly looked at Willie. Her face was white and there was a half-hurt, half-disappointed kind of look in her eyes. Then swiftly she turned and jumped up from the box and ran away.

Well, he thought, *well.*

It was only a horse race, sure. But people who knew Willie Schall and how he felt about his horses, especially Dopey, didn't walk out like that. They at least sat around for a decent interval and maybe said something about like how sorry they were the colt had lost. It was the least anyone could do.

He looked at Jenny. He smiled weakly at her, patted her hand and got up to go. "I'll call you tonight," he said.

"I'll be waiting," Jenny said. She would, too.

All the way downstairs from the box, he was figuring it. It took something like this to make up a man's mind. Well, Jenny was the one—the one who always would be there, winter or summer, rain or shine.

There wasn't any sense in letting it drag on. God had given him the sign. They'd be married inside of a month. Maybe it should have been a little more exciting, he thought, but he reasoned himself out of that one. That was for kids. He was twenty-nine. It was time for him to marry a woman suited to him—a woman who would be there always.

He reached the Last Dime stable area with the little brass name plates on the stall doors and the lovely, lovely horses poking their curious mugs out of their cells. It had taken him some time to get there, and when he did, they had finished cooling out Old Dopey and he was back in his cell. Old Dopey was being nosy now, as usual—in spite of the girl, shadowy in the dimness of the stall, who stood next to him with her arms around his neck, hugging him and crying so softly that unless you were right there you couldn't hear her. She was talking to him too, the way women do when they try to cry and talk. It came out blubbery. Something like "Oh, Old Dopey, oh, Dopey, my wonderful poor Dopey," and so on and on.

Then she started talking like the dopesters in the Telegraph. "You were much the best," she said disconsolately, "only that silly boy gets you into close quarters and you are impeded at the eighth pole. Once you are clear, you are going fastest of all and in five yards you win the whole thing." She put her brown hair next to Dopey's black mane. He suffered it in quiet dignity.

WILLIE SCHALL, feeling as if he were peeking through a keyhole, stood there fascinated. Polly loved horses too. She loved Dopey. She hadn't been polite and gently sympathetic like Jenny. She had hurt too much. Here she was, cut and bleeding, the way he, Willie Schall, was. Well, *what* did you know?

Finally she stopped blubbering and got out her compact and repaired the ravages of loving a horse that had just been beat a short head. Willie watched in silence, and when she had hugged Old Dopey once more and was coming out of the stall he said something. "Will you marry me?" was what he said.

By the great polestar, if she didn't start blubbering again. But this time he could understand what she said. That's right. What else? *Of course.* There are some questions to which a girl just doesn't say no.

—MEL HEIMER

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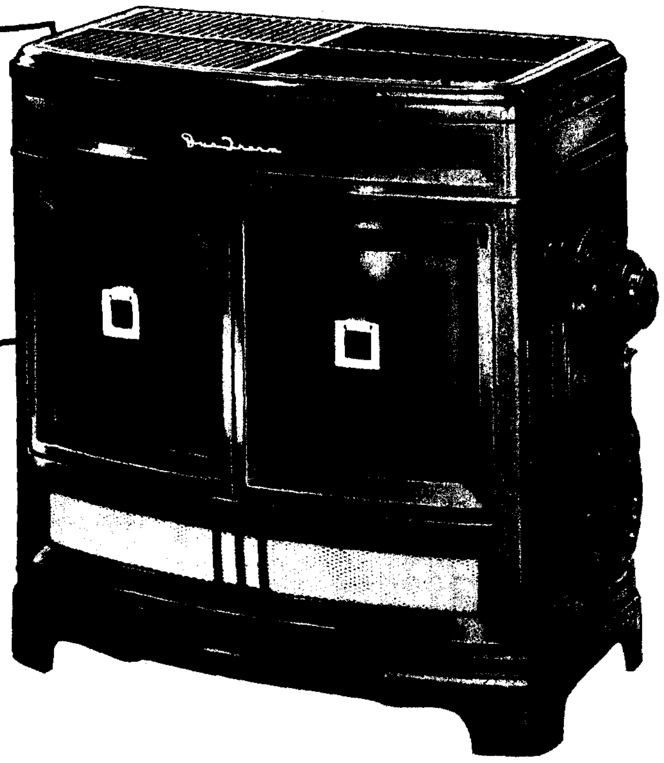

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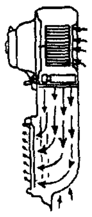

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DON'T SOUND OFF FOR THE NEIGHBORS, JEAN! JUST TELL ME WHAT I DO WRONG–AND I'LL FIX IT!
ASK OUR DENTIST HOW TO FIX BAD BREATH, JACK! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT THAT'S IT!
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!
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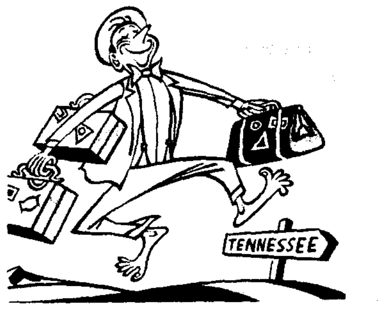
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Here's one from Constant Reader. (We were wondering what had become of him.) He merely wants to know whether anything is more depressing than a picture of politicians dedicating a new dam. Of course, a group of local statesmen solemnly opening a new street by snipping a ribbon has a way of arousing your apathy.

★ ★ ★



Mrs. D. B. Cowger, in Wyandotte, Michigan, hastily laid aside her copy of the Detroit News to send us what she'd found. A classified ad reading: For sale or trade. Three pairs of shoes. Size 13. Leaving for Tennessee.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, trailer manufacturers are asking us to say no more about trailers. Not that they're publicity shy. Merely prefer that in the future we call them Mobile Homes.

★ ★ ★

In the Dahlonega (Georgia) Nugget, Mr. W. H. White announces a desire to regain some missing property. "Lost," says he, "somewhere in this county, a red handkerchief about half worn out. If found within a radius of twenty-five miles, will call for it."

★ ★ ★

Old 48 has long been pretty envious of Harry Lang of the Los Angeles Examiner. The man is always up to his ears in interesting people. For example, Miss Vonne Godfrey. Miss Godfrey told Mr. Lang that the brain is a wonderful organ. "It starts working the second you get up in the morning," she said, "and it *doesn't stop until you arrive* at the office."

★ ★ ★

Let's say you're about to drive through Little Rock, Arkansas. Let's go even further and say you're feeling a little important at the moment and feel like having a motor escort. Don't call up the chief of police. He's so sick of motorcycle escorts for VIPs, brides, parades and the like that he'll only get sore. Call up motor officer Elmer Johnson, a private enterpriser if ever we saw one. For a fee, officer Johnson, complete with motorcycle, siren and all, plus maybe two or three more of his fellow cops similarly equipped but not doing anything official at the moment, will see you through with flourishes. Of course, you'll have to delay your triumphal whoosh through Little Rock until Officer Johnson is off duty. But it's worth it, particularly if your morale happens to need retreading.

★ ★ ★

Ambitious to be a cheerleader this fall when she enters her senior year at high school, this Indiana young lady had been practicing rah-rahs and suitable gymnastics. Her two sisters, one five and the other seven, watched and listened with proud approval. Came the evening though, when, asked to say grace before dinner, the young lady solemnly intoned: "God bless this meal." Whereat the five-year-old barked: "Rah! Rah! Rah!"

★ ★ ★

Naturally we were a little scandalized when told that the Ohio legislature had appropriated $5,000 to build a "propagating house" at the Marysville Reformatory for Women. But it's all right. We calmed down when we found out the building will be a greenhouse.

★ ★ ★

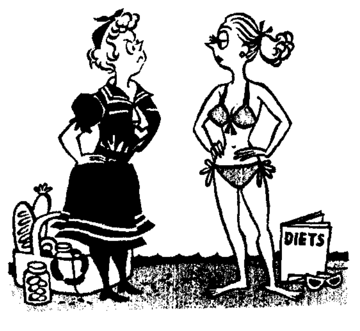
Just in case you think you have it tough, we ask you to consider the plight of many residents of Tulsa, Oklahoma. They're complaining to the police that their slumbers are being interrupted by mockingbirds. The creatures sing so beautifully the citizens are kept awake. Police advise complainers to be patient, that the warbling won't last long. Sleepless taxpayers fear they won't either.

★ ★ ★

After a hard day's work, we often sit back with a copy of the Fairmont, Minnesota, Sentinel. Recently, we spotted a column of news from the nearby community of Welcome. The headline gave us quite a turn: "Welcome News: Six People in Hospital."

★ ★ ★

In his totally unbelievable ignorance, old 48 thought that the reason grandma wore those Mother Hubbards when she went a-bathing was modesty. But not at all. A professor at the University of Chicago, speaking nutritionally, finds that she wore that tent to hide her bowlegs and expansive hips. Out of wiser diets has come the Bikini. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

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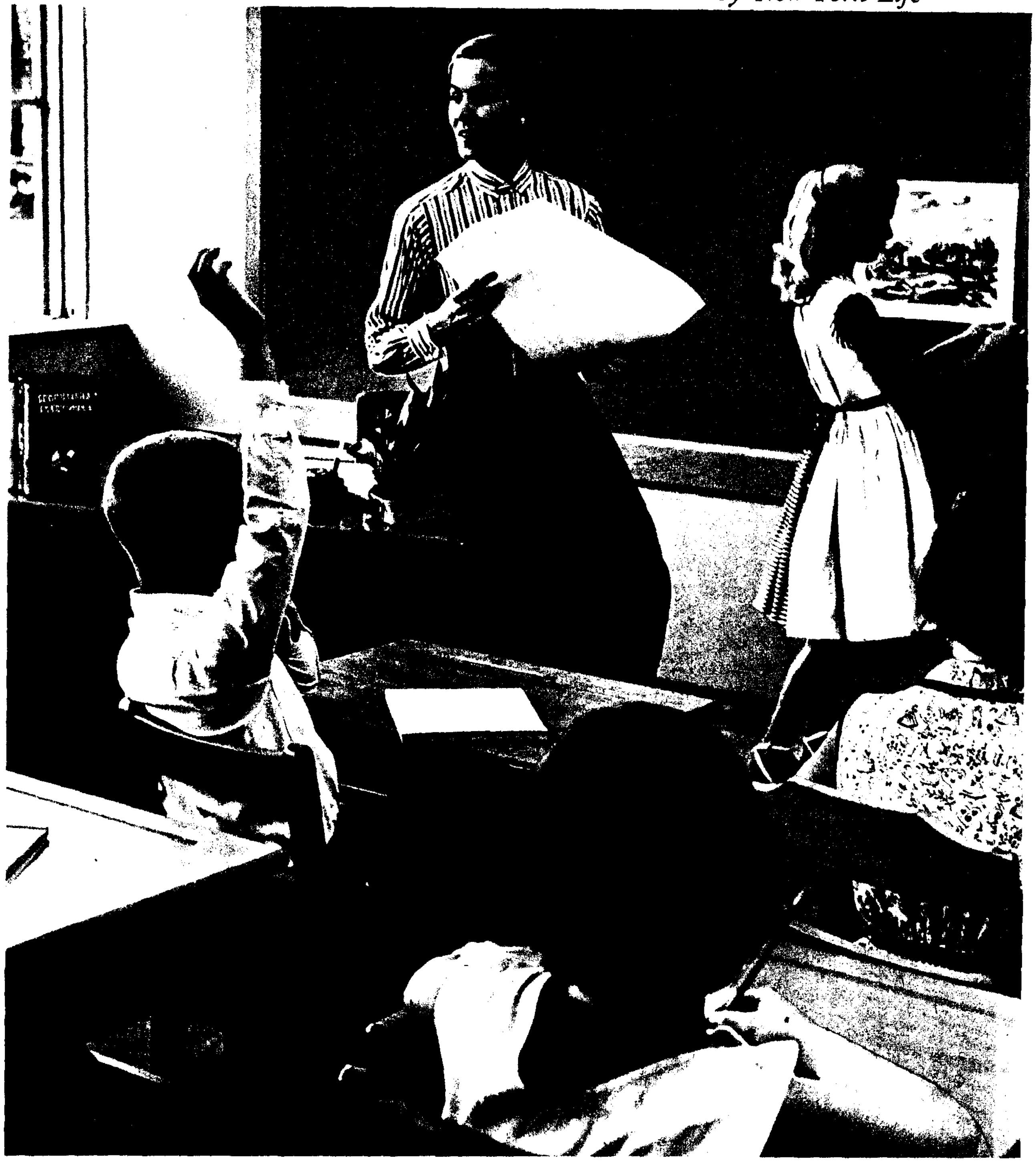
Should your child be a Teacher?



"When we hear 'teacher,' too many of us get the quick mental picture of an underpaid schoolmarm dusting blackboards in a little red schoolhouse, with small opportunity for advancement. Nothing could be farther from the facts of a teacher's prospects today."

BY WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

PRESIDENT, TEACHERS COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

as told to Llewellyn Miller

I WAS 18 years old and ending my sophomore year in college when I went to my father for advice with a problem I had not been able to solve.

"What career do you think I should choose?" I asked.

My father was then head of Teachers College at Columbia University. He was a great and wise teacher. He proved it with his answer.

"That you must decide for yourself," he said. "The important thing is to take a good long look—from the inside. Then make up your mind."

The next day he gave me a handful of letters of introduction. During that summer I talked with many leaders in various professions—a doctor, a lawyer, the head of a big New York department store, a banker, a broker, and the editor of a powerful newspaper. Each was enthusiastic about the rewards of his own career because each had chosen the work for which he was best suited.

I also talked with men on my father's staff.

At the end of the summer my way was clear. I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that I wanted to be a teacher.

It is a choice I never have regretted.

To me, teaching is the most challenging, exciting, rewarding career a young man or woman can choose, and its satisfactions are many.

It brings dignity of position in the community.

It often gives the security of steady employment and of pension.

It provides more than a comfortable income for the ambitious student who plans a career in education, with the care and determination demanded for success in any profession.

It brings another and very important reward—the sense of doing a job that is meaningful and important.

That our teachers are of vital importance to our way of life, no one can deny.

Society needs some kind of social cement to hold it together. Some nations pound their people into line with soldiers and police. In this country, instead of using force and fear to make our adults behave, we use our teachers to guide our children to be decent, trustworthy people, capable of working with others and also of taking the individual responsibility that is the very foundation of our democratic way of life.

In doing this, teachers guide our national destiny just as importantly as does any statesman.

When we hear "teacher," too many of us get the quick mental picture of an underpaid schoolmarm dusting blackboards in a little red schoolhouse, with small opportunity for advancement.

Nothing could be farther from the facts of a teacher's prospects today.

If your child has the qualifications of a good teacher, there is no special interest he cannot explore, no talent he cannot develop.

Running today's larger and better-equipped schools is an exacting job that calls for top-notch executive ability. There are many opportunities for teachers, women as well as men, to advance to administrative positions as department heads, principals and superintendents.

Is your child interested in science? In sports? Mathematics? Art? Music? Mechanics? Public service? History? Languages? Literature? Travel? Our vast school system offers a chance to make a living by specializing in any subject that appeals.

This was brought clearly to mind last spring when I was on a lecture tour of colleges in South America. In half a dozen cities I found American teachers holding important posts. Teaching had given them the chance to satisfy curiosities about other countries and ways of life —and to make a good living as they did so.

On the flight across the Andes my mind went back over a long list of students I had known and the many doors that teaching had opened to them.

Some were holding jobs in Germany. Some had gone to Japan. One adventuresome young woman was having a thrilling time in Alaska. She was all over that booming frontier country, on dog-sleds and skis, a vital part of her community.

I thought of the many men and women with marked executive ability who had started as elementary school teachers and had gone on to become deans and principals and superintendents.

I thought of other students who had specialized in all kinds of fascinating research, like one girl who had chosen to teach the blind. Out of her classroom work she developed an improvement of Braille. Her influence is now felt all over the world.

I thought of countless others who were exploring new techniques in education itself, in psychological guidance, in reading habits, in aptitude testing—the list is endless.

I wondered how anyone could think of teaching as lacking in opportunity for personal satisfaction, as well as professional achievement.

What does it cost to train your child to be a teacher?

Fees at state teachers colleges are low. Four years of college (a B.S. in Education) is enough to make your child self-supporting. After that the young teacher can pay out of his own earnings for what additional schooling his ambition prompts him to take. A great advantage is that his career affords him time to advance himself. If he cannot take an extra year in college for his Master's degree, he can win it and higher degrees during his free summers, and so qualify for the bigger salaries of high school and college posts.

What are your child's financial prospects as a teacher?

The person who goes into teaching for money, only, is in the wrong business, though there are financial prizes to be won at the top of the profession. The estimated average income for classroom teachers last year is $3,405 for nine months' work. This, admittedly, is not much as money goes today, especially when you remember that 20% of those teachers made less than $2,500. On the other hand, thousands of teachers are in a comfortable $5,000 to $10,000 bracket. The superintendent of schools in one of our larger cities earns $32,500 a year.

Do men have a better chance at the bigger jobs than women?

Let's put it this way: Men who choose teaching seem to hit harder for the prizes at the top. Sex is no ban to the biggest jobs, however. The superintendent of schools of the state of Washington is a woman, and there are thousands of women principals. It is talent, merit and ambition that decide how far your child will go in teaching, just as in any profession.

Is the field overcrowded? No. Teachers are one of the most severe manpower shortages we have. In 1952 there were about 1,043,000 public school teachers. National Education Association figures show that we shall need 160,000 more by the fall of 1953—and that we shall have only 30,000 newly prepared ones. Any student qualified to teach can make a wide choice among jobs.

How can you tell if your child will be a happy and successful teacher?

1. Does he like to study? A good teacher does not stand still. He has a natural curiosity and scholarship that make him keep pace with all aspects of our changing world, as well as those of his own specialty.

2. Is he interested in other people, particularly in young people? If he is, association with the wonderful zest of the young will keep him young all his life. Too many people go into teaching in a negative way because it is the line of least resistance for them. These become the misfits who give the least and get the least, like the teacher who never married, "Because I loathe kids, and they loathe me." If your child is strongly egocentric, teaching is not for him.

3. Is he adaptable? Does he know how to play on a team? A good teacher must be able to work with others. He must have tact and imagination and a strong sense of fair play, in order to be useful to pupils from all levels of society and to take his own important place in the adult life of his community.

4. Does your child have strong health and nerves? Teaching is a complicated, demanding process. It takes great skill, concentration and self-discipline. It is not for the physically or emotionally weak.

Ever-growing traffic problems make safety instruction a "must" in most schools today. It is but one small part of the big job of educating children to live and grow in an increasingly complex world.

5. Has your child good character, morals and manners? Remember that a teacher deals not only with reading, writing and arithmetic. He sets standards. He forms tastes. He needs to be a moral, decent, thoroughly trustworthy person, himself, if he is to be trusted with the guidance of the young.

6. Does your child believe in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God? Without these two beliefs, he will miss the truest satisfaction of teaching. Every good teacher has a sense of "cause" and of service. It is a little more than ordinary public spirit. It is rather more a faith in human perfectibility. For instance, the Nazis were enormously *effective* teachers, but I would not call them *good* teachers—because they lacked those two faiths.

If your child has these qualifications, teaching will bring him a comfortable, secure, endlessly interesting life, an assured place in his community and, best of all, the knowledge that his time on earth has been turned to useful account beyond the power of any man to estimate.

In the words of Henry Adams, "A teacher affects eternity. He can never tell where his influence stops."

◆ ◆ ◆

Modern teaching techniques are the result of exhaustive study and research. Shown here is the one-way vision room at Teachers College, Columbia University, where student teachers — without themselves being seen — may observe the reactions of children to psychological tests and their behavior under various conditions.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

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You'll find additional help in the pamphlet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Send for a free copy at the address below.

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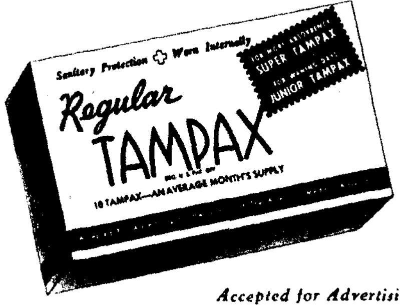
For discreet Tampax is worn internally—doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit. Comfortable Tampax does away with warm external pads, positively cannot cause chafing or irritation. Dainty Tampax prevents odor from forming; that's so important in warm weather. And tiny Tampax is easy to dispose of—even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts.

Made of compressed cotton in throw-away applicators, Tampax is so compact a whole month's supply can be carried in the purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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No Needle, Watson

Editor: Robert Fawcett's illustrations for the Holmes series are superb—so full of charm and humor. The stories are good, too, but how come Holmes doesn't run true to original character? Never does he say, "Quick, Watson, the needle!" Surely it's an omission that must annoy Holmes devotees.

B. T. Leonard, Woodland Hills, Cal.

Our consultation with unannoyed Sherlock Holmes devotees informs us that Holmes had recourse to the needle because of various professionally accrued maladies, but that through the tremendous will power of which only Holmes was capable, he broke himself of his addiction for narcotics fairly early in his fictional life.

Texas Mule Authorities

Editor: Re Can A Mule Bray Without Raising Its Tail? (July 4th): When we were young (horse-and-buggy days) we tied a heavy weight to our mule's tail to prevent him from braying.

When he would exert superequine effort to raise his tail to bray, it was found that his front feet would begin to clear the ground. While he was thus engaged in the effort, we would place a box under his front feet.

By jacking his front end up some eight inches, his tail would be raised approximately 13 degrees, at which point he could and did bray good. At 9 to 11 degrees he could not do so good.

J. M. Davidson, Carrizo Springs, Texas

. . . CONCERNING BIOLOGICAL POSSIBILITIES OF MARE MULES TEXAS A AND M COLLEGE HAS RAISED MARE WHICH GAVE BIRTH TO COLT STOP SUGGEST AUTHOR VISIT THE SOUTH'S FINEST RESEARCH CENTER FOR FURTHER EDUCATION.

R. D. Hinton, Houston, Texas

. . . I do not intend to enter the controversy over whether or not the mule has to raise the tail to bray; I know that they do bray, and it is music to a country boy's ears to hear one. I would merely like to take mild exception to the statement that "no voice can imitate it."

We have here in Houston a top-notch old-time fiddler, folk-music emcee and general cutup in the person of one Curly Fox, whose specialty is an imitation of the bray of a mule.

Curly Fox came here from WSM, at Nashville (the Grand Ole Opry, no less), and I have heard the same rendition from that station. Many years and countless renditions later, it is nearer to perfection, if that is possible, and sophisticated indeed is the Houstonian who claims he doesn't listen for it.

R. W. Keeling, Houston, Texas

Have No Fear

Editor: The excellent article entitled Are You Afraid of Lawyers? (June 27th) ably presents the Lawyer Referral Service program carried on by bar associations throughout the country. Your printing this article is, in our opinion, a real public service.

Donald K. Carroll,
Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . I wish to congratulate Collier's for publishing this article which deals so effectively with a basic problem confronting the entire legal profession, that is, the lack of public understanding of services that lawyers are prepared to perform and how those services can be readily obtained.

Don Hyndman, American Bar Association, Chicago, Ill.

About Umpires

Editor: Can you tell me how Jim Delehanty could have started "for first to force in the winning run" (Do Umpires Have a Sense of Humor?, June 27th) when the other team was ahead 3-2? Since Delehanty's out ended the game, the score could not have been tied at the time.

Joe Restifo, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the process of condensing some of the anecdotes from James M. Kahn's recent book, The Umpire Story, one of our colleagues overcrowded the bases in the episode concerning Delehanty and Umpire Tim Hurst. The copy should have read "tying," not "winning" run, of course.

. . . I remember hearing an umpire story years ago which I think can properly be ranked with any of those in your article.

The name Moriarity is a well-known Irish name, and almost invariably it is spelled in that way. But for an exception there was a major-league umpire who spelled his name Moriarty—with eight letters instead of the usual nine.

One day he made an outrageous strike call on a batter (I think it was Larry Doyle, the old Giant second baseman).

The batter gave him a lethal look but refrained from saying anything. The next call was even worse. The batter stepped out of the box and, turning to the umpire, he asked in a very bland and innocent manner, "Pardon me, sir, do you mind telling me how you spell your name?"

The umpire glared at him for a minute or so, but probably concluded that he didn't have any compelling reason for refusing such an apparently innocent request. So in order to see what would happen next, he proceeded to spell out his name, M-o-r-i-a-r-t-y. As he finished, the batter looked sadly at the ground and said, with an assumed look of sympathy, "Just as I thought—only one 'i.'"

John J. Iago, Baltimore, Md.

Here's How

Editor: How do you pronounce the new religion, Caodaism, described in A New Religion Rising in Asia (June 27th)?

Grace Robertson, New York, N.Y.

Gow-dye-ism.

Cover Reactions

Collier's
WE KEPT TRUMAN'S BIG SECRET
A White House Diary
The Most Controversial Article of the Year
CAN A MULE BRAY
RAISING ITS TAIL?

Editor: In describing your attractive cover of July 4th you say the Statue of Liberty was presented to the United States by France. No. That is, not by the French government. It was provided by approximately 100,000 voluntary subscribers from all parts of that republic. I verified that some 25 years ago, and the then ambassador from France commended me for making a correct statement.

Charles Cason, Jackson, Miss.

. . . In reference to your July 4th cover, we would like to protest your unthinking, and perhaps unintentional affront to your readers. In view of the current world situation and the importance of educating our young people in the respect due to our national traditions and monuments, it seems that a magazine of your national and international distribution would give greater thought to the intrinsic implications which result in any abuse of gifts to ourselves or to our nation, no matter how unintentional they may be.

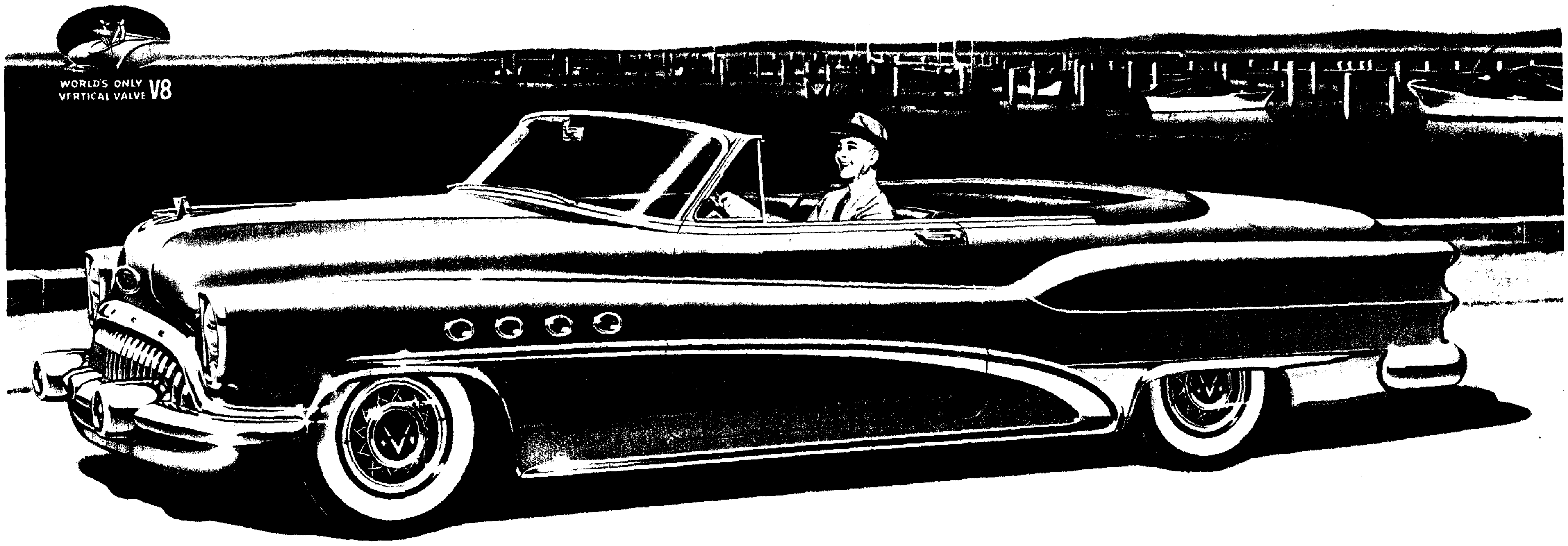
Harry J. Gommoll,
James T. Smith, Newark, N.J.

. . . Congratulations on your July 4th cover. I can hardly wait to read the letters it will provoke from those who will see it as an affront to the staid respectability of the "good old days." How they will thunder about irreverence and the lost verities.

But here is no dishonor. I saw daring and joy, independence and awe, and a touch of mischief without malice.

Frank Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

Make way for power with a new thrill!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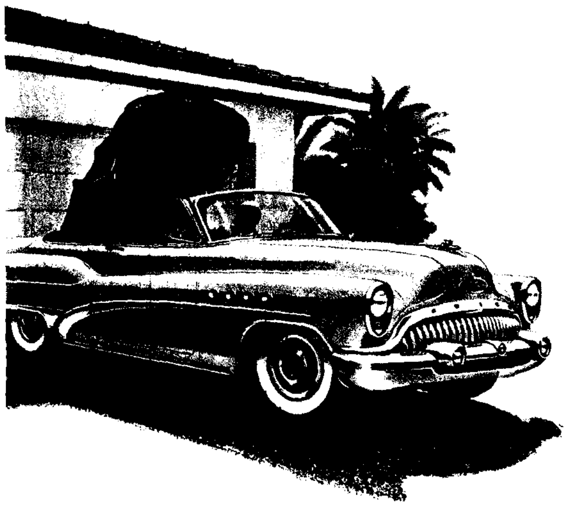
THERE is vested in this 1953 Buick ROADMASTER a performance combination that can set you atingle with sheer joy.

On the one hand, you have the most advanced V8 engine ever placed in a standard-production American automobile.

It is the only such V8 with vertical valves, zero power loss muffler, 8.5 to 1 compression ratio. It is the highest-powered engine in Buick history—and the first Fireball V8.



On the other hand, you have Dynaflow Drive—the new *Twin-Turbine* Dynaflow.

It is the fully automatic transmission with new getaway, new quiet, new firmness of take-hold—plus complete and utter smoothness through all ranges. It is, in fact, power delivery in one smooth, progressive build-up that brings you from standstill to cruising pace in a few happy heartbeats.

But you thrill to more than just power and performance in this superbly crafted Buick ROADMASTER Convertible.

You feel the caress of wonderful weather. With a pull on a button, you sweep back the top—and have the sun-filled sky or the star-sprinkled heavens for your canopy overhead.

And you travel in supreme comfort, control your going with consummate ease.

For here you ride with the level buoyancy of all-coil springing—turn your wheels with the as-needed assistance of Power Steering—brake to slow or stop with velvety sureness and, if you desire, with the almost effortless pressure of Power Brakes.*

Why not try this wonderful way to go? Your Buick dealer will be more than happy to put a ROADMASTER in your hands for your own demonstration. See him soon.

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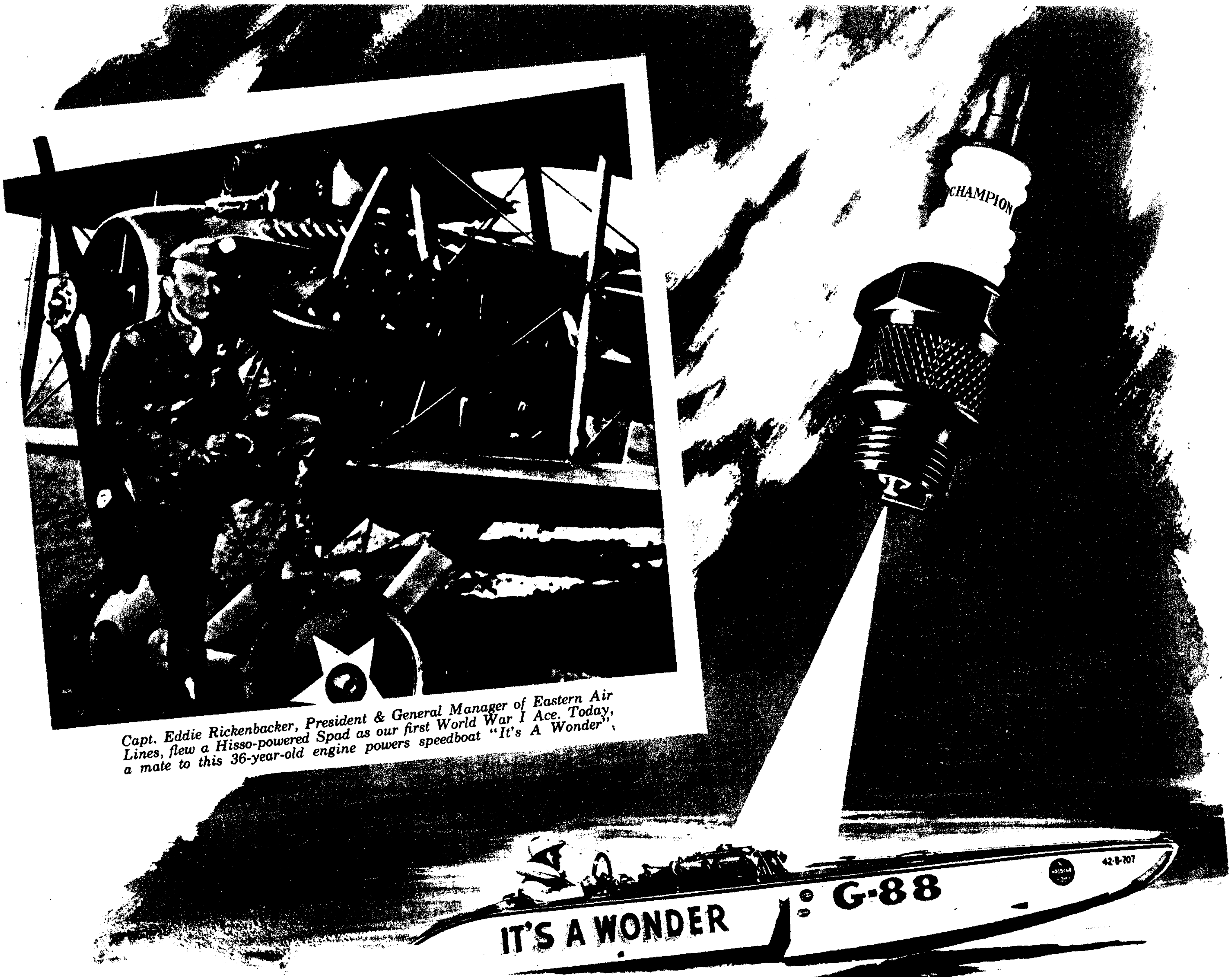
Mate to CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S 1917 Engine STILL HITS 100 M.P.H. WITH CHAMPIONS



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, President & General Manager of Eastern Air Lines, flew a Hisso-powered Spad as our first World War I Ace. Today, a mate to this 36-year-old engine powers speedboat "It's A Wonder".

Spark plugs that perform LIKE THIS will make YOUR CAR perform better!

The colorful career in war and peace of this historic engine—oldest registered with the American Power Boat Association—proves you can't beat proper maintenance. Says Geo. N. Davis of Vine Grove, Ky., owner of "It's A Wonder":

"She's as sweet and sassy now as she ever was. And I aim to keep her that way with Champion Spark Plugs. The years don't mean a thing when you keep dependable Champions in a good engine!"

Give your car's engine a break by installing Champion Spark Plugs.

Regardless of the make, model or year of your car Champion Spark Plugs bring out its best performance.

Try a set of Champions soon. You'll never go back to ordinary spark plugs!

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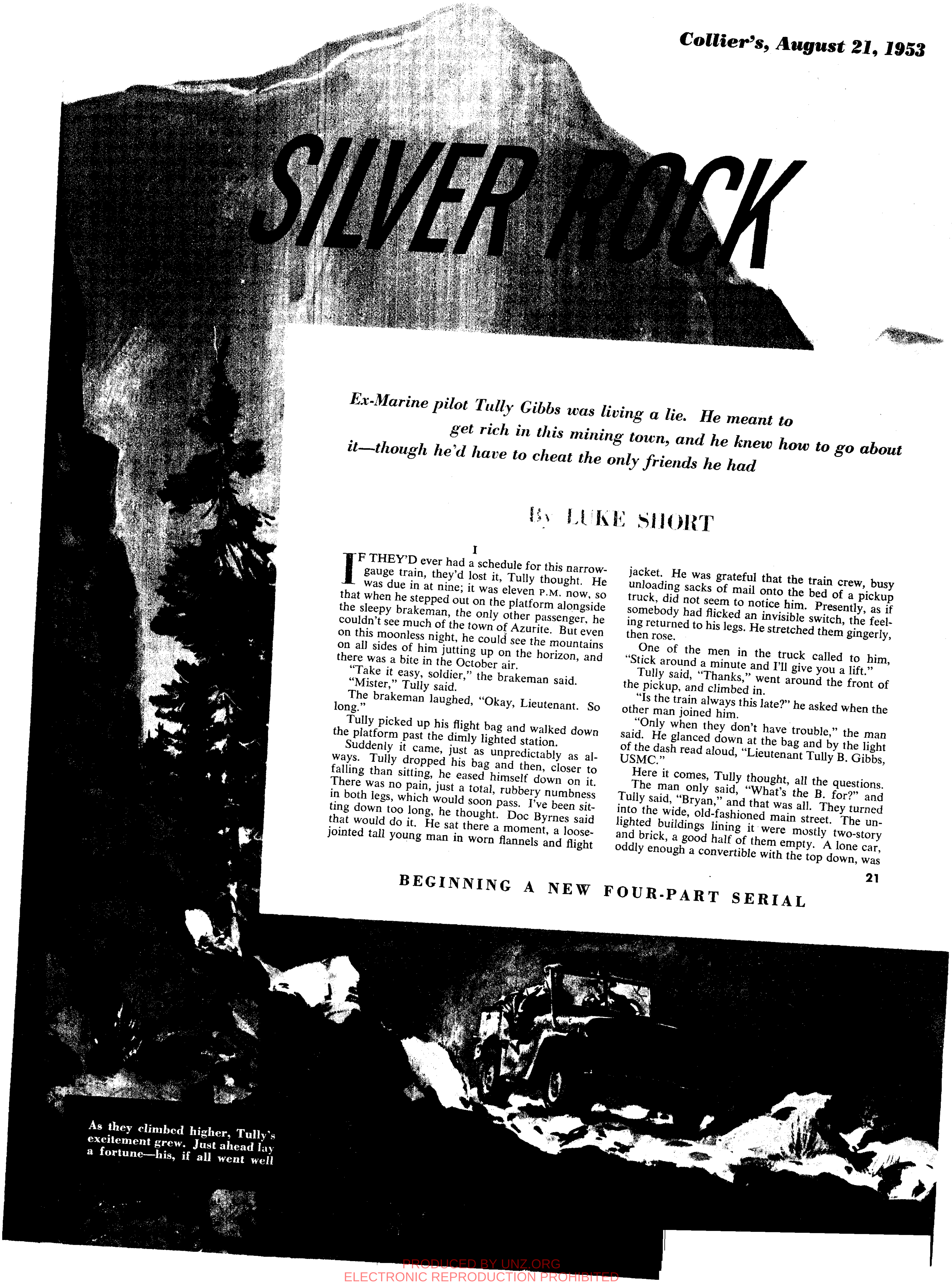


SILVER ROCK

Ex-Marine pilot Tully Gibbs was living a lie. He meant to get rich in this mining town, and he knew how to go about it—though he'd have to cheat the only friends he had

By LUKE SHORT

I

IF THEY'D ever had a schedule for this narrow-gauge train, they'd lost it, Tully thought. He was due in at nine; it was eleven P.M. now, so that when he stepped out on the platform alongside the sleepy brakeman, the only other passenger, he couldn't see much of the town of Azurite. But even on this moonless night, he could see the mountains on all sides of him jutting up on the horizon, and there was a bite in the October air.

"Take it easy, soldier," the brakeman said.

"Mister," Tully said.

The brakeman laughed, "Okay, Lieutenant. So long."

Tully picked up his flight bag and walked down the platform past the dimly lighted station.

Suddenly it came, just as unpredictably as always. Tully dropped his bag and then, closer to falling than sitting, he eased himself down on it. There was no pain, just a total, rubbery numbness in both legs, which would soon pass. I've been sitting down too long, he thought. Doc Byrnes said that would do it. He sat there a moment, a loose-jointed tall young man in worn flannels and flight jacket. He was grateful that the train crew, busy unloading sacks of mail onto the bed of a pickup truck, did not seem to notice him. Presently, as if somebody had flicked an invisible switch, the feeling returned to his legs. He stretched them gingerly, then rose.

One of the men in the truck called to him, "Stick around a minute and I'll give you a lift."

Tully said, "Thanks," went around the front of the pickup, and climbed in.

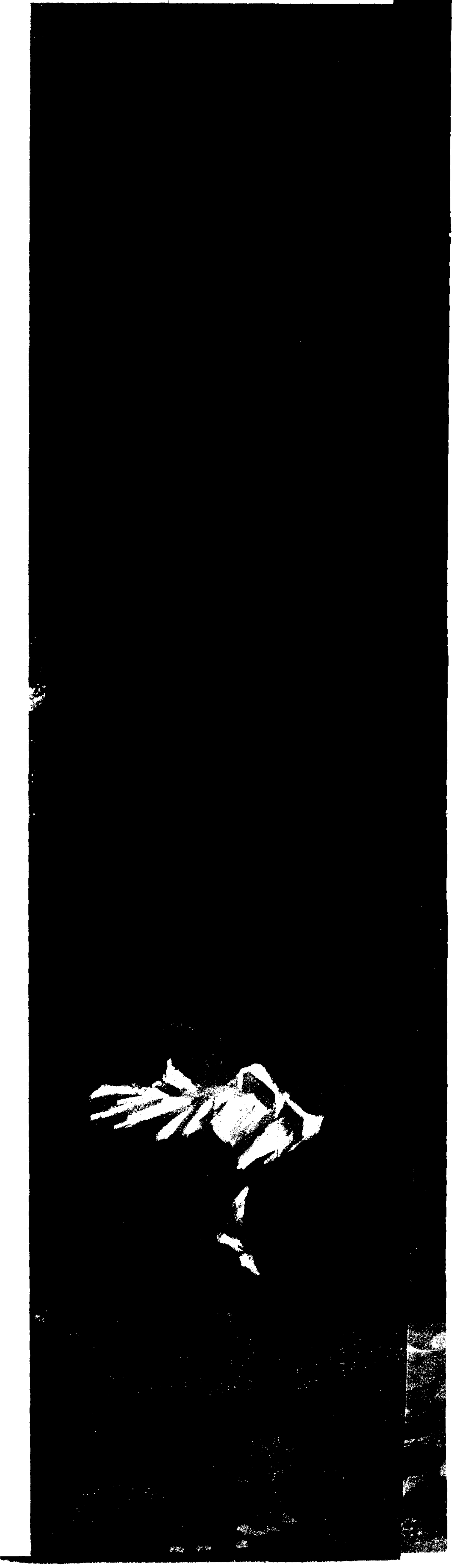
"Is the train always this late?" he asked when the other man joined him.

"Only when they don't have trouble," the man said. He glanced down at the bag and by the light of the dash read aloud, "Lieutenant Tully B. Gibbs, USMC."

Here it comes, Tully thought, all the questions. The man only said, "What's the B. for?" and Tully said, "Bryan," and that was all. They turned into the wide, old-fashioned main street. The unlighted buildings lining it were mostly two-story and brick, a good half of them empty. A lone car, oddly enough a convertible with the top down, was

BEGINNING A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

As they climbed higher, Tully's excitement grew. Just ahead lay a fortune—his, if all went well



Hodes was down flat, and Tully was suddenly aware of Sarah. "Get back in there, you fool!" he said

parked down the street. The driver of the truck made a U turn and pulled up in front of the hotel. Tully got out and thanked him.

The big three-story brick hotel had a tiled, pillared lobby typical of mining boom-town hotels of the eighties. The clerk was an elderly man, and Tully asked as he registered, "Can I get something to eat this late?"

"Two doors down," the clerk said, pointing.

THE restaurant was a converted barroom, with the old mahogany bar serving as a counter. The waiter, who was also the cook, fried up an egg sandwich and opened two bottles of beer, one for Tully and one for himself. He wanted to talk, so Tully said, "Not much business."

"There'll be a few Elks in around midnight, when they close up, but it's a pretty dead dump."

"Any mines working?"

"One. A few leasers, too, but it's mostly peanuts."

Go ahead and ask, Tully thought, and he said, "You wouldn't know Kevin Russel, would you?"

The waiter grinned. "The old man? Sure. You know him?"

"His son."

The waiter shook his head. "Not any more, you don't. Jimmy was killed in Korea."

"I know. I was with him."

"You don't say." The waiter's pale face was sharp with interest. "Is it true the way they said he died? Shot down and captured and no medical attention."

"He got the same attention we all got. None."

"You were shot down too?"

"Jimmy was my radarman."

"You don't say," the cook said. "How'd you get back?"

"Our guys overran us. We were too crippled to move, so the Reds gave us water and left us for our guys to find."

"You don't say," the cook repeated. "Say you ought to see old Kevin before you go. He'd like to see you."

"That's why I'm here," Tully said.

He paid his bill, said good night, and stepped into the deserted street. The red convertible that he'd seen earlier was coasting slowly toward him. He could see the driver had short blonde hair as the car pulled up beside him.

A girl called, "Can you give me a hand?"

She was driving. The man with her was staring at Tully, and now he said slowly, "Beat it, bud." His black hair was slicked down and his sport shirt was open under his loud-checked jacket. He was big and young, with a boxcar build.

A sport, Tully thought, and glanced at the girl. She didn't go with the big character beside her. She was pretty in a kind of worried way, but she looked as if she could smile easily. She wore a red sport coat with a white silk scarf, and she might have been twenty-four.

Tully said, "What's the trouble?"

"I've been trying to dump him for an hour. He won't go."

"Why won't he?"

"He's drunk."

Tully looked at the man. "True or false, chum?"

"Half true," the man said. "My car, though."

"Is he your date?" Tully asked the girl.

"Yes."

Tully said, "Well, have fun," and he turned and went into the hotel. Picking up his key and bag, he went up to his room, a front one. He had changed into pajamas when he thought he heard a car pass. He went over to the window and looked out. It was the red convertible again, headed the other way. If she wants out, why doesn't she drive home? he thought sourly.

He cleaned his teeth, and then, turning out the light, he walked to the window once more. This is the place, he thought, looking out across the dark, silent town. This is the stake. It's got to be. . . .

Next morning at a little after nine Tully, following the clerk's directions, stepped out into the chill sunlight and headed for Kevin Russel's shack down on the river flats.

In the deep shade of massive cottonwoods he found it, a small unpainted house. The gate was off, and Tully strode up the short stretch of rotting boardwalk to the porch. He knocked on the screen door, and presently a small old man, straight-backed and slow-moving, appeared at the door.

"You're Mr. Russel, Jimmy's father," Tully said. "I'm Tully Gibbs."

Immediately old Kevin opened the screen door and stuck out his hand. "Lieutenant Gibbs, Jimmy's friend," he said softly. "I *am* glad to see you." He looked searchingly at Tully with the palest blue eyes Tully had ever seen. "What brings you here?"

"I'm on terminal leave and I thought I'd like to look at some mountains again."

"Let's sit on the porch," the old man said, coming out. He indicated the porch swing, and let himself down slowly into a worn rocker. Watching him, Tully felt a wrench of pity. Jimmy had been all the old man had.

"How you feeling, son? I figured from Jimmy's last letter you'd be in the hospital quite a stretch."

"A pair of broken legs isn't much, nowadays."

"They bother you?"

Tully shrugged, faintly embarrassed by the old man's solicitude. "They go numb at unexpected times. Some nerve pinch or something. The doctors couldn't see me flying a plane with them, so I'm out."

The old man nodded, and now a kind of unease was in Tully. He had meant to sympathize with the old man, to reminisce about Jimmy, to hear about the military funeral only a month past, to speak of his affection for Jimmy and his shared sense of loss. But Kevin did not mention his son.

"How have you been, sir? Jimmy worried about you toward the last." The lie came easily, for it was a lie. Living, Jimmy had never thought of his father; dying, he had thought of himself.

The old man looked uncomfortable. "I'm all right. Jimmy knew that, and it shouldn't have worried him."

"Need any help?"

The old man looked carefully at him. "No, and I never have."

GO EASY, Tully thought; get on something safe. "I suppose it's sort of hard for you to talk about Jimmy, sir, but is there anything you wanted to ask me? I was with him until the end."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Kevin asked.

"If you want to hear it."

"That means you don't." He was silent a moment, considering. "Who was the boy who wrote Jimmy's letters for him in the hospital? I'd like to write and thank him."

"I don't know, sir. Jimmy and I were in different wards, although I saw a lot of him. It might have been a nurse." This second lie came even more easily, but as he looked at the old man he thought, with a faint stirring of apprehension: Why does he ask that? Does he know I wrote them?

"No, it was a man's writing," old Kevin said. "It doesn't matter. I guess I know everything else."

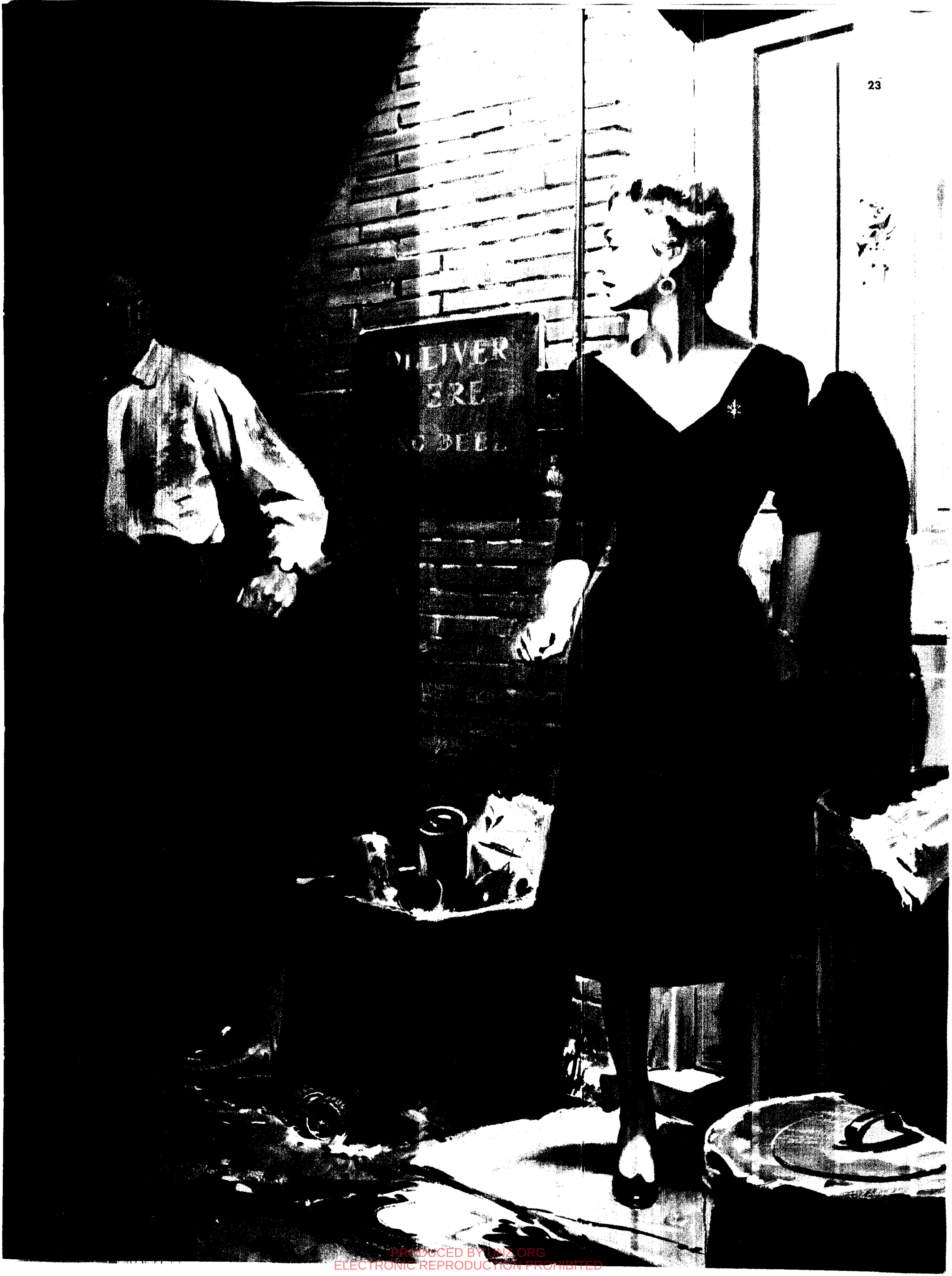
Tully drew out a pack of cigarettes. He was wondering why he had ever thought this scheme would work. He had counted on old Kevin's loneliness, his need for sympathy and help, yet the old man needed nothing.

Kevin's voice broke in on his thoughts: "Jimmy wrote you were a mining man, son."

Instantly Tully's heart began to pound. Here was the chance, and he must handle it with care. "That's right," he said idly.

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



DELIVER
ERE
BELL

When Gil Hodges Slumped
ALL OF BROOKLYN

Letters of advice poured in on the Dodger first sacker. Strangers stopped him with words of cheer. Good-luck charms arrived by the bale. People prayed for him. And, finally, he started hitting . . .

By TOM MEANY

THE duties of Father Herbert Redmond, who deprecates his rather high-sounding title of chaplain of the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, carry him throughout Roman Catholic Brooklyn. On a humid Sunday early last June, he celebrated ten-o'clock Mass in the school hall of St. Francis Xavier.

The Gospel and the announcements read, the congregation settled back to await the sermon. Many of the devout were fanning themselves with their missals; others mopped their brows with their handkerchiefs. The priest sympathetically surveyed his perspiring listeners, and spoke.

"It is too warm this morning for a sermon," he said. "Go home, keep the Commandments—and say a prayer for Gil Hodges."

Father Redmond later explained, "I'd never met Gil Hodges, but he seemed like a decent boy who deserved a break." However, no explanation was necessary that morning. Everybody in Brooklyn knew who Hodges was and why Father Redmond had asked prayers for him.

Gil Hodges, veteran and beloved first baseman of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was in one of the worst hitting slumps ever to afflict a major-league slugger.

To a ballplayer, unless he happens to be a pitcher or a fielder of exceptional talent, base hits are his bread and butter. If a ballplayer stops hitting, his nervous system suffers as great a shock as violinist Jascha Heifetz might feel if a horse stepped on his fingers.

When Father Redmond made his request for prayers for Hodges, there were signs that Gil might be bursting the shackles of his long slump. But no one could be sure. And many Brooklyn Dodger fans of all faiths and creeds were confident that their prayers would help.

Rarely has a ballplayer in trouble received so much gratuitous advice as Hodges did during his long slump. His recovery became both a cause and a crusade. Dodger fans felt a deep sympathy for their impotent slugger—and in Brooklyn pity runs a dead heat with love.

Hodges is someone special in Brooklyn, even for a Dodger player. He married a Brooklyn girl and makes his home in the borough, not many minutes run from Ebbets Field. More than that, Dodger fans revere six feet two, 200-pound Gil as one of the strong men of modern baseball, ranking with Ted Kluszewski of Cincinnati and Hank Bauer of the Yankees. Gil has never met anybody with hands as large as his.

But unlike the flamboyant Dodgers of Flatbush folklore, Hodges is mild and almost shyly quiet. He never has been ejected from a game by an umpire and never intends to be. Gil, a devout Catholic, is obligingly available during the off season for athletic dinners of all faiths.

His monumental slump, now happily ancient history, began just before the end of the 1952 season and persisted through the World Series, 1953 spring training and the early part of the current season. When manager Charlie Dressen retired Gil to the seclusion of the bench last May 17th, the big first baseman had only one home run and five runs batted in to his credit in two dozen games.

Nobody Realized What Had Happened

The slump struck on September 23, 1952, the day Brooklyn clinched the National League pennant. The Dodgers were playing against the Phillies at Ebbets Field. Hodges singled off Karl Drews. The next time up, he lined out to Del Ennis in left field—and the slump was on, although nobody, least of all Hodges, realized it at the time. He was not to make another hit in a regular game until he beat out an infield single against Paul LaPalme of the Pirates on April 14th, opening day of the 1953 season.

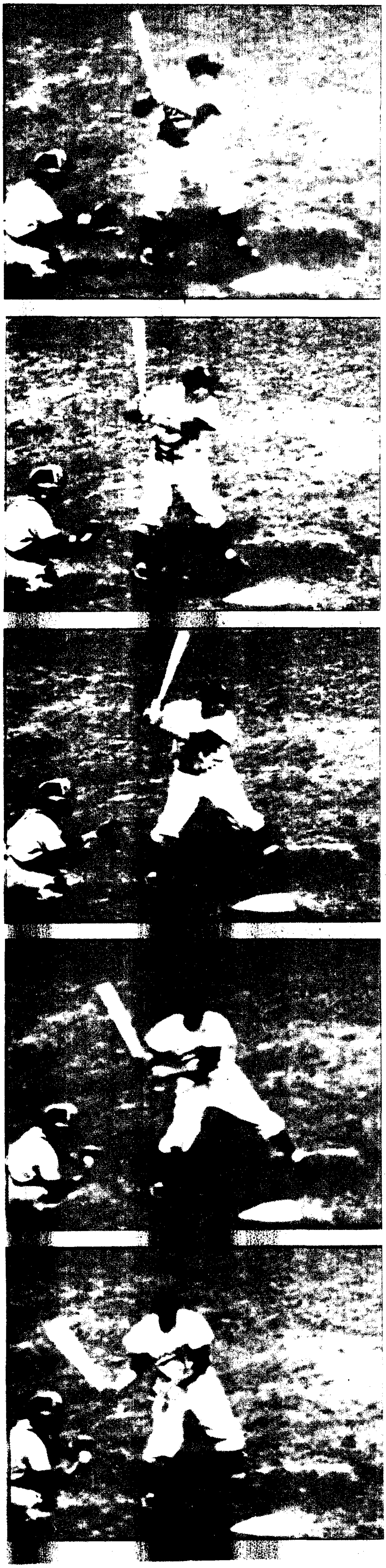
"Of course, it didn't seem like a slump when it started," explains Hodges. "When Simmons, of the Phillies, and then Jester and Wilson of the Braves stopped me after Drews, I thought nothing of it. Although I wound up hitless in my last 10 trips before the World Series, I'd batted close to .300 during September. What's more, I finished up with more than a hundred RBIs for the fourth year in a row."

But to the 10 zeroes he collected in the meaningless games that concluded the regular 1952 season, Gil added 21 more in the World Series against the Yankees. His miserable showing tied a 41-year-old record for futility in series play and for the first time turned the spotlight on his plight. He was to remain in its pitiless beam for a long time.

Hodges had a lot to think about during the winter as he went through his duties as an instructor at the American Baseball Academy in Manhattan, where he and several other major-leaguers coach youngsters.

"Everywhere I went, people asked what had happened to me against the Yankees," Gil remembers. "The kids were the most persistent of all. The funny part was we all talked about it as something over and done with. I remember there was a line in a song at the Baseball Writers' Dinner last February kidding me about not getting any hits. I laughed along with the other guests."

From time immemorial, Brooklyn's most comforting baseball slogan has been, "Wait till next



Movies of Hodges at plate helped him end slump. They showed him edging left foot toward third. Stance made him vulnerable to outside pitches. Chuck Dressen, Bums' manager, had Gil move right foot farther from plate and keep his left in previous position. Then when Hodges stepped into a pitch, his feet were in a straight line. The catcher is Andy Seminick, of the Reds

WENT TO BAT FOR HIM

year!" It was with considerable alarm, therefore, that Dodger fans a month or so later digested spring training reports indicating that Hodges was still mired in his slump. The stage was being set for Brooklyn's crusade to "Save Hodges."

"If a ballplayer doesn't hit in spring training, he usually doesn't worry much about it," Hodges says now. "There are so many plausible excuses: the pitchers have a head start on you, it takes time to readjust your timing—lots of reasons that seem logical at the time. But it was different with me. I knew I'd gone 31 straight times without a hit and I wanted to get going.

"For a time, I had a painful growth between my right thumb and forefinger that made it hard for me to grip a bat. I kidded myself that was why I wasn't hitting like I should. It's true I wasn't going any long stretches in the exhibition games without hitting. But I wasn't getting many hits and I wasn't meeting the ball solidly often enough."

Letters of sympathy for Hodges' plight began to pour in on Gil, on the Brooklyn club and on Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully, the radio announcers who report the spring progress of the Dodgers. The Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency—which handles the mail directed to the broadcasters—reported more than half the letters received dealt with Hodges' slump. And the avalanche of mail continued until Gil finally broke clear.

Dodger fans wintering in Florida sought out Hodges to encourage him. One such loyal rooter was Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, wife of a New York newspaper compositor whose vision had been failing. She promised Gil that she would pray for him.

"And I'll remember you and your husband in my prayers," Hodges replied graciously.

There were many counterparts of Mrs. Mitchell among Brooklyn fans during the "Save Hodges" crusade. Gil's wife recalls that one whom she knows only as "Larry" sent her a beautiful crucifix together with a special prayer for the luckless first baseman. Neighbors stopped her on the street to express sympathy. Store clerks told her not to worry; Gil would break loose as soon as the regular season got under way.

A Hitless Ballplayer Can't Cover Up

But after the 1953 season opened, Hodges' slump got worse. A struggling lawyer returning home at night after another day without clients can fool his neighbors by swinging his brief case. A writer who is being snowed under with rejection slips can keep up a bold front so long as his money holds out. But there is no escape for a hitless ballplayer. The public knows his shame; it is proclaimed daily in the box scores and duly noted by sports writers.

After his puny infield single against LaPalme in the fifth inning of the opening game—his first in 33 trips of official play—Hodges hit a solid single to left against the Pirates' Johnny Lindell in the second game. Then came a visit to the Polo Grounds, where the Giants' Sal Maglie not only blanked Gil, but fanned him twice just to make it emphatic.

In succeeding games, Hodges hit a single here, a single there. But he got no booming homers, no sharp doubles as he had in other years. And after he batted in a run against the Pirates on April 19th, he didn't drive in another until May 6th, when he hit his first home run of the season against Joe Presko of the Cardinals at Ebbets Field. In 18 games, Hodges had made only 12 singles and one

Dodgers 1
Dodgers

Dressen gives Hodges an encouraging word before a trip to the plate. Charlie finally had to bench the hapless batter, but he never lost faith that Gil would return to his top form

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

One fan told Hodges to drink

HUGH BRODERICK

The Hodges family, on the right side of the fence, talk with neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Luebke. The Hodges children are Gilbert Ray, three years old, and Stephanie Irene, two

homer: not a very impressive record for the man who has hit more home runs than any other Dodger in history.

Many fans thought the homer against Presko heralded the end of Hodges' slump, but it was not to be; his darkest hours lay just ahead. Gil gathered a single and another RBI against the Phils in Brooklyn's next game. Then the young giant went to bat 19 straight times without getting a single hit. His batting average dropped to .187, and Dressen removed him from the line-up on May 17th.

"A slump like mine is hard to describe, even after you've licked it," Gil said later. "At first you just think: Well, tomorrow is another day. But tomorrow comes and goes and nothing happens. Day after day, week after week, nothing happens. You wonder if you're all through. 'What happened?' you ask yourself. 'I had it—where did it go?' "

In the Agonies of Indecision

Gil shook his head. "It's a terrible feeling. I began to get confused. I switched bats, tried heavier ones, lighter ones, listened to advice from managers, coaches, other players, scouts. As far as I could see, I was batting the same as always, but I wasn't getting any hits. Then I began to notice that I wasn't hitting the ball as well in batting practice. Not as many were falling into the stands, even with the pitchers throwing fast, fat ones right in there.

"The crusher was when I couldn't make up my mind whether to swing or not. I didn't know whether the ball was in the strike zone or not. They kept telling me I was taking a lot of good strikes; I thought they were balls. I got so mixed up that no amount of advice could help. I just wanted to be let alone.

"Finally, it got so I didn't talk about it any more, even with Joan, my wife. Joan would just go to the ball park and hope and pray that I'd get a hit. I'd go up to the plate hoping and praying, too."

What amazed those closest to Hodges—his teammates, his neighbors and his friends—was his surface imperturbability during those tense days. However troubled he was inwardly, he concealed his feelings from everyone except his wife. Even Carl Furillo, his roommate, marveled at his seeming impassiveness.

"I've had slumps in my time, too," Carl says, "but I never could hide my feelings like Gil. He never reached the point where he would growl at waiters or porters as some guys do when they aren't hitting.

"He may have been a little more silent around the room, but he isn't a guy to beat his gums anyway. It certainly didn't interfere with his sleep. I'd have breakfast and come back to the room and Gil'd be sleeping. I'd go to an afternoon movie and come back and Gil'd still be sleeping. But I did notice that he started talking to himself, saying over and over, 'All it takes is a hit or two. I'll come out of it.' "

The Hodges and their two children, three-year-old Gilbert Ray II (the "II" was pinned on him so he wouldn't be known as "Junior"), and Stephanie Irene, two, live on a wide, tree-shaded street in Flatbush, not far from the campus of Brooklyn College. The neighborhood is a community within a city, where everybody knows everybody else. It consists of small two-story homes and is just about as homey as Gil Hodges' native Princeton, Indiana (population 8,000).

Neighbors Found Him Calm—Outwardly

Two doors away from the Hodges live Howard Luebke, his wife and two children. Like Furillo, they insist that, on the surface at least, the prolonged slump did not affect the even tenor of Gil's ways.

"That's the way Gil is," declares Howard loyally. "He never shows anything. Let him come home after hitting a couple of homers or breaking up the ball game and you'd never be able to tell it from looking at him. He's just a quiet guy—a hard-working neighbor—who leaves his job behind him at the ball park."

The baseball future of Gil Hodges became a very personal matter not only to the Luebkes and his other neighbors, but to every Brooklynite. Complete strangers would seek him out at the ball park, at home, in the street and in restaurants to offer advice and express their faith in his ability to snap out of it.

The person who knows Gil best—Mrs. Hodges—says that only once during his slump did he show any outward irritation, and even then she was the only one who noticed it.

"We were eating at Tex's (an Italian restaurant in the East New York section of Brooklyn) after a night game," she relates. "People stopped by our table from time to time to sympathize with Gil or wish him luck. They were doing it all the time during those weeks. But this night he was a little, really just a trifle, short with some of his answers. I don't

INTERNATIONAL

His slump forgotten, Hodges is congratulated by teammates after homering with two on in the ninth to beat the St. Louis Cardinals 5-4. The catcher is Del Rice and the umpire Bill Engeln

carrot juice. Another promised a cure if he were given charge of Gil for 10 days

think anybody noticed but me. And Gil knew I noticed.

"During the drive home he didn't say a word. We put the car away and came into the house and Gil finally broke the silence. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I was rude tonight and I want to apologize.' "

It was during this period—the first two weeks of May—that the "Save Hodges" crusade reached its peak. Charley DiGiovanna, the Dodger bat boy who sorts and delivers the players' mail, says Gil's share jumped from about 30 letters a week to 30 letters a day.

"It was the only time in the five years I've been bat boy that anybody on the ball club got more letters in a week than Jackie Robinson," Charley says.

Hodges' mail contained more good wishes and prayers than concrete suggestions for ending his slump, although these weren't lacking. "A fellow in Philadelphia said pure carrot juice was what I needed," recalls Gil, "and even told me the name of the only store in Philly that sold it." Another writer asked for custody of Hodges for 10 days, promising to return him to Dodger president Walter F. O'Malley as "a boy who could hit most anything and you will not be able to touch him on home runs." Since O'Malley couldn't touch even a slumping Hodges on home runs, there seemed little point in accepting the offer.

"I suppose some of the letter writers might be called cranks," says Hodges, "but not in my book. They were just kindhearted people who felt sorry for me. Mostly they sent encouraging messages instead of suggestions. Many sent religious articles—rosary beads, scapulars, medals and Jewish mezuzahs. Others sent good-luck charms—rabbits' feet, four-leaf clovers, miniature horseshoes and things like that.

"It was a comfort to feel that the fans were with me, but it couldn't keep me from worrying. Strangely enough, no opposing players needled me. Everybody was nice, but it didn't help."

New Batting Stance Didn't Work

Hodges says Dressen and the coaches were always ready with advice and encouragement. Dressen had suggested a change in Gil's batting stance during 1952 spring training to enable him to hit an outside pitch to right field, but the first baseman gave it up because he didn't feel comfortable batting that way. Gil was still batting from his old stance as the 1953 season got under way.

"During April and May, I took extra batting practice until my hands were blistered," Gil recalls. "I came out early, hours ahead of the rest of the club. Usually Joe Black, who was having his own troubles, would pitch to me to see if we both couldn't get started. But I kept on striking out."

When Dressen finally took Hodges out of the line-up and used both Wayne Belardi and Jackie Robinson at first base, Gil's feeling was one of relief. "Charlie did the right thing," he says. "I was no help to the team and no help to myself. I needed a few days with the pressure off."

Now Brooklyn fans rallied anew behind their idol with letters of advice, good-luck charms—and prayers.

The Dodgers club itself also had a trick up its sleeve. Unknown to Hodges, Barney Stein, for many years the official Dodger photographer, had been taking movies of Gil from behind the plate, from the upper deck in center field and from behind first and third bases.

One afternoon shortly after Hodges had been benched, a projection machine was set up in Dressen's office at Ebbets Field. The manager gathered his coaches—Cookie Lavagetto, Billy Herman and Jake Pitler—about him and sent for Gil.

"I've got something to show you," said Charlie. Forthwith the lights went out and the first of Stein's films flashed on the screen.

As the reel unwound, Dressen suddenly shrilled: "See it! See it! See that Seminick (Andy Seminick, Cincinnati catcher) moving over on you!"

"Mmm," Gil responded soberly.

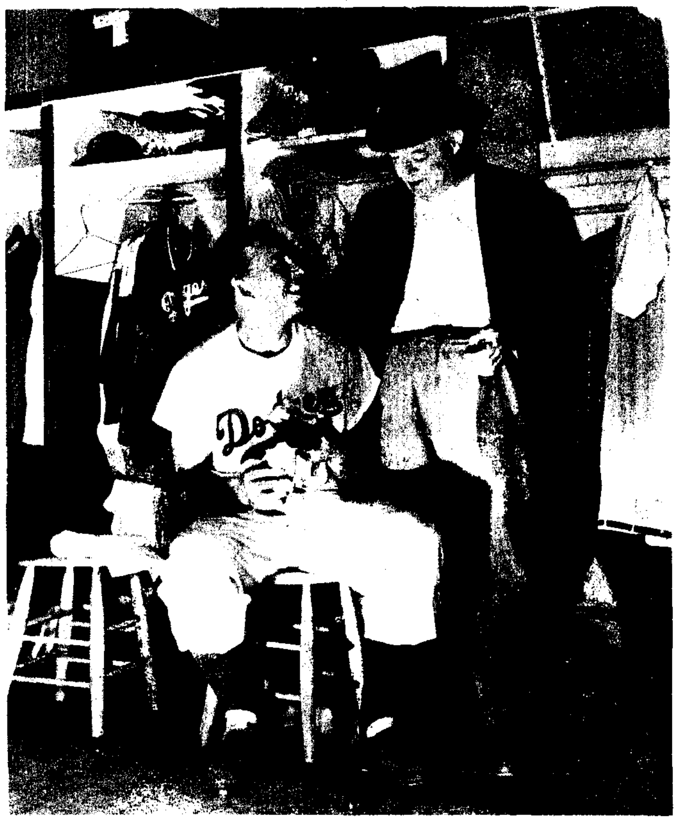
When the film had been completed and the lights went on again, the coaches looked at Dressen, and Dressen looked at Hodges.

"You saw Seminick get down, give the sign to the pitcher and then move six to eight inches toward the outside corner of the plate, didn't you?" asked Dressen.

"I did," said Hodges," and I saw something else, too. Those outside pitches I was taking and the umpires were calling strikes really were strikes. I'd thought they were balls."

"Lemme ask you one thing," said Dressen. "Are you afraid of the ball?"

"No," said Gil.



HUGH BRODERICK

"Senator" Johnny Griffin, clubhouse major-domo and clown, dressed up to cheer Gil Hodges during slump

"That's all I want to know," said Charlie. "Let's get to work!"

Dressen immediately resumed his reclamation project of more than a year earlier, altering Hodges' stance so he could hit to all fields instead of trying to pull every pitch to left. The change was comparatively simple. It consisted of moving Gil's right foot—the foot nearest the catcher—a few inches farther away from the plate while keeping his left foot in the same position as before. Then when Gil stepped into a pitch, his feet were in a straight line. Previously he had pulled his left foot toward third base. The new stance enabled Gil to follow the pitch better and to protect his former weak spot, the outside corner.

Hodges didn't bat again in a regular game until May 21st, when he went in against the Giants at the Polo Grounds as a pinch hitter and singled off left-handed Dave Koslo. But whether the new stance was solely responsible for the hit is debatable; the major-domo of the Dodger clubhouse, "Senator" Johnny Griffin, might claim some of the credit.

The Senator has been with the Dodgers since the days of Zack Wheat and Dazzy Vance. He kept up a series of running gags with Hodges during the slump. It is Griff's job to keep the players amused and relaxed and there are no limits to his ingenuity. If it suits his fancy, the Senator, who weighs 250 pounds, may don a greatcoat, a false mustache and a battered silk tophat on a sweltering July day to perform his clubhouse duties.

"Ballplayers gotta be kidded," explains the Senator. "That night in the Polo Grounds, I threw Gil an Andy Pafko bat, probably the most beat-up bat in the rack. 'Here,' I said, 'try this on for size. And if it doesn't work, tomorrow I'll lend you the broom I sweep up the clubhouse with.' Then I gave him the magic word."

The magic word, the Senator says with dignity, is something he said to Hodges just before he went on the field, and Gil repeated it back to him. What was the word?

"I won't tell you. It's a secret between me 'n' Gil," replies the Senator in the same outraged tones you might expect from Professor Urey if you asked him how the atom bomb worked.

After the pinch single against Koslo, Hodges went back into the line-up the next day at the Polo Grounds and Jim Hearn put the collar on him, 4-for-0. The Dodgers moved to Philadelphia and this time it was Robin Roberts who locked up Gil, 3-for-0.

Still Confident He'd Bust Loose

"I wasn't discouraged, though," Hodges recalls. "After all, Hearn and Roberts are a couple of pretty fair country right-handers. They're liable to blank anybody. I felt that I was seeing the ball better and that it was only a question of time before I'd bust loose."

The "busting loose" came on Sunday, May 24th, at Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium. Against Curt Simmons, Hodges got two hits, and the following day, against Karl Drews and assorted Phillie pitchers, Gil bagged three more. That made five hits in two days and Hodges really rolled from then on.

The grand scope of Gil's comeback is best explained in cold figures. When he was benched on May 17th, he was batting .187, representing 14 hits in 75 trips to bat. When the Dodgers embarked on a Western trip June 15th, he had climbed to an even .300 by making 37 hits in 95 tries since his return to action May 21st—a torrid .389 for the period. Brooklyn's crusade had triumphed.

Gil went into another slump at the start of the Western trip, but rallied again to go over .300—a final average, by the way, that Hodges for all his earlier slugging never achieved in either the majors or the minors.

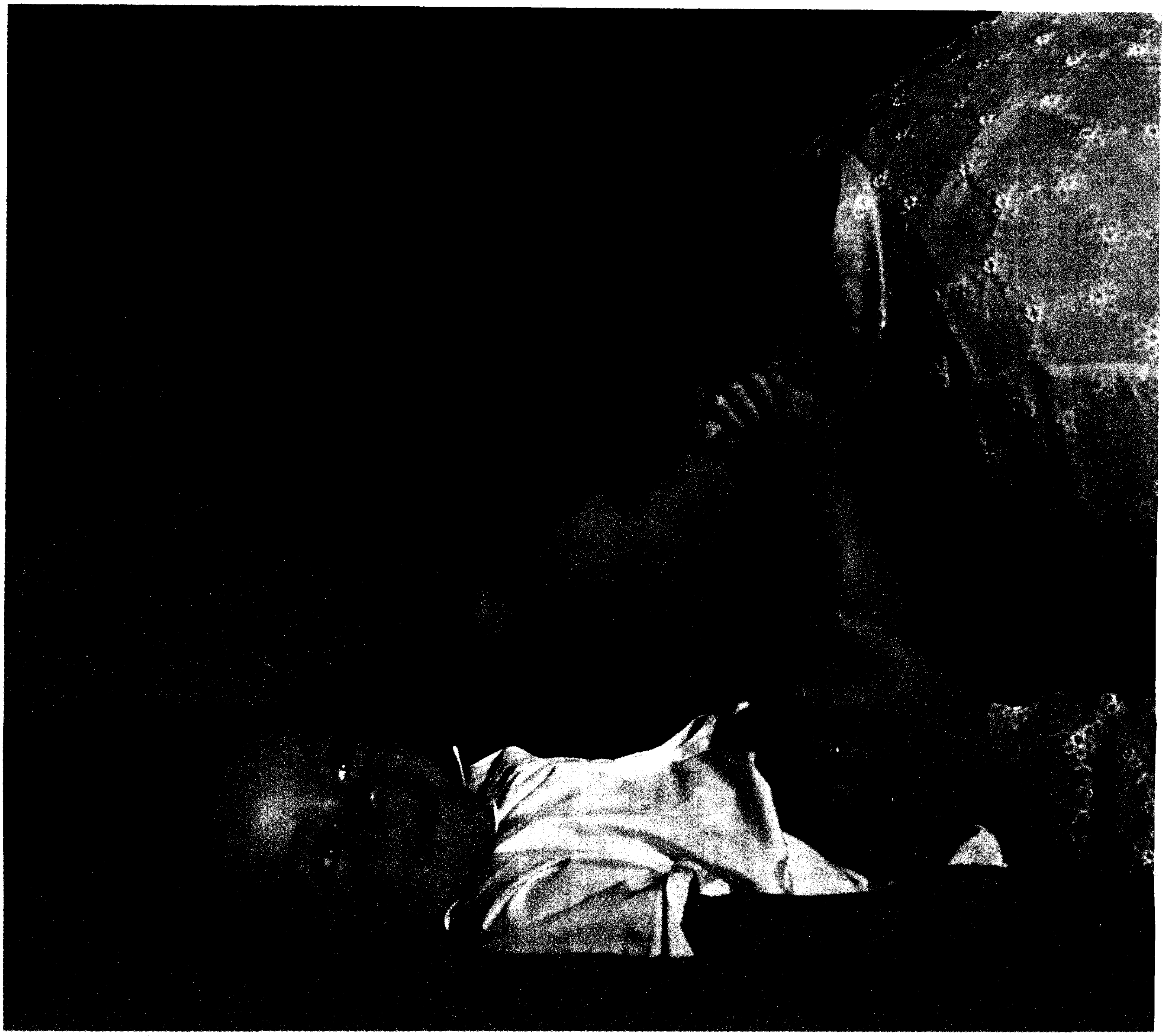
He has been right up with the National League leaders ever since in home runs, base hits and runs batted in. It seemed only right that his 16th homer of the year (July 7th) was the clout with which Brooklyn broke the league record for one or more home runs in consecutive games at 20.

Gil's comeback paid off in another way, too. With Hodges' self-confidence back, Dressen tried shifting him to left field when the Dodgers faced right-handed pitchers. That gave the manager a chance to put the left-handed Wayne Belardi, who is particularly effective against right-handers, at first base to boost further the Dodger punch. Gil took the change in stride.

"What about the danger of Gil running into strange fences in the outfield?" Dressen was asked.

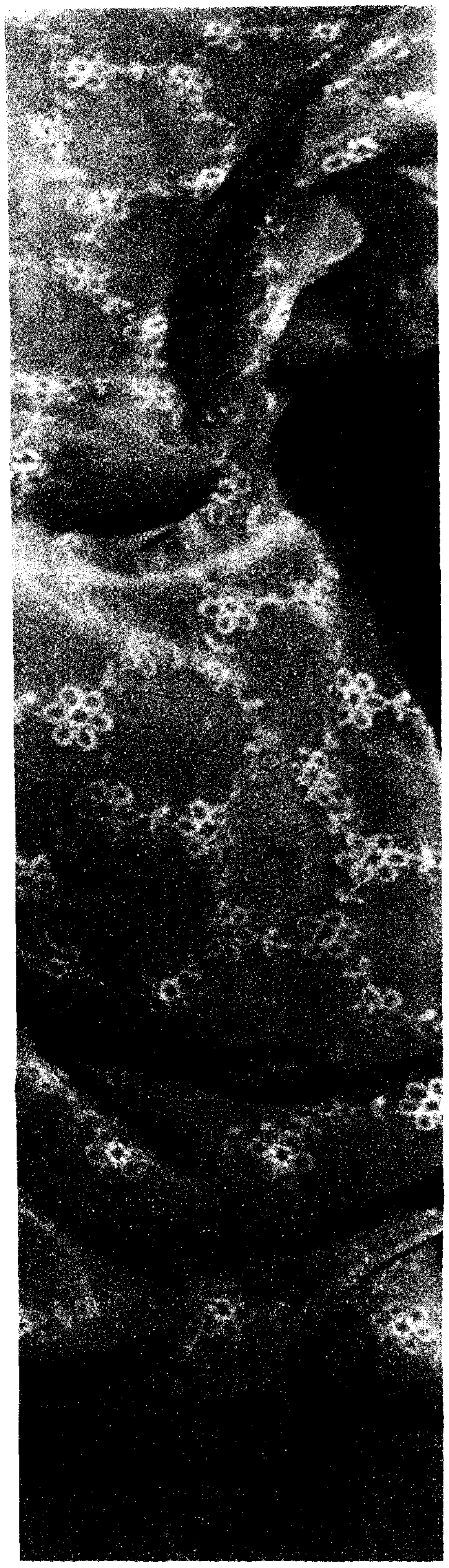
"Let the fences worry about that," Dressen replied. "He's so strong that he'll hurt the fences more'n they'll hurt him."

Brooklyn fans agree. Their faith in Gil Hodges—and the way in which he has justified that faith—knows no bounds. ▲▲▲



Elizabeth Taylor and eight-month-old son, Britches, have little time together, baby-talk briefly every morning before she goes off to work

Elizabeth Taylor's



Miss Taylor and husband, British star Michael Wilding, dismiss nurse on Sundays and assert their parental prerogative. Elizabeth checks Sunday-to-Sunday growth of Britches' foot by seeing how much she can bite

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

IN THE excitement of having a baby, the average woman sometimes ignores her habitual routine. But there is an established custom no conscientious Hollywood mother-to-be ever forgets: she lets the photographers know that she and her newborn will be available as soon as she can get into her prettiest bed jacket. She submits to this well-precedented procedure, however unenthusiastically, because she knows her fans like to see that proud motherhood abounds in Hollywood—as, indeed, it does.

When actress Elizabeth Taylor had a baby boy last January, flash bulbs started popping almost immediately. They haven't stopped since. This circumstance has made her studio happy, her public happy and her baby somewhat blasé. But, as these first exclusive color pictures show, Michael Howard Wilding and his twenty-one-year-old mother have made a good adjustment to each other despite all the fanfare.

Miss Taylor calls her son Britches. She sees less of him than she might want, being kept busy at the M-G-M studios (where she is now completing a film called Rhapsody) from 10 to 12 hours a day.

The young mother still approaches her son with a timidity born of inexperience ("When he cries, I cry," she confesses); but enough time has passed so that she can now baby-talk a blue streak and get her face spinach-speckled without wincing. And, as is effectively illustrated on these pages, it hasn't harmed the enchanting Taylor countenance a bit. ▲▲▲

Busy actress had a difficult time adjusting herself to motherhood; now she enjoys the role and looks it

Baby

actress whose beauty has stolen many a scene poses with a leading man who, emphatically, can hold his own

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

WIDE WORLD

CONCLUDING: *WILLIAM O'DWYER*

The Man Who Won't Come Home

Ambassador O'Dwyer came up from Mexico City in 1951 to testify as a volunteer witness before the Kefauver committee in New York. He took his seat confidently—but two days later he walked out of the hearings a crushed man. What was the reason?

How Does a Man Fall

In 1949, William O'Dwyer chose to run for another term as New York's mayor. Today, a

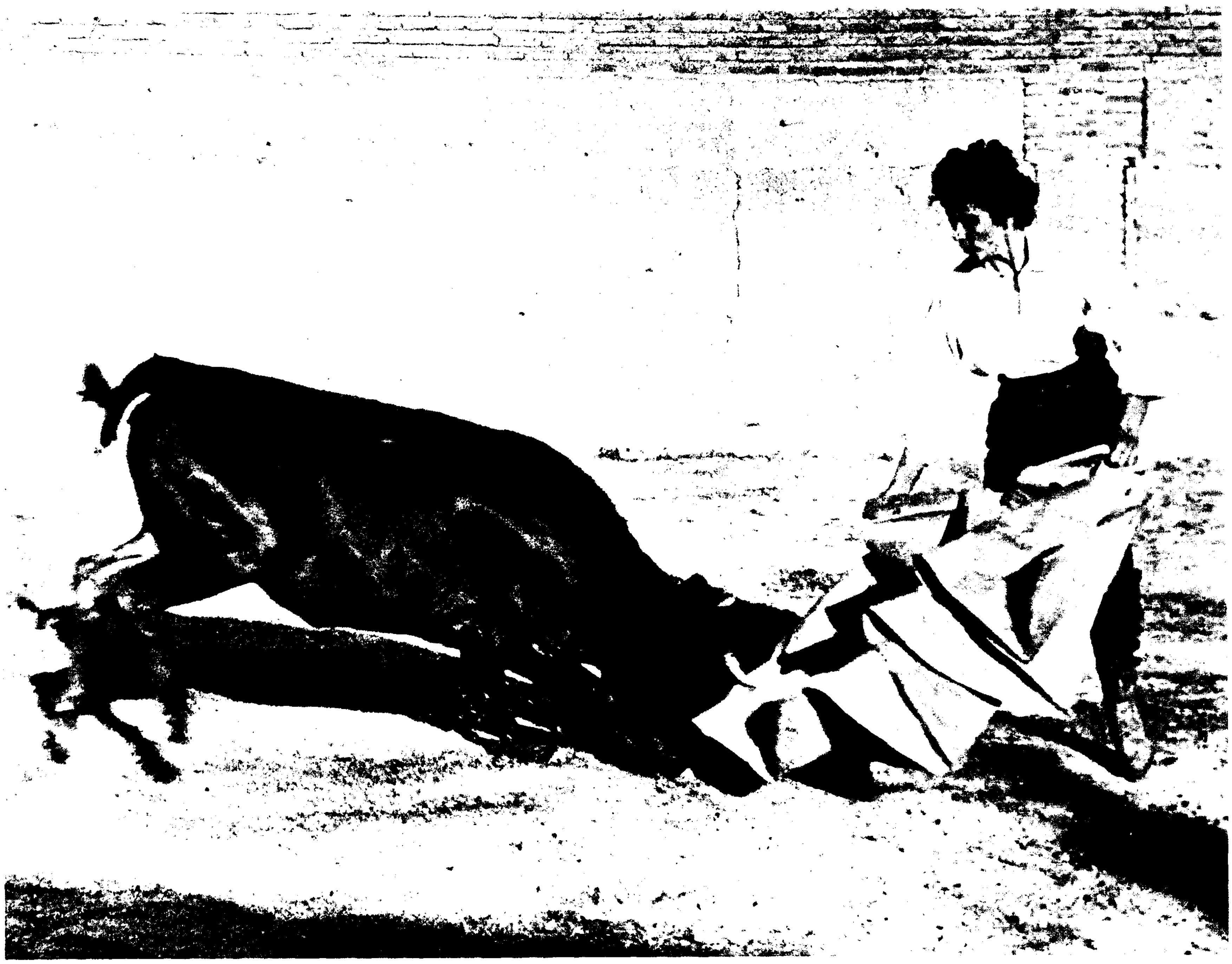
ONE May day in 1949, 150 grown men crammed into a conference room at New York City Hall: newspapermen, markets commissioners, political hangers-on—men who don't show emotion easily. But, one witness recalls, "there wasn't a dry eye in the place."

William O'Dwyer, his first four-year term as mayor nearly over, was announcing he would not run again. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he was saying farewell. Most New Yorkers seemed sorry to see O'Dwyer go. City newspapers reflected their feelings. "O'Dwyer has been a hard-working, conscientious and 100 per cent honest mayor," said the News. "We regret this decision . . . not to seek re-election," said the Times. "New York has been for the most part extremely fortunate in (having had) O'Dwyer," said the Herald Tribune.

During O'Dwyer's term in office, the notables of the land—Bernard Baruch, Cardinal Spellman, Eleanor Roosevelt, Nelson Rockefeller, big-city newspaper publishers—had been eager guests at Gracie Mansion, home of New York's mayors.

So great was the stature of this golden boy—who had shot up from hod carrier to cop to judge to district attorney to general to mayor of the world's greatest city—that a leader of Tammany Hall, the powerful New York City Democratic organization, once observed: "That guy can have anything he wants politically. Why, people are even ready to amend the Constitution so that O'Dwyer" (who was born in Ireland) "can be President."

Today, at sixty-three, the same William O'Dwyer is a self-exile, starting a new life anew and alone abroad, who tastes almost daily the bitter flavor of his spoiled fortunes. He is separated from his beautiful thirty-six-year-old wife, Sloan, the gay hostess who went to Spain after helping to make Ambassador O'Dwyer one of the most popular envoys the United States ever sent to Mexico. He is under almost constant attack at home; newspapers that once awarded accolades now seem to consider no rumor about him unfit to print.



N.Y. DAILY NEWS

As hostess at the Mexico City embassy, O'Dwyer's young wife Sloan endeared herself to the local folk by taking up native customs, including bullfighting. Now she's separated from her husband. He's starting life anew in Mexico; she went to Spain, where this picture was taken

So Far So Fast?

By LESTER VELIE

onely, embittered exile, he calls it "the biggest mistake of my life." Here's why

Sitting moodily in the sun outside his two-room penthouse flat atop a modest hotel in Mexico City, O'Dwyer is likely to read that: "O'Dwyer and former President Miguel Alemán are going into the gambling business together"; or that "O'Dwyer is in the soup again—the Internal Revenue Department is probing him"; or that "James J. Moran, ex-O'Dwyer subordinate now in jail for extortion, is 'singing,' " and that "O'Dwyer's name will soon be headline news again."

Backtracking over O'Dwyer's 20-year public life—and his seven careers—I found his stock so low even his friends in New York fear to defend him.

"I still love Bill," said one high city official who had worked closely with O'Dwyer. "But don't ask me to talk about him. It would be political suicide."

Another O'Dwyer subordinate and intimate pleaded that our conversation about O'Dwyer be kept secret: "It would cost me my job."

"It's true I'm cornered," O'Dwyer told me in Mexico. "I've made mistakes. But not the mistakes people believe. Grand juries, senators, the keenest investigators in the world have been after me for years. My own party ate my flesh and drank my blood like sharks. Every shred of reputation is lost to me. The little people think I'm a thief; they've lost faith in me. That's what hurts."

How does a man fall from favor so far, so fast?

In two weeks of conversations with me. O'Dwyer for the first time answered many questions Americans have been asking about him. He told of the events that led to his departure for Mexico and disclosed his "biggest mistake"—the error which he believes helped send his world tumbling.

He spoke of his friend and ex-subordinate, extortionist James J. Moran, and about his own damaging meeting with racketeer Frank Costello in 1942.

He told how he had sat down with Senator Estes Kefauver, before the Senate investigator's New York hearings, to "help him get at the heart of what's wrong with New York"—and how, after his

INTERNATIONAL

Patrolman

Judge

own appearance under the klieg lights and television cameras, he had emerged stunned and broken.

O'Dwyer's difficulties, as he tells the story, did not begin in 1951 with the Kefauver hearings, nor in 1950 with the police corruption disclosures by Brooklyn District Attorney Miles F. McDonald. They began a year before, O'Dwyer says, with what he calls his "biggest mistake": the bombshell announcement that he would run again for mayor after he had previously declared he would quit.

O'Dwyer's sudden change of heart turned his friends into disillusioned enemies and led to his departure for Mexico, which millions of Americans interpreted as flight.

Up to that fateful summer in 1949, O'Dwyer was still the Midas at whose touch everything political turned to gold. After he made the tearful farewell announcement (later rescinded), offers poured in. Motion-picture producers wanted O'Dwyer to head an association at $100,000 a year. Industries and corporations wanted his services as labor arbiter—at his own price. His youngest brother, Paul, and oldest friend, Oscar Bernstien, counted the days until the name of William O'Dwyer would add prestige and business to their Wall Street law firm.

O'Dwyer himself made plans more in keeping with the romantic side of his complex personality.

"The world is my companionship," he told his friend, hotel man David Martin. "I want you to teach me the hotel business so that I can run a little hotel in the West, get to know people as they come through." O'Dwyer also planned a cruise around the world and started collecting visas.

Then aspirants for the job of succeeding him started looking for O'Dwyer's support—and he didn't have the heart to say no to any of them.

"You're my man for mayor," O'Dwyer told Frank S. Hogan, New York County's district attorney. "You're my man for mayor," he assured Ferdinand Pecora, then a State Supreme Court Justice. Young Bob Wagner, son of the late senator, got the same assurance. So did a half dozen others. O'Dwyer just couldn't say no.

Army officer O'Dwyer visited racketeer Frank Costello, below. Was it political? He says no

INTERNATIONAL

O'Dwyer—the Indecisive Hero

Then the bombshell. O'Dwyer announced he was his own man for mayor: it turned out that he couldn't say no to Edward J. Flynn, either, and Flynn wanted him to run.

Flynn was Bronx Democratic boss and a dominant figure in national Democratic politics. Although Frank Hogan had the mayoralty nomination virtually within his grasp because three of the city's five county leaders backed him, Flynn stood out against Hogan. He said he was for O'Dwyer; today he says his reason was that O'Dwyer never actually pulled out of the race.

A man who is very close to O'Dwyer told me: "If you follow Bill around all day you'll find him saying whatever pops into his mind—even if it contradicts something he said a little while before."

The role of the indecisive hero—O'Dwyer played it in two scenes that July evening in 1949. In a doctor's office on East Side Manhattan, three physicians urged him to turn down a second term as mayor. The doctors reminded O'Dwyer of the long bout with a thyroid ailment that had plunged him into spells of depression the year before.

"You may not be able to finish your second term," the doctors argued.

"Okay, I won't run," promised O'Dwyer. "I'll put the blame on you."

At 6:00 P.M., O'Dwyer drove from his doctors' offices to Gracie Mansion, where Ed Flynn and Brooklyn Borough President John Cashmore waited—and agreed to run.

One man who read the news the next morning said: "It's a dark, dark day." It was the mayor's brother, Paul.

Bill O'Dwyer's friends figure that if he had taken himself out of the mayoralty race, District Attorney Hogan would have become mayor and would have continued the friendship cemented in 1945, when O'Dwyer refused to let Tammany Hall ditch the prosecutor. O'Dwyer would have remained on the scene, a retired political champ, a power both actual (as an elder statesman to be reckoned with) and potential (as possible candidate for governor or United States senator). There would have been no abrupt retirement as mayor after eight months in office, nor would there have been the questions: Why did he quit as mayor? Why did he go off to Mexico? And why won't he come home now?

"I told Bill," a friend recalls, "that if he quit and left for Mexico, he'd be under fire in four months. I was mistaken. It took only four days."

Here are the events that preceded O'Dwyer's departure for Mexico, as pieced together from conversations with the men who know them best: Flynn, O'Dwyer's doctors, and O'Dwyer himself.

When O'Dwyer told Ed Flynn he'd run again, he also cited his doctor's warnings. "I'm sick, Ed. Suppose I can't stick out the term?"

"We'll find something for you if you can't," Flynn promised.

One of O'Dwyer's physicians picks up the story. "Soon after he was elected for his second term we had the mayor in the hospital again. He was so ill and depressed it was clear he couldn't go on."

O'Dwyer was packed off to Florida to rest. He returned to New York to be sworn in, but a few days later he was back in Florida again, and —after only a month in office—he began to talk of resigning. Then, as Ed Flynn relates it:

"O'Dwyer told me, 'I don't think I can last out the term.' I asked him what he wanted, and he said, 'Ambassador to Cuba or Mexico.' I told him I'd try, and telephoned President Truman."

When Harry Truman discussed the request with Secretary of State Dean Acheson, he found that O'Dwyer's desire for a diplomatic post in Latin America wasn't sudden or capricious; O'Dwyer had been bucking for it since 1947 when, during his first term as mayor, he had talked with Acheson about a trouble-shooting assignment to Argentina.

The President named O'Dwyer to be Ambassador to Mexico. Among those who voted to confirm the nominee was Senator Estes Kefauver.

O'Dwyer retired as mayor on September 1, 1950. That month, Brooklyn District Attorney McDonald rocked New York with the revelation of the biggest police scandal in recent times: the $1,000,000 yearly protection pay-off by bookie Harry Gross. The McDonald investigation—begun the year before, and later castigated by O'Dwyer as a witch-hunt—was to bring the resignations of high police officers whom O'Dwyer had entrusted with key posts.

INTERNATIONAL

District Attorney

ACME

Brigadier General

ACME

Mayor

Among those who resigned were Police Commissioner William O'Brien and Chief of Detectives William Whalen. Another, later, was Chief Inspector August W. Flath, whose chief inspector's squad, so the grand jury found, investigated hundreds of complaints of police failure to suppress gambling but found not one instance of police dereliction. No indictments were returned against these officers.

The pattern of the O'Dwyer character emerges from his public acts—from his accomplishments as mayor, from his contradictory promises, forgotten soon after they were uttered, from emotional outbursts such as his witch-hunt charge against the bookie-police probe. The picture is a perplexing mixture of greatness and weakness. The O'Dwyer who could rehouse more slum dwellers and build more schools and hospitals than any other mayor in history could also be a mayor who belittled a needed police investigation. Friends and critics alike agree: O'Dwyer was an almost-great man.

Bill O'Dwyer, the oldest of 11 children, was born in County Mayo, Ireland. Both of his parents were schoolteachers. From his mother, O'Dwyer inherited restless ambition and the talents to realize it: great human warmth, a storehouse memory, the gift of talk. From his father—who would read the daily Dublin paper to 20 heads of households assembled in the O'Dwyer parlor—O'Dwyer inherited voracious reading habits.

Of a devout family, O'Dwyer studied for the priesthood for two years at Salamanca, Spain, then gave up his vocation and at twenty came to New York in the steerage.

A Career of Almost-Greatness

From bartender, able-bodied seaman and hod carrier, O'Dwyer rose to the police force. He studied nights at Fordham University and became a lawyer; in 1932, after he'd had seven years of practice in Brooklyn courts, political lightning struck. Reform acting-mayor Joseph V. McKee was casting about for an independent Irish Democrat for the post of magistrate. He named O'Dwyer—and at the relatively advanced age of forty-two, the ex-cop was off on his career of almost-greatness.

It was a time of much labor unrest. Other magistrates broke strikes by imposing fines or costly bail bonds on strike pickets; O'Dwyer would either dismiss disorderly conduct charges against the pickets or accept household furnishings as bail security. It was labor support that won for O'Dwyer his next promotion: an appointment as county judge by the then state governor, Herbert H. Lehman.

On sentencing day, Judge O'Dwyer invited ministers, family doctors and lawyers to tell in open court what they knew of the convicted men—so ending the cruel swindling of the convicted by court hangers-on who promised for a fee to "fix the judge." (Knowing that the judge was giving a sympathetic hearing to their friends, men awaiting sentencing turned a deaf ear to the phony fixers.) The watchdog Citizens Union reported to voters that O'Dwyer was an "intelligent and humane judge."

Yet intelligent and humane Judge O'Dwyer was then and there making the mistake in judgment that one day would hurt him most. O'Dwyer befriended a burly court attendant who was as zealous to do personal chores for his boss as he was in keeping the court clear of hangers-on. He was James J. Moran, now serving 12½ to 25 years for extortion.

What kind of man was Moran?

His probation report, read in court in March 1952, by the judge who sentenced him, showed him to have an IQ of 123—a "very superior intelligence," according to the judge. But then he went on to quote from the report:

"The strictly ethical aspects of his offenses do not seem to disturb him. His philosophy of life evidently has been that favors, preference and special privilege are properly acquired by those who are smart enough and ruthless enough to advance themselves by such means."

None of this, seemingly, was apparent to County Judge O'Dwyer, who made Moran his confidential stenographer, and, as he rose, took Moran along to jobs of increasing responsibility and influence.

Of all the riddles of the O'Dwyer character and career, his relationship with Moran is the most perplexing. No two men were ever more unlike.

O'Dwyer, a man with a questing brain and ravenous reading habits can, with equal ease, enlighten you on the early mapping of the Hudson Bay territory or quote at length from minor Irish poets like Tom Davis; Moran is an untutored man of narrow interests. O'Dwyer warms himself with talk and human companionship as other men warm themselves with whisky; Moran is taciturn and uncommunicative to the point of surliness. O'Dwyer, as his record in office showed, was a champion of the underdog in the tradition of Al Smith; Moran used the public payroll for cynical self-enrichment. O'Dwyer cared so little for money and carried so little that he'd borrow from office clerks to pay his barber. Moran, living frugally within his fire commissioner's salary, was convicted of extortion, estimated at $300,000 or more over three years.

Moran became to O'Dwyer a combination of trusted subordinate, a flunky who did personal chores, a friend who cared for O'Dwyer's ill first

O'DWYER NAILED HIM . . **Louis Buchalter (alias Lepke), a Murder, Inc., chieftain, went to the chair**

INTERNATIONAL

. . . BUT MISSED HIM. **Albert Anastasia, described as Murder, Inc., bigwig, went free**

INTERNATIONAL

O'Dwyer on his friend, extortionist Jim Moran: "I didn't believe the rumors . . ."

wife when he was in the Army, and reporter of political gossip. O'Dwyer, after he became Brooklyn district attorney in 1940, clothed his chief clerk with such responsibility that, it was later testified, "The general feeling in the office among police was that Moran was practically the spokesman for the D.A."

To this spokesman one day came Emil Camarda, head of six gangster-ridden water-front union locals. No one knows what they talked about, but the visit helped cast such a cloud over O'Dwyer's handling of a water-front probe that it overshadowed his historic achievement in smashing Murder, Inc.

Later, when O'Dwyer was a lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Force, it was Moran who arranged the controversial meeting with Frank Costello at the racketeer's apartment. O'Dwyer says he questioned Costello about underworld infiltration into aircraft contracts. But, because Tammany bigwigs were there too, the explanation has never satisfied investigators seeking political implications.

One man who came to see Moran was a shadowy garment-center figure identified with Costello—Irving Sherman. Another Moran visitor was the numbers racketeer Louis Weber. When Moran denied before Senate probers that he knew Weber, he was cited for and convicted of perjury. And another who called on Moran was protection-minded bookie Harry Gross, who testified that he gave Moran $5,000 in 1945 and $15,000 in 1949 for the mayoralty campaigns of those years.

Did the right hand, O'Dwyer, know what the left hand, Moran, was doing?

When Mayor O'Dwyer let it be known in 1946 that he planned to name Moran markets commissioner, District Attorney Hogan called O'Dwyer's attention to rumors about Moran. He urged the mayor to name a spotless man, since the markets job in the past had proved a tollgate for graft.

"I didn't believe the rumors about Moran," O'Dwyer told me in Mexico. "But you'll notice what kind of job I gave him. It wasn't so important." The job O'Dwyer gave Moran was first deputy fire commissioner; in that job Moran organized the license extortion racket. The boodle—$2,000 weekly—was so great that New Yorkers still wonder where the money went.

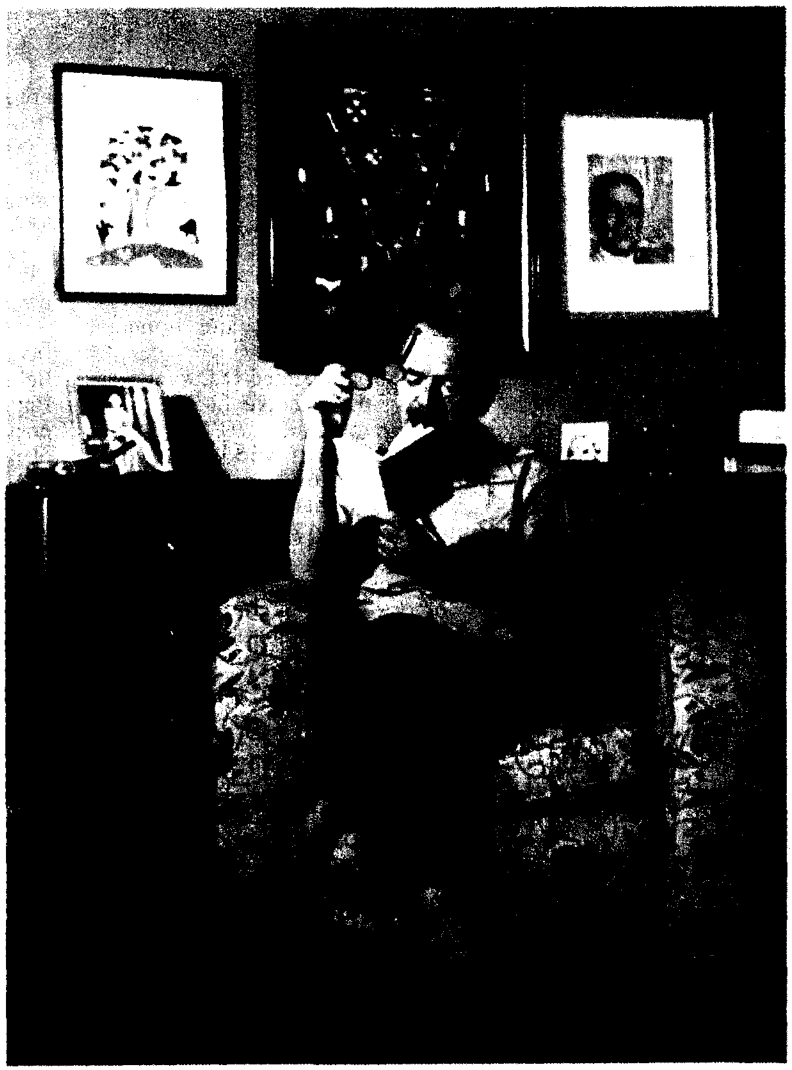
There is no evidence any of it went to O'Dwyer. Investigators who have gone over O'Dwyer's accounts and sought hidden gold in his brother Frank's ranch at El Centro, California, have found nothing. Despite years of public payroll jobs which culminated in the $40,000 mayoralty salary, O'Dwyer's income-tax returns when he was ambassador to Mexico showed no real-estate holdings, no investments—only his $25,000 ambassador's pay.

O'Dwyer was making $25,000 a year as county judge when, at the request of Democratic leaders, he took the $20,000-a-year job of rehabilitating the scandal-ridden office of the Brooklyn district attorney. His actions as D.A. were typical O'Dwyer. If you looked only at his record of sending some of the most notorious gangsters of his time to the electric chair, you could conclude that he was the best prosecutor in Brooklyn history. If you limited your study to the grand-jury presentments about his conduct in office, you could conclude that he was one of the worst.

Brooklyn was a gangster's jungle when O'Dwyer took over. When I was a cub police reporter for the Brooklyn Eagle, it was almost commonplace to phone the city desk and report from some precinct station: "They've found another unidentified body. Strangled this time." The city editor would say: "Give the rewrite man a paragraph."

In the 1930s Brooklyn reporters were to call in 200 or so macabre paragraphs of that kind. None suspected the fantastic truth: that most of this slaughter was the work of professional executioners, organized into an enforcement arm for big mobs all over the country. Murder, Inc., is a household word today, but it went undetected through the administrations of four mayors—including that of the impeccable Fiorello La Guardia. O'Dwyer learned of this slaughter-bund during his first three months as district attorney in 1940, then with his staff sent seven gangsters to the electric chair, solved 61 slayings in two and one half years and put Murder, Inc., out of business.

Gangsters seldom pay the penalty for murder. In Chicago, home of the Capone gang, there have been 700 gangland killings since 1925 with virtually no convictions. When Al Capone and the other men responsible for the murders went to jail, it was for income-tax evasion. Yet O'Dwyer's office won murder convictions against such big shots as Louis Capone, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, killer of 27, and against the underworld boss whom J. Edgar Hoover described in 1939 as "the most dangerous criminal in the United States." That man was Louis Buchalter, known as Lepke, who levied tribute on whole industries with a rule of terror. O'Dwyer and his staff also prepared the case with which New Jersey prosecutors won a life sentence against Charlie (the Bug) Workman, slayer of Dutch Schultz.



PRRISA

His honors behind him, William O'Dwyer sits alone in his small apartment in Mexico City. He is now in the law business there

O'Dwyer broke Murder, Inc., by following through on a tip from a city workhouse inmate. The tip led to Abe Reles, killer of 10, and so influential in Murder, Inc., that he knew of many more murders. Reles told where the bodies were buried—87 of them.

"Without O'Dwyer, there would have been no Murder, Inc., cases," recalls Solomon Asa Klein, the assistant district attorney who prepared the cases for trial.

"O'Dwyer's experience as magistrate and judge was invaluable in breaking through the fears of witnesses; O'Dwyer won their confidence," Klein says. "He'd guide us and drive us. There was no rest. We cleaned up 61 murders in 30 frantic months."

The Murder, Inc., prosecution was greatness in office. But other events cut it down to almost-greatness.

The boss executioner of Murder, Inc.—O'Dwyer was told by Reles—was Albert Anastasia, a notorious water-front and underworld character. In December, 1945, a Brooklyn grand jury heard in outraged amazement from O'Dwyer that he had had a "perfect murder case" against Anastasia, yet had failed even to indict him. The grand jury charged O'Dwyer with "gross laxity, inefficiency and maladministration." Six years later, the Kefauver committee and millions of TV viewers were freshly indignant as O'Dwyer was questioned about his "perfect murder case."

It now turns out that O'Dwyer *never had a perfect murder case against Anastasia*—nor any kind of case at all—and that the heat generated against O'Dwyer was due to his own brash words.

Brooklyn District Attorney McDonald, the able prosecutor who exposed the bookie-police corruption in 1950, found out the truth about "the perfect case" when he investigated the mysterious death of Abe Reles, O'Dwyer's chief witness against Murder, Inc.

Millions of Americans believe witness Reles was murdered by police guards attached to District Attorney O'Dwyer's office: Senator Charles W. Tobey intimated as much at the Kefauver hearings, commenting that a "murder like that only happens once in a lifetime."

Late in 1951 McDonald—no friend of O'Dwyer—called 86 witnesses before a county grand jury, including FBI experts. After 110 hours of testimony and study, the grand jury concluded:

"Reles did not meet with foul play . . . he did not commit suicide . . . he met his death while trying to escape . . ." He died, the grand jury found, when the wire with which he let himself out of a six-story window snapped, plunging him to the ground. "Our report," continued the jury, "is based on credible evidence. We cannot indulge in the speculation and fancy that has been rampant for the last ten years. Sensationalism, induced by whatever cause, must be and has been avoided."

McDonald invited Tobey to lay before the grand jury the evidence for his assertion that Reles had been murdered. "I have no facts or evidence . . ." the senator wrote in reply. "The statements made by me were based on supposition and strong suspicion."

The grand jury that laid these suppositions and suspicions to rest exploded one other, concerning Reles' role in the case against Anastasia. Under New York law, no prosecution may be based solely on the testimony of an accomplice.

"Much of the speculation . . . indulged in concerning Reles' death," reported the jury, "centered about the theory that Abe Reles was the corroborating witness against . . . Albert Anastasia . . . in

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“You don’t kill public men today,” O’Dwyer cried out in Mexico after the Kefauver

the murder (of Morris Diamond in 1939) which O’Dwyer characterized as ‘the perfect murder case.’ Our investigation has disclosed that Abe Reles was not a corroborating witness in that killing. On the contrary, he was one of several accomplices. Reles was not even an essential witness. The prosecution of Anastasia required corroboration, and Reles could not have supplied it.”

Although the experts are convinced Reles was not murdered, his death raised questions damaging to O’Dwyer. No commanding officer headed the detail of five police guarding Reles. Reles was allowed to lock himself in when he retired for the night; no guard remained with him. The guards were sound asleep when Reles died; so was the man who was responsible for Reles’ safety, Captain Frank Bals, who was at home in bed at the time, off duty.

During the uproar over Reles’ death, Bals resigned from the police department. But on January 2, 1942, D.A. O’Dwyer named him chief investigator in the district attorney’s office, where he remained until February 15, 1943. Later, as mayor, O’Dwyer made Bals seventh deputy police commissioner and placed him in charge of a confidential squad—the squad that was accused by bookie Harry Gross of accepting pay-offs.

The Reles affair and the role played in it by subordinate Bals were embarrassing to O’Dwyer. Every bit as embarrassing was the Peter Panto wanted-cards affair—and the role played in it by subordinate Jim Moran.

“My George is getting so handy around the house. Only today he got the refrigerator, washing machine, radio and television set in working order again by replacing one fuse in the basement”

COLLIER’S IRWIN CAPLAN

Peter Panto, a rising labor leader, was strangled on orders of Albert Anastasia, so Reles told O’Dwyer, when it looked as if Panto might stir a revolt against Anastasia’s gangster control of six water-front locals. Abe Reles named the slayers and told where the body was buried: Lyndhurst, New Jersey. An alarm went out in January, 1941, for Albert Anastasia, for killer Tony (the Spring) Romeo and others. Anastasia and Romeo went into hiding and routine wanted cards were posted with the Police Identification Bureau—indicating to police that the district attorney wanted the men.

But when Romeo was picked up by police 17 months later, the wanted card for him—as well as for Anastasia—had disappeared. It had been removed a month before on the orders of Jim Moran, then chief clerk in O’Dwyer’s office. The unwanted Romeo went unquestioned, and after two weeks was turned loose. A fortnight later *his* body was found near Wilmington, Delaware.

The Panto affair is complicated by the fact that the murder may have been committed in New Jersey, in which case O’Dwyer had no jurisdiction over it. Yet if Romeo had been held—and so kept alive—he could have revealed much about water-front crime. Questioned about the wanted-card episode three years later, O’Dwyer told a grand jury it was the first he’d heard of it.

The same grand jury criticized O’Dwyer for taking over and then dropping a promising investigation into water-front rackets launched by another prosecutor. O’Dwyer’s explanation: he was too busy with Murder, Inc.

Against these charges, aired all over again at the Kefauver hearings in 1951, O’Dwyer defended himself with a general countercharge: the damaging presentments were prepared by his Republican successor in the district attorney’s office and used as political fodder for the bitter campaign of 1945, when O’Dwyer was elected mayor.

O’Dwyer’s charge of politics lost some of its force when the senators read to him his own admission to the grand jury that its presentment was just—but that others, not he, were responsible because he had been away in the Army. The damaging admission was based on O’Dwyer’s mistaken belief that his office had had a perfect murder case against Anastasia.

Still, a county judge did expunge the grand-jury presentments on the ground they violated the law by revealing grand-jury testimony. Later, the Republican district attorney who had sparked the grand-jury investigation of O’Dwyer—George J. Beldock, now a state Supreme Court justice—said:

Looks at Predecessor’s Regime

“. . . During political campaigns many heated and intemperate statements are made. In fact, I conducted an inquiry of my predecessor’s administration . . . and during that inquiry I never found anything that reflected in any way on the personal integrity and honesty of the man . . .” His predecessor, of course, was O’Dwyer.

Although certified pure by his inquisitor, O’Dwyer is criticized for the casual guarding of Abe Reles, the wanted-cards fiasco, the wild statement about “the perfect case against Anastasia,” and other matters. Here enter the complexities and contradictions of the O’Dwyer character.

A study of the dates of the Reles death (November, 1941), the wanted-card incident (May, 1942), and the “perfect case” statement (December, 1945), indicate that each time O’Dwyer, while holding one job, had his mind on another and was either campaigning for it (for mayor in 1941 and 1945) or packing up for it (the Army in 1942).

O’Dwyer, the man who could work until 3:00 A.M. to break Murder, Inc., could also slight his office and not know all that was going on in it, and both for the same reason: his insatiable drive for higher office and public acclaim.

In the Army, too, O’Dwyer ran true to form as an almost-great. Entering as a major in June, 1942, he vaulted to brigadier general in two years, with time out to serve as Franklin D. Roosevelt’s personal envoy to Italy with the rank of minister. The late Robert P. Patterson, then Undersecretary of War, was so annoyed with F.D.R. for borrowing O’Dwyer that he wrote the President in 1944: “Bill O’Dwyer . . . has done more than anyone else to prevent fraud and scandal for the Army Air Forces . . . In a nation of 135,000,000, why deprive me of Bill O’Dwyer?”

Yet O’Dwyer, while in uniform, was a frequent dinner companion of Irving Sherman, a figure of such questionable background that later, when O’Dwyer ran for mayor, he asked Sherman to quit the city so as not to embarrass the campaign. And, as every television viewer and newspaper reader knows, O’Dwyer—in uniform—called on racketeer Frank Costello in his apartment.

To questions about Sherman and Costello, O’Dwyer had the same answer. He said both supplied him with information to fight underworld infiltration into Air Force contracts. But Sherman had raised money for O’Dwyer’s 1945 mayoralty race, and Tammany’s leader and secretary had attended the Costello-O’Dwyer powwow, so the meetings with Sherman and Costello were raked over by probers. Finding the links between politics and crime is precisely what the Kefauver committee was set up for. The senators rolled up their sleeves and toiled over almost two dozen witnesses to find out what Sherman and Tammany got from O’Dwyer. What they found was a typical O’Dwyer contradiction.

Sherman? In the words of the Senate committee’s final report, he became an outcast when O’Dwyer entered City Hall. Whatever his expectations or understanding during the campaign, he didn’t even get in to see Mayor O’Dwyer to dun him about them.

Tammany? With O’Dwyer elected, Tammany became (as any irate Tammany stalwart will tell you bitterly today) a “whipping boy for that ingrate, that unprintable O’Dwyer.”

When Tammany sought to ditch Frank Hogan, one of the most honorable district attorneys in New York City history, O’Dwyer forced Tammany to back down by threatening to fight for Hogan in the primaries.

When O’Dwyer heard that Costello had met with Tammany leaders and had secretly picked a candidate for surrogate, he flew back from a vacation in Puerto Rico to block the deal: the surrogate’s court probates wills, and in wealthy Manhattan the post would have been a juicy plum for Tammany.

O’Dwyer refused to set foot in the National Democratic Club in Manhattan because Costello hung out there.

And as a final insult, when Tammany Hall organized a $50-per-plate dinner in a downtown hotel in May, 1949, and played host to such big-name Democrats as Jake Arvey of Illinois and the then Governor Dever of Massachusetts, O’Dwyer stayed away. He chose to talk to a little meeting of rebel Democrats.

As mayor, O’Dwyer received frequent editorial praise for his rejection of Tammany, and for his labors on behalf of good government in the city. If New York elects a reform mayor this fall, one of his first tasks may be to act on a reform blueprint for which O’Dwyer is responsible: New York City’s so-called Little Hoover Survey, launched by O’Dwyer to overhaul rickety and costly city government.

Draws on Big Names for UN Site

O’Dwyer led the campaign to bring the United Nations to New York, by harnessing the city’s big names to the job of finding it a home. He induced John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to put up $8,500,000 to buy the UN site and wangled another $27,500,000 from the city’s Board of Estimate for improvements in the area.

“I don’t want our children to die,” O’Dwyer said, “because I lay down on the job.”

The Citizens Union reported to voters in 1949: “Mayor O’Dwyer has led the city administration in some notable accomplishments,” and it listed “substantial advances” in public housing, school building, airport development, labor relations.

“He has frequently defied political leaders,” the Citizens Union said—then went on to spot a typical O’Dwyerism: “at the same time old-style political appointments have increased, especially in minor posts.” The report added charitably: “In view of . . . his organized support, it may have been humanly impossible for him to shake off political pressures any more than he has . . .”

The big appointments were irreproachable. Robert Moses was made O’Dwyer’s co-ordinator and watchdog over construction contracts. For police commissioner, O’Dwyer kept on another La Guardia appointee, Arthur Wallander, who served for three years, then resigned to take an executive post with Consolidated Edison. O’Dwyer went to Detroit for a nonpolitical Board of Transportation chairman and to Illinois for a welfare commissioner who, on taking office, cleaned out an infestation of Reds.

But the lesser jobs? O’Dwyer elevated his two chauffeurs from the rank of first-grade detective to deputy police commissioner; boosted his friend Frank Bals to seventh deputy police commissioner, where after two months service he won a pension $1,000 higher than any police salary he had ever earned; and promoted another friend, Jim Moran, to a $15,000-a-year, lifetime job on the board of Water Supply.

Yet in the fields where there are real

pickings for a man who wants to take—city purchases and construction contracts—there was no breath of scandal during the O'Dwyer regime. His department of purchases bought $40,000,000 of supplies a year. No complaint. There were a historic billion and a half dollars of construction contracts. No complaint and no scandal. O'Dwyer fired a marine and aviation commissioner when questions rose about him; the man he appointed as successor is still serving.

O'Dwyer, the former cop, knew that police departments are the Achilles' heel of every mayor's administration—and that gambling is the corrupter. Yet even here the record is mixed. On one hand, at Brooklyn D.A. McDonald's suggestion, O'Dwyer pushed through a city ordinance barring pinball games throughout New York City. Although O'Dwyer cannot claim credit for it, it was during his first term in 1948, too, that Frank Hogan launched the investigations that were to break up the country's two biggest bookie operations. Hogan jailed Frank Erickson, the country's biggest bookie, in June, 1950, when O'Dwyer was mayor. The material gathered by Hogan from 1948 on helped convict gangster Joe Adonis in New Jersey.

But when Miles McDonald probed large-scale police corruption, O'Dwyer cried witch-hunt and organized a police parade (ostensibly for the funeral of Captain John Flynn, who had committed suicide during the investigation) which was widely viewed as a protest against McDonald's actions.

A few months before the New York Kefauver hearings, O'Dwyer and Senator Kefauver discussed the New York investigation over a congenial dinner in Washington. It was a confident O'Dwyer who volunteered to come before the hearings to give further help.

And then the questions turned on him. He returned to Mexico City a crushed man. He collapsed at the airport. At the embassy, he locked himself up in the library, and it took literally days of persuasion by his doctor to bring him out.

"He was in despair, almost in shock," the doctor told me in Mexico City. "I had to pull out all the stops, remind him of his many friends in Mexico and of the loyalty he could find here."

"You don't kill public men today," O'Dwyer cried in Mexico. "You smear them to death."

"Let's face it," one Kefauver investigator said; "the cards are stacked against the witness."

Senator Estes Kefauver and his colleagues performed a historic service by exposing the infiltration of gangsters into our political life. He won well-merited praise for the high level on which he conducted the investigation. But even good investigations may take on the aspects of a prosecution without the safeguards of a trial.

Senator Tobey, speaking of Moran's role in the Costello meeting, shot at O'Dwyer: "Why did he go—to carry a bag . . .?" Such a question—presupposing a "bag" of money whose existence had never been proved, or even formally charged—would have brought a defense attorney to his feet in protest in any court. But this was no court, and O'Dwyer had no defense attorney.

Secret Testimony Introduced

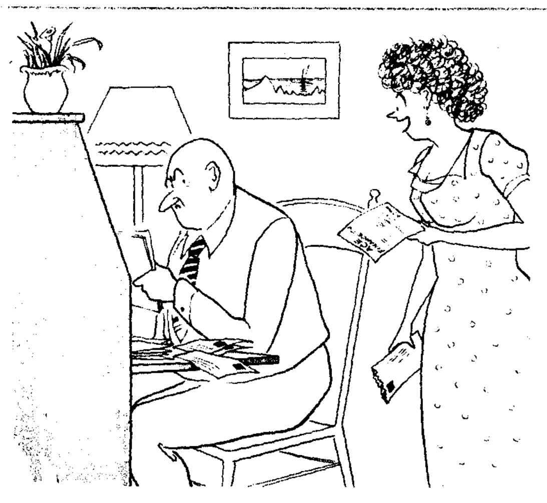
Customarily, grand-jury testimony is kept secret so the accused will not be hurt by unsupported accusations. The most damaging accusation against O'Dwyer during the Kefauver hearings was the testimony of fireman John P. Crane that he had handed O'Dwyer a $10,000 campaign contribution on the steps of Gracie Mansion—which O'Dwyer denied under oath before a grand jury and the Kefauver committee. The Crane statement was secret grand-jury testimony on which no indictment was even handed up. Kefauver aides got a court order to use it.

"O'Dwyer can deny it until he's blue in the face," a lawyer said. "But millions will never believe him."

Most of the Senate committee questions of O'Dwyer concerned his conduct as district attorney 10 years before and as an officer in the Army. The charges came from a 1945 grand-jury presentment which a county judge had ordered expunged on the ground that it divulged grand-jury testimony and so violated the law. The charges had been aired—and answered—in the rough and tumble of two mayoralty campaigns, both of which O'Dwyer had won. Yet published as fresh, sensational news, they aroused millions of Americans.

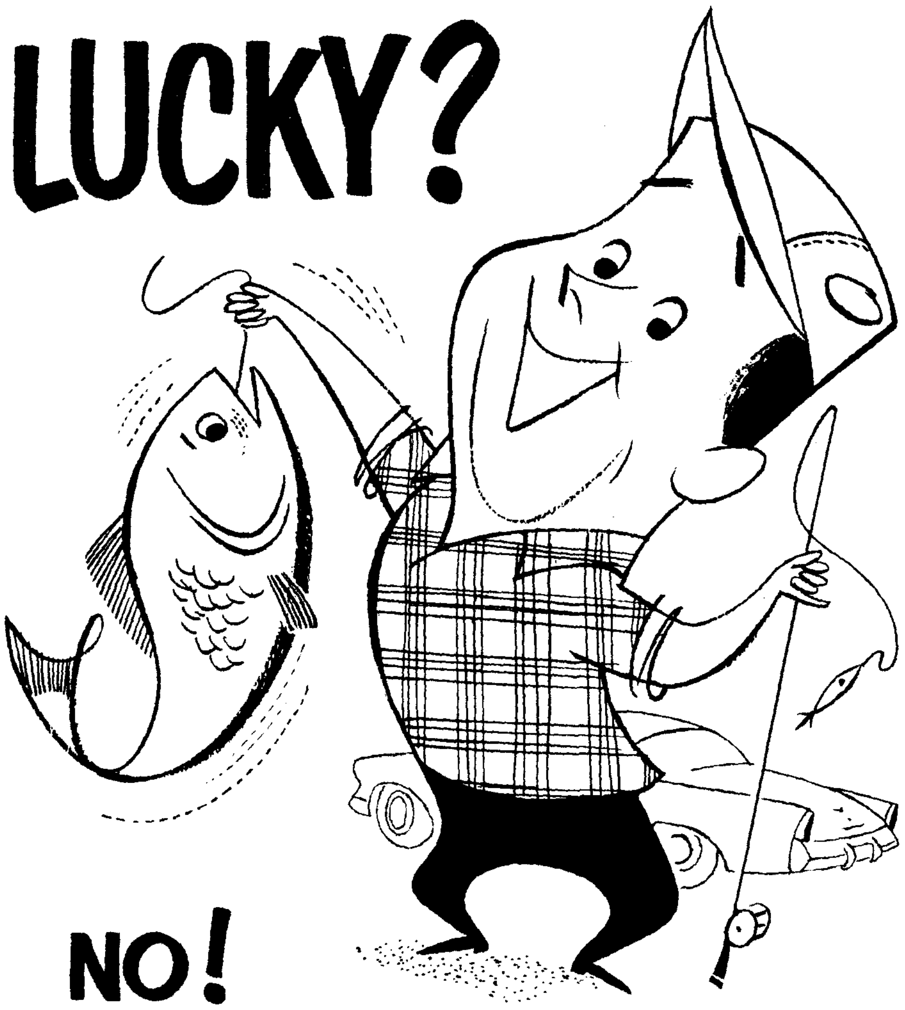
Today, William O'Dwyer is a bleak and lonely man, sitting somberly on his Mexican rooftop amid the ruins of his once glittering reputation. His career has been raked over and sifted by countless investigators; the only indisputable finding is that he is a man with both weaknesses and moments of greatness.

Television's searching klieg lights and the probing of the investigators mercilessly exposed the weaknesses. The moments of greatness are on record, too. Someday, the more penetrating gaze of history will match strength against weakness; until then, O'Dwyer's critics—and O'Dwyer himself, bitterly pondering his past in Mexico—must wait an answer to the riddle of a complicated and controversial personality. ▲▲▲



"Thank goodness, we won't be annoyed by the Finance Co. any more. They said this is the last letter they will send us"

COLLIER'S GEO. H. GREEN



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Jan's one desire was for security, but when Steve offered it to her with his love, she sent him out of her life

Glory Girl

By THELMA STRABEL

The Story: After STEVE HARDESTY and MAC MACOMBER saw the beautiful redhead swimming in the East River, neither could forget her—Mac, a swimming coach, still hoped to train one more champion; Steve, a rich young friend of Mac's, was strangely curious about the girl. They combed the slums of New York's upper East Side until they found her—JAN KIELSKI, a proud, fiery girl. Jan agreed to train under Mac; she saw fame as a means of getting herself and her young brother JOHNNY out of the slums, and she worked like one dedicated. In her first competition, though, she became flustered by the rich surroundings of the country club, an alien world to her, and she failed miserably. Steve saw an attack on her pride as the only way to keep her from giving up, and so he lashed out at her. Jan was hurt and turned to NICKY TREMAINE, an arrogant diving champion, for comfort; but Steve's attack worked. Jan went back into training with a new determination, but hating Steve. Swimming was everything to her—a way of life and a hope for the future. But just as she achieved her first triumph at the National Outdoor meet and all her hopes were within reach, a wire arrived saying her brother had been arrested. Mac refused to see Jan's chances of success spoiled and he sent Steve to cope with Johnny's arrest.

Conclusion

STEVE looked at Johnny Kielski's intelligent, defiant young face. This was the boy who, a year ago in a vacant lot, had walked proudly away from a proffered nickel. They were alone now, except for the boy's aunt, waiting in the background.

"You understand," Steve said, "that we're going to keep this from your sister. She mustn't be worried and upset about anything, and especially about you."

Johnny shrugged. "Aw, all she cares about is swimming."

"You know that isn't true," Steve said. "She cares a great deal about you. Anybody can see that. She wants to make you proud of her. You don't want to disgrace her, do you?"

The boy stared at the wall and didn't answer. He had Jan's trick of suddenly withdrawing into himself, so that you had the sensation of holding a coat whose wearer had slipped out of it. In his jeans and T-shirt he looked out of place in the dingy courtroom. He looked like a suburban boy ready to go fishing. But he had been arrested, along with two older boys, for vandalism; they had been caught ripping out mailboxes at a housing project. The other boys were repeaters and were going to reform school. Johnny, partly because of the lawyer Steve had brought, was not.

What had made Johnny do it? Was it an inner rebellion, a restless desire for adventure? I wish I could take hold of him, Steve thought. I'd take him sailing and fishing with me. But I can't. There is no way I can do anything for him without Jan's knowing.

"You know how mettlesome swimmers are," Mac had said. "She'll go stale if she gets to worrying about anything. No need for her to know about this. The kid'll have learned his lesson."

Johnny Kielski turned abruptly now and walked away. He was offering no thanks. Why should he? What had been done here had not been done for *him.*

His aunt was drawing on her worn cotton gloves. "Well, I suppose we ought to be grateful, mister," she said. "But if you ask me, I don't think you and that Mr. Macomber have done either of those kids no favors. Sure, I guess Jan's going to be famous. But what's going to happen to a girl like her, that's been given big ideas, when the shouting's all over?" She straightened her rusty black hat with a jerk. "Traveling around the country, staying at swell hotels now, maybe even going to Europe. I don't say she's got to stay just where she is, Lord knows. She wouldn't've anyway. But you're pushing her into something mighty big. High-class people she meets won't really take her in. She'll just be a sort of freak, a sports freak, like the ones that's all over the papers today, and—and then nobody, in some little job, tomorrow."

"Jan's capable of taking advantage of her opportunities," Steve said reassuringly.

"Jan's capable of smashing herself up, too." She called, "Johnny, you wait!" Then she turned back to Steve and said, "I'll keep my mouth shut about Johnny's trouble like I agreed, but she wouldn't thank you for keeping her from his side. I don't feel good about this."

And neither did he, Steve thought wearily as she stalked off. But Jan had won the 400-meter, and Mac, who had telephoned him, was beside himself. Jan Kielski was on her way.

JAN made the cover of a national magazine in January, and from time to time Steve read news stories about her: *The records wash away in her wake.*

In July he watched from his office window as the Olympic contestants departing for Finland paraded down the street in a shower of ticker tape. He was leaving New York in four days himself, going to London for the firm.

But London was dreary and rainy, and he didn't know anyone there. At night he wrote letters and read all the papers. The games had opened, in rain and in splendor. In an American paper he found a photograph of the women's swimming team in their neat Olympic uniforms with open-throated blouses and rather old-fashioned-looking hats. They were shown getting off the plane,

[redacted]

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

Jan in the forefront, smiling and confident-looking.

"You wait until you come up against some of those Dutch and Hungarian girls, baby," he said to the photograph.

The qualifying heats for the 100-meter would take place on Saturday of the next week. He imagined Jan would make it, and the semifinal too. But there were at least two girls entered whose times were better than any she had ever made.

The U.S. diving teams, he read, were *expected to clean up. The great Nicky Tremaine—* He tossed the paper into the wastebasket.

ON SATURDAY he waited around in the hotel lobby for a broadcast of the Olympic results. Jan had qualified all right, but she ranked only third. In the Sunday semifinal she was still in the race, but next to last. Mac would sure be chewing his nails!

Of course it could be that Mac had told Jan to hold back and save herself for the final. Still, Jan hated to trail, no matter what kind of contest it was. She always swam as fast as she could.

His telephone rang. The connection was poor, and he didn't realize it was a transatlantic call until he heard Mac's voice, sepulchral with distance. "Listen, Steve," he said, "Jan's sunk!"

"She made it today," Steve said. And what did it have to do with *him?*

"Yeah, barely. I've just talked to her. She's scared, that's what. It seems too big for her. She's practically hysterical."

"She's used to tough competition. Why—"

"This is different. She hasn't got me."

"She's got a good team coach."

There was a pause. Then Mac said, "Jan's got temperament. You have to know exactly how to handle her. When to praise her, and when to give her—"

"You're telling me!" he said. He knew what was coming.

"Look, Steve, if you could fly over there in time—"

"I can't. I've got to leave for New York tomorrow. Besides, you know Jan hates me like poison."

"That's just it. What she needs now is a charge of dynamite set off under her. She needs to get mad. I can't bawl her out effectively. She'd recognize it as an act, because she knows I'm—well, kind of fond of her now."

Kind of fond, Steve thought; why, Mac loved that crazy girl!

"You remember that time at the country club when she got that too-big-for-me feeling and you lit into —"

"My old Simon Legree skit? No dice, Mac. You ought to have gone along with her."

"Where'd I get the money?" Mac's voice, from so far away, carried his despair. "Steve, if she swam with everything she has she could win tomorrow." He added, "The United States team could use those points."

"Hey, don't wave the flag at me as a last resort," Steve said. "I still don't think I can go, but let me sleep on it."...

Helsinki gave an impression of great whiteness: modern buildings that were bone-white and ivory-white and shell-white. It dazzled Steve after the grayness of London.

He had managed, through the London firm's Finnish representative, the miracle of getting a room, in a private house. He got settled and then considered what to do. Now that he was here it all seemed extremely silly. His assignment was to find Jan and say, "Yah, yah, you're no good."

The girls from the non-Iron Curtain countries were quartered in a nurses' training school on the outskirts of the city. He didn't think there would be any point in calling Jan there. Probably the thing to do was to seek her out just before the race. He'd say he'd dropped in on the games and he was curious as to just what kind of performance *she* was going to put on now that she was at the top. He seemed to have become her special red flag, and it might work out that the mere fact of his presence there would rouse in her a fierce determination to *show* him once again.

Meantime, he decided, he might as well take a bus out and have a look at the Olympic Village.

There was a practice pool adjoining the main one, and when he arrived he found a group of divers working out. He watched them idly for a few minutes, and then he saw Tremaine poised on the springboard, and his eyes followed that lithe figure as he made one of his spectacular flights.

Just how far had things gone between Jan and Tremaine? Steve wondered. They had had a lot of chances to see each other this past year at open meets. They must certainly have got together here. Tremaine could be the very gamble he needed.

"We won't know if the party's a success until the Dugans arrive. If they can't get a sitter they're bringing their kids"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

When the diver pulled himself up out of the pool, Steve was waiting for him. "Hello, Tremaine. Nice going."

NICKY looked him over coolly, obviously perplexed by this affability, after their last meeting. "Hi," he said noncommittally.

"Is Jan anywhere around?"

"Haven't seen her today," Tremaine said and began toweling his shoulders. "You two palsy-walsy again? I hadn't heard it."

"Oh, I just thought I'd look her up and wish her luck, as long as I'm here," Steve said. "Let bygones be bygones and give the kid a pat on the back, for Macomber's sake—he's an old friend of mine. Might boost her morale." He lighted a cigarette casually. "Though if you ask me, she hasn't a chance this afternoon. Personally, I don't think it would hurt her to come trailing in. From what I hear, she's got a swelled head." He tossed away his match. "Guess I'll give her a ring."

"I wouldn't call her now. She's probably resting." Tremaine was regarding him thoughtfully; Steve could see just what was passing through his mind.

"Well, if you run into her before the meet, will you tell her to call me?" he said, and told Tremaine where he could be reached. He said all this in a way that gave the impression that Jan ought to be overjoyed to hear from him.

"Sure, I'll tell her if I see her."

If he saw her—Steve knew that Tremaine was going to break his neck to see Jan and give her a verbatim report. A shift in his eyes had given him away; he was still making a play for her.

THERE was, of course, no call at his rooming house. Steve hadn't expected one—not if Nicky did his stuff.

Steve arrived at the pool just before the 100-meter free style. The swimmers were already being called to the starting platforms. He saw Jan step up, and then he saw her eyes going searchingly over the packed stands—and he knew she was looking for him.

He knew something else too, by the way she walked, by the set of her chin. It was a fighting-mad Jan who mounted her box.

Then all at once an exciting realization came to him: she was an arrogant, uncivilized, impossible girl—but, by Heaven, he hoped she would win!

Now the girls were lined up, they were taking their positions.

He sat where he would have a straight view of the finish, and the race seemed just as unreal to him, and over as quickly, as it did later in the newsreels. It was the Hungarian girl all the way to the turn, and Jan just behind her. Seconds after the turn, Jan had cut the European champion's lead to an arm's length. And then they were fighting it out, nearly shoulder to shoulder, in adjoining lanes, and the crowd was on its feet, roaring in a babel of tongues.

Steve stood too, but he didn't add his voice to theirs. His throat was too tight to utter even a sound. He watched the driving rhythm of Jan's arms, throwing up the white water, and the metronomic movement of her head. And as she took the lead, in one sudden, white-hot burst of speed, he saw her swimming all the races she had ever swum; he saw all those hours at The Blue Grotto, saw her lying back on the concrete apron, gathering her strength, and then going into the pool again.

She had been scared, like an actress with stage fright on a first night, and perhaps his coming here had shocked her out of it. But he had never given her the thing with which she was now winning this race, against a competitor who should, by all the odds, have beaten her. That thing was something all her own; it was the sheer, magnificent fighting courage of Jan Kielski.

But still, he had gone into New York's slums and found her; he had paced her in the pool; he had goaded her when she needed it; and when she swam toward him now, his spirit swam with her. He was part of her, and suddenly she was part of him too, and his whole being was shaken by a blinding light, whiter than all the whiteness around him. It was as though his heart was a magnet, pulling her to him, to him alone, through the churning water.

"Jan!" he called, but his voice was lost in all the voices around him, and then he was still, holding his terrific knowledge within him, as Jan Kielski swam her heart out, and swam, as she had been destined to do, straight to his.

Then the race was over and the Stars and Stripes were raised. The band struck up The Star-Spangled Banner. Jan was on the victory stand, straight as a flagpole in her pride, but he could see the tears streaming down her face, in her overwhelming moment of triumph. Then the whole scene blurred and danced in the sudden wetness of his own eyes—because she had made it, little Jan Kielski, and because he loved her.

The truth was that from the moment he had met her he had never felt indifferent toward her. But he had been aware of only the surface emotions, the exasperation, the fury, the moments of burning pride in her achievement, the struggle of their wills. He had never, until today, recognized the great, basic emotion that had so quickly come to underlie all the rest.

JAN stepped down, and it was all over. He had no interest now in seeing any other races. He had to get away; he had to try to think.

But all he had to show for his hours of solitude was a pile of crushed cigarette butts in the ash tray in his room. The attempt to convince himself that he had mistaken the emotional impact of Jan's great race for something else came to nothing.

He kept watching his traveling clock. Jan would have stayed for the other contests. But now she should be back. He could telephone and congratulate her. He could hear her voice if only in anger. He knew he wasn't making any sense now, none at all.

Then his landlady, who spoke English, called up the stairs to him. There was a Miss Kielski to see him.

She was sitting on the edge of a chair in the parlor, wearing a simple, little-girl-looking Olympic uniform. "Hi," she said. She was smiling at him, almost shyly. It was so completely unexpected and incredible that he could only mumble something in reply, some insane remark about a great race. Her moods were unpredictable, but there was certainly no accounting for this one, for this sudden materialization of his last hour's crazy dream of her: a Jan at war with him no longer.

"Steve," she said, "do you know that I swam faster today than any woman ever before in the history of competitive swimming?"

"How wrong could I be?" he said, trying to make his voice sound offhand.

She gave him an enigmatic smile. Her face was drawn, and yet she had never looked so beautiful to him. He said, "Have you cabled Mac?"

"I telephoned him. He told me about calling you in London." Suddenly she laughed, a gay, ringing laugh. "You flew over her just to make me mad!"

"Well, it worked," he said. It would be better if she could go on hating him. It would be hard to cope with a friendly Jan, knowing what he knew about himself now, and knowing she couldn't possibly be feeling the same way.

"It always works, doesn't it?" she said, and then looked around the cluttered room. "Let's go out and walk a little."

"Aren't you tired out?"

"Yes, but I'm excited. I want to walk it off."

OUTSIDE, the day was still bright, and the clean, salt-laden air was brisk. They turned off into a side street, where there were buildings of mellow pink granite. The colorful Olympic flags fluttered everywhere.

"After I talked to Mac," Jan said, "I began thinking back, away back to that night at the country club. I'm not dumb about things—when I have a clue. You made me furious that night for the same reason, didn't you?"

Why couldn't Mac have let well enough alone? This new, sweet seriousness of hers was almost more than he could take. "Mac should have let you stay mad at me," he said, as though the whole thing was just a joke to him.

Jan took his arm as they crossed the street. "I think I'm going to turn pro, Steve," she said. "Nicky Tremaine has talked to me about it. He's turning pro himself and going right from here into a swimming show in Chicago. He's sure he can get me in too. The producer's a friend of his. After that he's going to form his own troupe—"

"Turn pro?" Steve stopped, aghast; the implication of what she was saying had just struck him. "You can't, not right now! That Tremaine—"

"But I'll make so much money! And I need it. I could move Johnny into a decent place to live."

"Look here," he said, "there's no future for you in the water-show business—the way there is for a diver, or someone who does synchronized swimming. All you can do is swim fast."

"Nicky says they'll work out something for me, because now my name—"

"And what about Mac? Without you, he won't be copping trophies. Besides, you're his whole interest in life."

"It isn't that I *want* to turn pro," she said. They had reached a little park, with graveled walks, where small, blond Finnish children were playing. "I never felt less like it. I'm still not over that opening day, when we marched behind the flag, and the cannon boomed and the doves flew into the sky, and we took the Olympic oath, 'for the honor of our country and the glory of sport.' And when the flag went up today for me, I felt a—a part of my country, suddenly, and of the whole world. So big and so little, all at once. Do you understand?"

She was looking up at him, her eyes shining and the tears ready to come again, and just at that moment a child with a bicycle out of control came careening at them. He grabbed her out of the way, pulling her to him.

And then he couldn't let her go. She was in his arms, and he was kissing her half-opened lips.

She pushed him from her. Her face, lifted to his, was white, filled with shock.

"Jan, darling," Steve said. "Don't you understand? I've—"

She walked quickly away from him, her feet crunching the gravel. Then she turned around abruptly, waiting for him to catch up. She was gathering the forces of her lightninglike anger to unleash on him, he knew. But he had kissed her, and now nothing would ever be the same in his life again.

But now she wasn't waiting. She had turned and started to run.

He started after her, but a little Finnish boy with a wagon blocked his way. He stopped and stood looking after her. He didn't know whether she had run away from him—or from herself.

He tried to call her, later, but he couldn't reach her. Before he had to leave in the morning, he sent a note to her. He had written pages and torn them up as inadequate. The note he finally sent contained only a line: *I love you. I'll be waiting for you.*

Steve thought of meeting Jan at the airport. Then he decided it was likely that her aunt and brother would be there, offering her an escape from facing him. And if he telephoned her at home, she just might refuse to see him at all. There was The Blue Grotto though. She would surely be going there to see Mac as soon as she could.

Her plane arrived Friday morning. He waited impatiently, giving her time to get home, and then he called Mac: "Heard from Jan yet?"

"Yeah. She's on the way up."

"So am I," Steve said, and hung up.

It was a long time since he had been at The Blue Grotto and now it was like coming home. He walked back to the office, and they were sitting there together, Jan still in her Olympic uniform. Mac was admiring a terrible necktie painted with an Olympic scene and *Helsinki, 1952.*

They hadn't heard him come in. He said, "Pardon me, but I'm looking for the world's greatest woman swimmer, and all I see here is that Jan Kielski."

THEY both turned around, Mac's face creased with his delight, Jan's eyes wide and startled. She said, "Hello, Steve," and then she looked away. Her eyes looked around the room as though seeking a hiding place, and somehow that gave him hope.

"I've just been telling her," Mac said, "that she'd better not start putting on airs just because she's a better swimmer than a lousy Communist."

Jan picked up her bag and put the strap over her shoulder and said, "And I've been telling *him* that any coach could have put me where I am."

She started for the door, brushing past him. "Wait," Steve said. "I'll go with you."

She stopped. "I'm in a hurry," she said. "Get Mac to show you the pictures I brought him. There's one of me—"

"I have to see you," he insisted, blocking her way. "Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

"Why, I—" She glanced up at him, and then, with that same hunting expression, away again. "Not tonight."

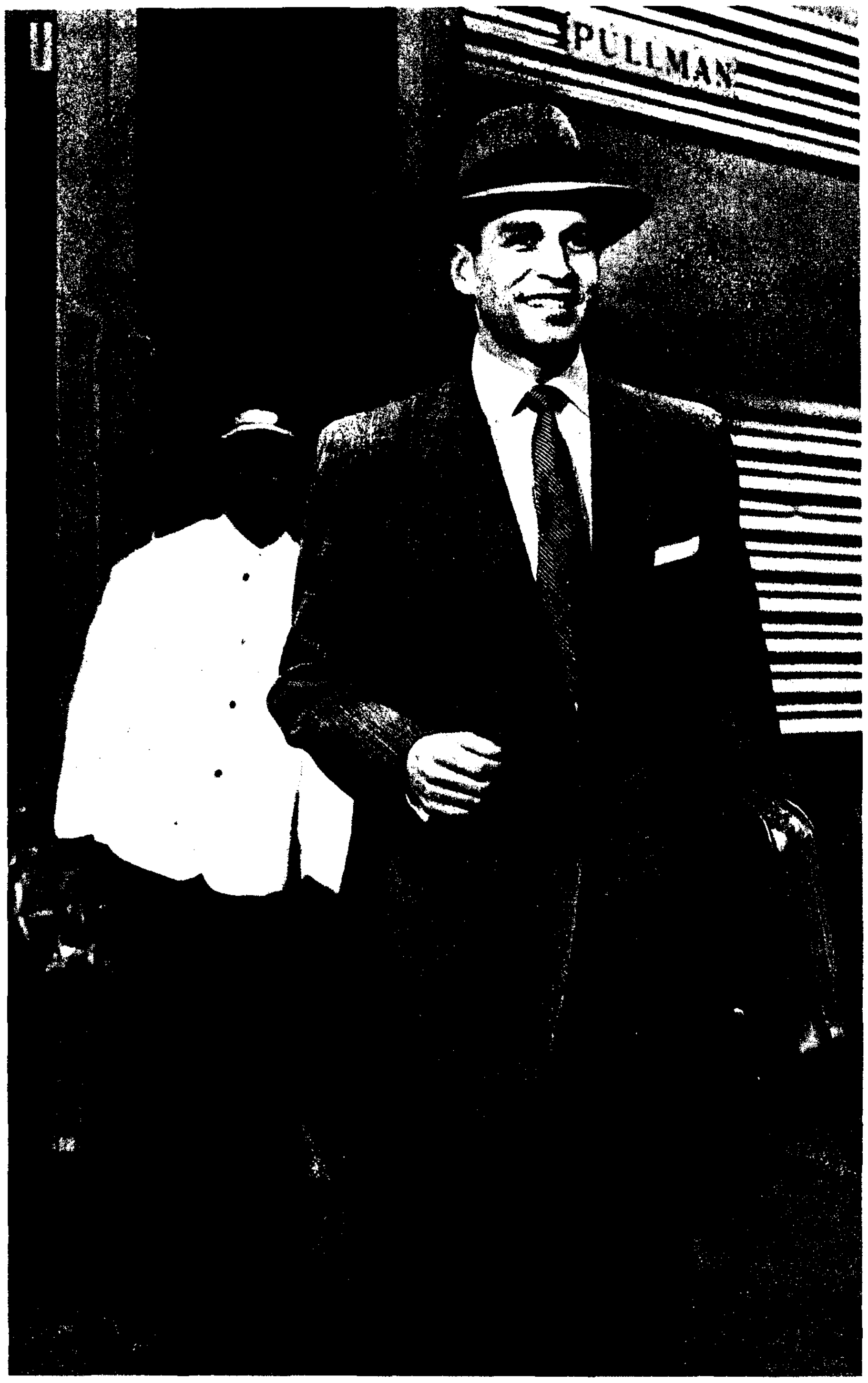
"Tomorrow, then. I'll call you—"

"Call me in the morning," she said and darted past him.

"Okay, okay," Mac said, pushing him toward the door. "Run along, Steve. You didn't come to see *me*, boy."

Jan arranged to meet him downtown, at a roof-garden restaurant. There was soft music, and beyond were the stars and the far-flung lights of New York. It was a hot, sticky night, a night when the city was stirring restlessly in its sleep, but up there, it was another world, cool and aloof. He waited at the bar, where he could see the doorway, see her coming with that floating walk of hers.

But she didn't come. He smoked



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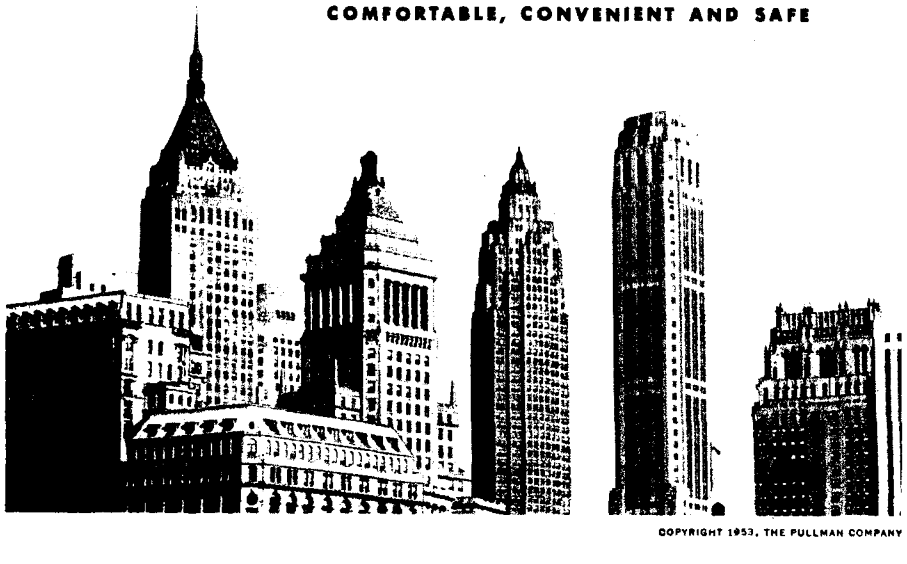

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cigarettes uneasily for half an hour; the confidence he had been feeling, born of a glance at The Blue Grotto, ebbed out of him. And then he heard himself being paged.

"Steve! Oh, Steve!" Jan's voice came broken and muffled over the wire. "I can't meet you. It's Johnny. He—he's gone. And there's a rumble—"

"A rumble?"

"A gang fight. I'm afraid! I'm going to look for him."

It all sounded a little fantastic, especially with the soft music of the orchestra behind him. "Don't go out," he said. "You wait there until I come."

He had brought his car into the city, and as he drove uptown, he cursed the red lights. Jan, waiting for him in front of the darkened store, ran forward to meet him. "It's down the next street," she gasped. "And Johnny's in it. Someone saw him running that way."

"We'll go there," he said.

"But it may be dangerous—"

"Then you'd better stay here."

"No! Johnny wouldn't listen to you."

THEY drove down the short street to the next block. Ahead of them a boy suddenly darted out of a building. He carried a bottle, and he stopped long enough to knock it against a wall, leaving a jagged edge on the piece in his hand. Then he ran on.

Steve felt his blood freeze. He thought he had never seen anything quite so horrible in his life.

The street, when they reached it and parked, was quiet, unnaturally quiet. It was the silence of a jungle just after a branch cracks beneath a stealthy weight. The street lamps cast a murky light, and the heat, imprisoned in that stone-and-brick canyon all day, added to the jungle atmosphere.

The street was quiet because its denizens all knew what was happening. They had gone into hiding, but they hadn't called the police. These people were afraid of "the law."

A sound, made by a falling brick or stone, cracked the brittle silence. Then, to Steve's taut senses, the night seemed to be full of rustling movements. Kids no older than his young cousins who had a battered old boat at Lynwater were snaking along the rooftops with deadly intent, waiting for the other side to show themselves across the no man's land of the street.

Jan grasped his arm. "You mustn't go any closer," she said. "They may have zip guns!" She was shivering in the August heat and her copper-gold hair blew in the hot wind.

"Would you be afraid to stand in the middle of the street and call to them to send Johnny out?" Steve asked. "Some of them will certainly know you."

Jan moved out of the shelter of the car, to the edge of one of the circles of light. It was like a stage set, and Jan the solitary, dramatic figure on it.

"Boys!" she called. "I'm Jan Kielski. The man with me isn't a cop. We aren't going to make any trouble for you. We just want Johnny."

A pregnant silence followed; all movement was arrested now. "Johnny!" Jan shouted, raising her voice. "Please come here! John—nee!" Her voice echoed down the empty street.

"Come back and get into the car," Steve called to her. "I don't think he'll just come out, in front of the other boys. I'm going to look for him."

"No, Steve!"

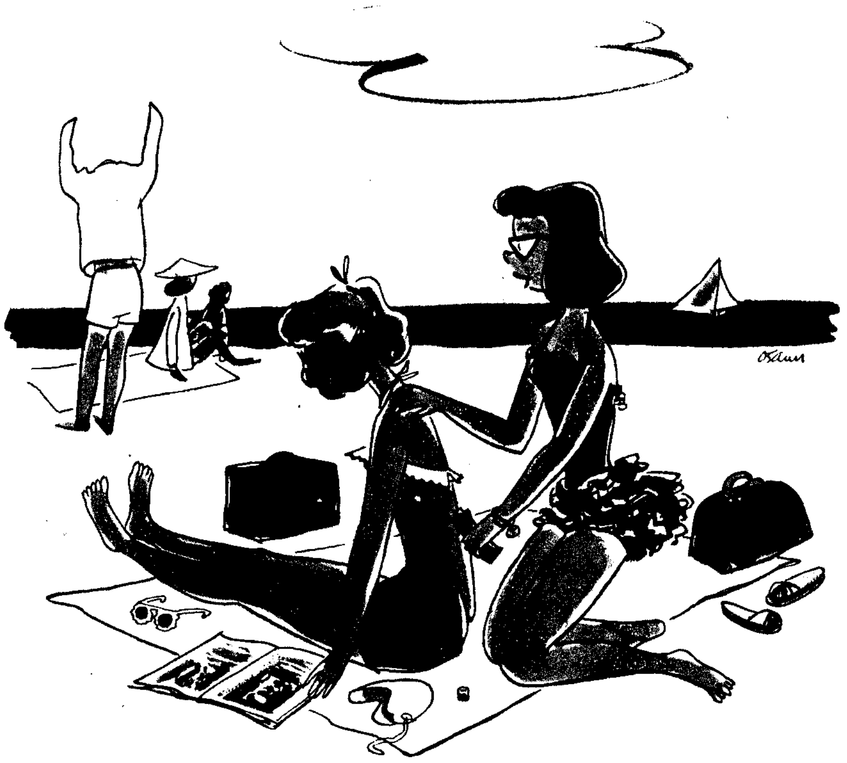
He opened and then slammed the car door, an attention-getting noise. He crossed the sidewalk slowly and deliberately to the tenement from which the brick had fallen, and he mounted the brownstone steps. The long hallway was floored with mosaic tile, worn and broken, on which his footsteps sounded hollowly, and a stale, rank odor clung to the peeling walls.

Suddenly something—some sharpened sense operating in the face of danger—issued an urgent warning. He dodged, and a heavy missile passed his head and crashed behind him. A dilapidated baby carriage blocked his way, and he stooped, using it as a rampart. "I want Johnny Kielski," he said firmly. "You boys send him out. I left word that if I wasn't back with him in fifteen minutes the police were to be called."

There was no answer, and he didn't know what his next move should be. Then he heard Jan's voice: "Steve! Johnny's come. He's—" She screamed, a piercing scream of pure terror.

He bounded out of the building, heedless of his exposed back. Jan was on her knees beside a limp figure on the sidewalk. She lifted her white face. "He came out of the basement, and then someone threw a brick. Oh, look, look!"

TIZZY



"I used to be in love with Clark Gable, but now I think he's a little too old for me"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Steve forced her gently aside and bent over. There was blood on the side of the boy's forehead, but his eyes were opening. He moaned and stirred dazedly. "He's all right. Just stunned for a minute," Steve said, reassuring her. He took out his handkerchief and wiped away the blood. There was a cut, but it wasn't deep.

"Let me alone," Johnny said faintly but fiercely.

"You come get in my car," Steve said and slipped his arm under the boy's shoulders and pulled him to his feet. With Jan on the other side of the boy, they got him into the car and started it.

"We ought to call the police," Steve said. "A boy could get killed —"

"I think they'll call it off now," Jan interrupted. "They'll be afraid you *will* call the police. You're a stranger, and they don't know what to expect of you."

When they got back to the darkened candy store, Jan unlocked the door and turned on the light. "I'm glad my aunt isn't home," she said, pushing aside the curtain at the rear doorway.

It was the first time Steve had been back there, and it was pretty bad. There was ugly linoleum on the floor, and the room was furnished with nondescript furniture. Steve put Johnny down on the couch; the boy was weaving groggily. Jan brought water and bandages and tape, and they dressed the jagged cut. "I'd take him to a doctor tomorrow to be looked over," Steve said. "He took a bad knock on the back of his head. Feeling better now, kid?"

"I'm all right," Johnny said, with his eyes closed. "Leave me alone."

Jan touched her brother's black unruly hair with her fingertips. "Johnny, you told me you weren't in any gang!"

The boy didn't answer her. His young face looked frighteningly set and hard. My brother-in-law—the thought occurred to Steve with something of a shock—I want you to meet my wife's brother, just as soon as he gets out of reform school. Then he instantly hated himself. Together, he and Jan would get Johnny out of all this.

"Johnny—" Jan began.

"I think we had better leave Johnny alone," Steve said. He drew her out into the shop, where the single bulb cast a swaying circle of light. He lifted her up and set her on the counter. "Now you get hold of yourself," he said. "You're still having the shakes."

She looked down at him, her eyes dark and haunted. "Well, now you see how the other half *really* lives."

"You won't have to live this way any longer," he said, and bent and tried to kiss her, but she edged away. "If you'll let me—"

"How can I make it up to Johnny? How can I ever?" She seemed not to have heard him. She jumped down from the counter and paced the length of the shop. "I let him come to this. Everything I won has been at his expense."

"I don't see how."

"Don't you?" she asked and turned on him with a sudden passion. "All those hours and hours I spent at the pool—I could have been taking night courses to become a secretary. I could have got a decent job and taken my brother away with me to live. But oh, no! I had to stay here because this way I could take time off for practicing, and I could go off to meets without danger of losing my job. I had to become the great Jan Kielski!"

"Stop that," Steve said. He wanted to take her in his arms. She had never looked lovelier, with her face so pale beneath the blaze of her hair. "My darling, you're just working yourself up."

"But Johnny *needed* me. I'm all he really has and I haven't spent enough time with him. And this summer, I was off at the Olympics while Johnny was running the streets! He had a chance to go to a camp. He didn't want to go particularly, and I didn't insist. Do you know why?" She threw her arms wide with an extravagant gesture and said, "Because I didn't want the brother of Jan Kielski to be in a charity camp!"

"He can hear this," Steve cautioned her compassionately.

"And why shouldn't he hear? Why shouldn't he know the kind of sister I've been? Neglecting him so that I could be the pure and shining amateur —all for 'the glory of sport.' Driving myself like crazy because the crowd expected me to break another record every time I went in the tank. Glory! You don't eat that kind of glory. It isn't for the *desperately* poor," she said, and then she rushed around behind the counter. On a board hanging from one of the shelves were her rows of medals. "Look! I sold Johnny for those!"

She tore a handful of the gleaming medals from the board and was about to dash them to the floor in her hysteria. Steve vaulted the counter and took them away from her. Then he pulled her into his arms, pressing her tight against him. "Baby," he said. "Baby." She struggled a little and then she was still. She began to cry, rackingly, against his shoulder.

"Let's go somewhere, Baby," Steve said, stroking her hair. "We can drive through the park."

"But Johnny—"

"He won't go out again, and he doesn't want to be talked to just now."

SHE had stopped crying and now she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, pathetically, like a child. "All right," she said. "I'll have to fix my face." She went back through the curtains and into her bedroom.

Steve followed her as far as the living room. He bent over the boy on the couch. "You making out all right now?" he asked.

"I heard what she said to you," Johnny said, and his eyes looked sick. "She hasn't got no call to blame herself like that."

"She loves you," Steve said. "You know how much now, don't you?"

"I—guess so." Johnny closed his eyes wearily. "I won't—give her no more trouble." Then, reaching back into the early training that had been his, and away from the associations he had acquired, he said, "*Any* more trouble."

Jan came out then, wearing fresh make-up, but her eyes were still red and swollen. She touched Johnny's hair gently; and then she went out into the street with Steve, into the blare of radios and shrill voices calling.

He started toward his parked car; then he stopped, stock-still. The two back tires had been slashed so deeply the cut gaped open.

"What's the matter?" Jan asked, and then she saw too.

"One of those young hoodlums must have followed us here and done this," Steve said.

"You shouldn't ever have brought your nice car here," Jan said in a sick, stricken whisper. "Not into my rotten neighborhood!"

"Never mind about it now," he said and took her arm. "I'll call a garage. In the meantime, let's walk."

"Walk where?" she asked tonelessly. She was wearing old jeans and a shirt and had tied a sleazy, discolored scarf over her head. She looked like a girl of this neighborhood.

"We can wander over toward the river," he said. "We might find a place where we can get a Coke." The important thing, he felt, was to keep her moving, not let her work herself up again.

THEY came to a Puerto Rican restaurant on First Avenue, a hole in the wall with half a dozen battered tables and a juke box playing rumbas. There were only four or five people in the place when they entered. The swarthy proprietor took their order for soft drinks with an expression of surprise. The men at the other tables were talking loudly in Spanish, and an electric fan blew strips of colored paper that were suspended from the ceiling.

Jan sipped her Coke, and for a while neither of them said anything at all. Then Jan pushed her glass away with a sigh and said, "I wish you'd never come looking for me in the first place."

"Don't be silly," he said, putting his hand over hers. "I love you. I want to marry you. We'll take care of Johnny."

She didn't answer him. She twisted her straw in her slender fingers.

But she had cried against his shoulder, Steve thought, remembering her need for him. "We belong together," he said. "Just stop thinking about tonight. Let's think about all the tomorrows waiting for us. About—"

"Tomorrows where? In Lynwater? Let's think about your mother, for instance, and how delighted she'd be with me—and with Johnny."

At least she hadn't said she didn't love him. "You don't have to worry about my mother," he told her. He could handle his mother.

"I have to do something for Johnny and right away," she said and nervously pushed back her hair. "I'm going to take that job with Nicky and his troupe."

"You *aren't* going off to work for Tremaine!" Steve said. He felt the jealous anger rising in him hotly.

"But it's the quickest way for me to make money. Then I can send Johnny to a good, private trade school."

"I won't have you tying up with Tremaine," he insisted. "Anyway, you ought to know that he'd pull a fast one on you somehow."

"I know you look down on Nicky," Jan said, "but you don't understand him."

"And I suppose you do," he said shortly, her defense of Nicky, just now, jarring him.

"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded, her voice rising. "I can see his point of view, and you can't possibly. Why shouldn't he have stretched the A.A.U. rules about expense money when he put on exhibitions at hotel pools? The hotels could pay! He sponges off rich girls, they say. All right—maybe he remembers, when he sees their pastel minks, how his mother scrubbed floors for a living. I'll bet *your* mother never even scrubbed her own kitchen floor!"

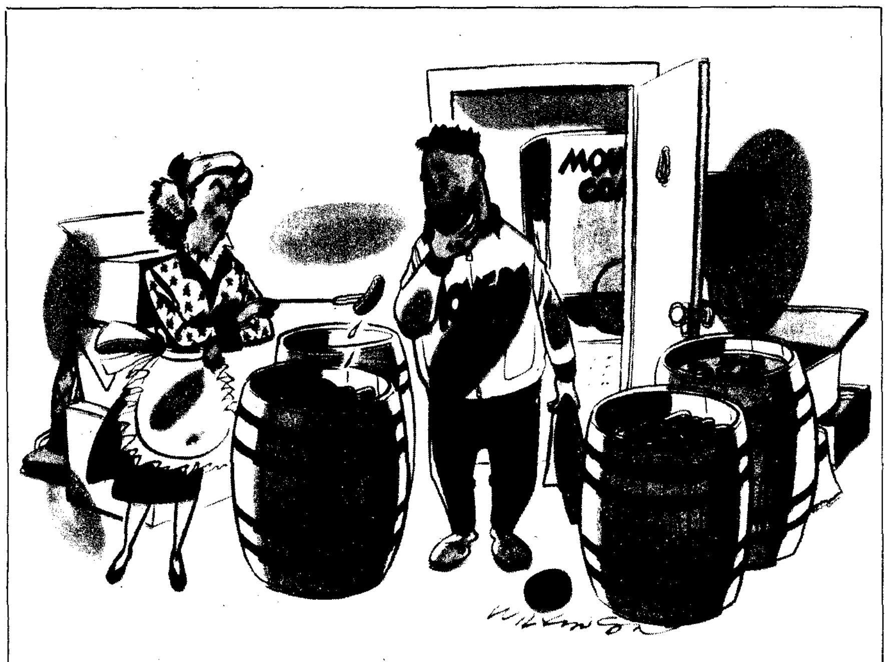
They were facing each other across the table like antagonists. Steve controlled his anger and said, "Look, let's cut it out."

But Jan couldn't stop now; she had worked herself up. "*I* got up and scrubbed the linoleum in my aunt's store every day before I went to school, and then came back and stood behind the counter—and my chin would hardly reach above it. When my father was out of work, Aunt Kate wouldn't *give* us help, because she thought he ought to take a job as laborer—and ruin his hands! So maybe you aren't the Rockefellers, but you went to a private school. What do you know about—"

"You're attracting quite an audience," Steve said. "Jan—"

"They won't be shocked. The poor aren't used to having privacy in which to fight, or to make love, or even to suffer. That's why we seem so vulgar!"

He knew she was lashing at him because she had just undergone a frightening experience, nevertheless he was assailed by a sudden and terrible sense of defeat and discouragement. He thought: It will always be this way—this attraction and repulsion at the same time. Because there hasn't been any beauty or kindness in her life here, or in her brother's life, deep in the very core of her she will resent me for having had those things she never knew;



"Of course there's a mix-up. Our barrels weren't full of pickles!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

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and when we marry, every time we have a disagreement it will surge to the surface. But we could still love each other. Afterward there would be her tears and the ecstasy of making up."

Jan pushed back her chair. "I want to go home."

"All right."

Yet there would always be the danger, he went on thinking, of words said in anger that couldn't be erased, of permanent marks being left on their happiness.

He gave Jan money to pay the check and went to telephone a garage. Then they walked out into the hot wind that blew through the litter in the streets. Jan strode ahead of him, her hands in her pockets.

When they came to the store, she unlocked the door and dashed in, slamming it behind her. Well, Steve thought, maybe it is better this way. The less they said now, tonight, the better. Jan was drunk with emotion, and he'd let her sleep it off.

Steve sat in his car, waiting for the garageman, lighting one cigarette from another. They ought to rewrite that Cinderella story, he thought bitterly, or at least tell all of it. The part, for example, in which the prince-husband remarks that perhaps his wife is a little extravagant and didn't really need another pair of glass slippers that month. *And then, dear children, Cinderella cried out, "Extravagant! Don't give me any lecture on the value of money. When I was sitting in the ashes, with never a decent word from my stepmother and sisters, you were the darling of the court and eating nightingales' tongues from golden plates." And so they lived in great happiness and great torment ever after.*

HE WOKE late that Sunday morning; a cool breeze was blowing through his pleasant room. He lay with his head pillowed on his arms and thought with an overwhelming feeling of guilt of Jan sleeping last night in the city, with not only the weight of the heat pressing down on her but also the weight of her problem with Johnny. All his doubts and his black mood of last night were swept away in the returning tide of his love for her.

The thing was, he told himself, as he went down the hall to the telephone extension, that Jan had a great vitality and passion, and who was he to demand that it always be kept neatly and sensibly channeled?

There was no answer at the candy store. They were all at church, he decided, and he got out his trunks and went for a swim.

When he tried the store again, the aunt answered. "Jan's took Johnny to Coney Island," she said.

"Well, please tell her to telephone me just as soon as she gets back," he said, and gave his number.

Jan didn't call, though he waited around the house all that afternoon and evening. When it got late, he called again. This time the operator told him that the line was out of order. He began, then, to be worried, and that night he slept badly. If the telephone wasn't working in the morning, he'd leave the office and go up there.

As soon as he got to his office, he put in his call. Again it was the aunt who answered. "Jan ain't here," she said. "She flew to Chicago early this morning. She got a job out there in a water show."

He asked where she was staying and, after a slight hesitation was given the name of a hotel. He hung up and put in a long-distance call.

Miss Kielski wasn't in her room, he was told, and he left a message for her to call him, adding that it was urgent.

He wasn't any good for work that day, and he stayed futilely close to the telephone that night. In the morning he telephoned again; Miss Kielski was not taking any calls. Then he wired her: MUST TALK TO YOU. ALL MY LOVE. STEVE. There was no answer. On Friday he left the office early and took a plane.

It was eight thirty when he arrived at the hotel—Jan's hotel. He registered and sent his bags up to his room, and then he took a cab to the water show.

He probably couldn't have got a seat—the show was a big hit, the taxi driver told him—but it was cold that night.

He had been to such shows before, and they were quite a spectacle: the great blue pool, the uniformed band, the gleaming high-diving tower and the play of colored floodlights. A clown act was doing expertly ludicrous belly-flops when he arrived. And then, as the clown was taking his bows, there was a fanfare, and the announcer's overdramatic voice saying: "And now the extra added feature for the last two weeks of our show—Miss Jan Kielski, fastest woman swimmer in the world, fresh from her great Olympic triumph. Ladies and gentlemen, the girl who pulled down the curtain on the best the Iron Curtain countries had!"

There was a roll of the drums and the spotlight shifted, and then there she was, a spangled golden cloak over her shoulders. An attendant ceremoniously removed her cape, and the bathing suit was gold-spangled too—a golden suit on what was surely one of the loveliest bodies in the world. She stood smiling at the thunderous applause. She was too radiant and vital for anyone to think of her as being cold, as being touched by the biting wind, as she stood there bathed in light and glory.

Steve's heart sank. He sensed that some deep change had come over her.

She was joined then by two other girls. They too were *names*, but not as important. Their records were given over the loud-speaker. Steve leaned forward tensely as the three girls lined up on the starting platforms and dived into the water. He drew in his breath along with the crowd, as they saw what many of them had come to see: that amazing final burst of speed in which Jan left the others behind, as though they were suddenly just treading water.

People glared at him as he got up and pushed past them. "Sorry," he said. "Sorry." An usher directed him to the dressing rooms.

JAN was at the dressing table in a cubicle of her own; she was brushing her hair, and she was wearing a new woolen robe. Her face looked pinched, though, from the cold.

She turned around, brush in hand. "Hello, Steve," she said; she didn't sound surprised; she had known he would come.

Nicky Tremaine was also there, looking handsomer than ever in a belted bathrobe. He had touched up his hair to give it a greater sheen under the lights, but that didn't make him look any less masculine.

"I want to talk to you alone, Jan," Steve said.

"Okay," Nicky said, and he got up good-naturedly from the chair on which he had been sitting.

"No, don't go, Nicky. Please don't go," Jan said.

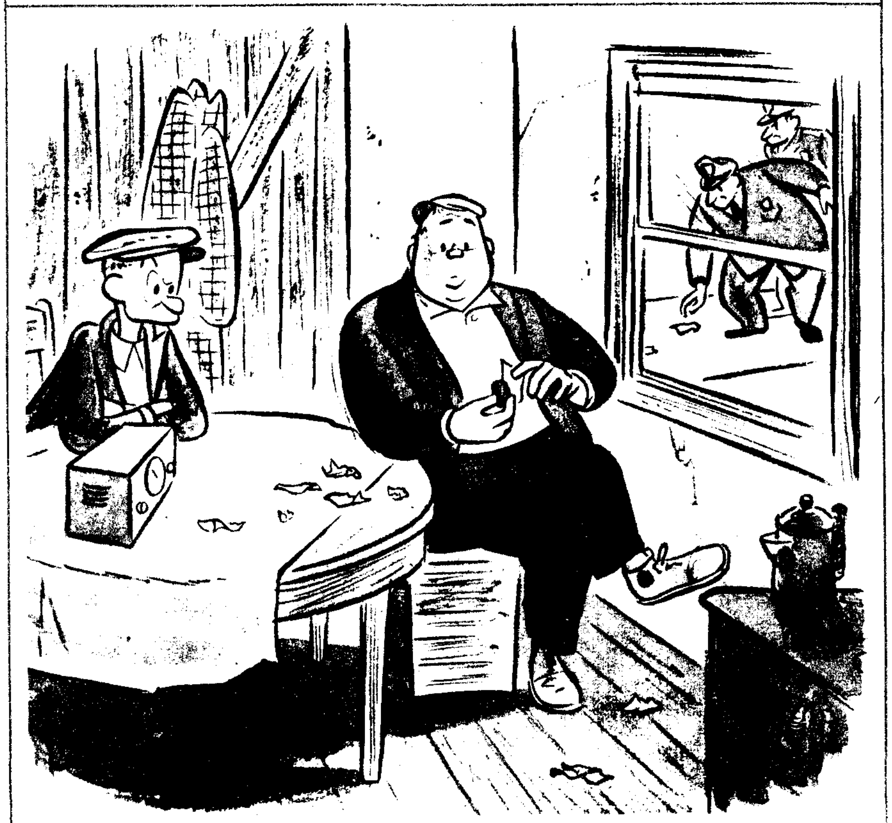
"Why wouldn't you telephone me?" Steve demanded. Nicky stood leaning against the wall.

"Why didn't *you* telephone *me*, when you must have known how I needed you?" Jan asked. "Did you have to decide whether you really could stomach me—and my delinquent brother?" She slammed down her brush.

"But I—"

"I cried most of Sunday waiting for you to call. Then that night I telephoned Nicky. He talked to the producer here, and he said for me to come on, they'd figure a way to use me. So I came, and I'm glad of it!" Her elbow knocked a box of powder from the dressing table, and Nicky stooped and picked it up.

BUTCH



"... However, a trail of candy wrappers led from the scene of the robbery. An early arrest is expected"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"I did call you," Steve said. "Your aunt said you were at Coney Island. I left a message for you. Later I tried again, and the operator said the phone was out of order."

Jan stared at him, as if not quite believing.

"It's easy to figure," Steve said. "You didn't tell your aunt that I want to marry you. She knew we had a date, and she was probably suspicious of me. When it was apparent to her that you were upset, she probably supposed there must have been a quarrel and decided it was a good thing to keep us apart."

Jan traced her finger through the spilled powder on the stand; then she lifted her chin. "It doesn't matter, because it's too late," she said. She looked over at a shell-pink, lace-trimmed slip hanging on a hook. It was new, as everything about her was new, except for the old flaming stubbornness of her eyes. "I like being able to look after Johnny properly. Do you know how much money I'm getting?"

"You're getting it for a few weeks," Steve pointed out. "After that—"

"After that," Tremaine interrupted, "we're lined up—"

"I'm talking to Jan!"

"Sor-ree," Nicky said and raised one eyebrow mockingly.

"Nicky's a smart manager," Jan said. "He's getting together his own small, high-class water show for resort hotels. He's already got a booking for us in California. We're cashing in on that Olympic publicity while the cashing is good."

"That's pure Tremaine," Steve said.

"Look here!" Tremaine said. His smug grin faded.

There was a rap on the door and a voice called, "Tremaine."

"Yeah, coming," Nicky said and removed his robe. He didn't have to take it off just then, but he shed it like a chrysalis, to emerge in the splendor of his golden body and his shimmering trunks. He had moved closer to Jan. It was as though he were saying: Look at us. We're the ones who belong together. What do you have to do with us, you in your blue suit? Then he shrugged and went out.

"You go too, Steve," Jan said.

BUT he couldn't leave; he'd come for her. He had started her in the career that had led her to this, and he had to get her out of it, before her fame ran out. He had to get her away from this before she had grown accustomed to the money, and then suddenly awakened to the bitterness of being a has-been.

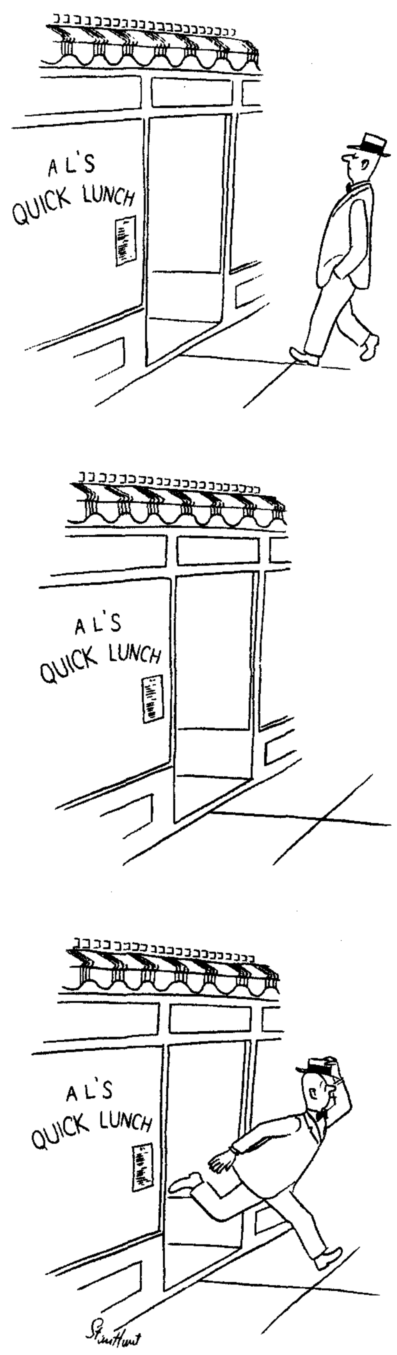
All of this he would have done even if he had not been in love with her. And he was not in love with this gilded Jan. The girl he loved was the Jan who cooked meals for Mac on the electric grill, the Jan who cried unashamed on a victory stand in Helsinki.

"What are you waiting for?" she demanded.

"You," Steve said. "Listen to me, my darling, for the sake of both of us. You got a terrible shock that night of the gang fight. It was as though you saw your whole life there, with its past ugliness and terror. Now you're running away from it and—"

"You're right, I am."

"You know in your heart," he persisted, "that I never let you down. The



COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

trouble is that I'm part of the nightmare of last Saturday to you. So, whether you know it or not, you're throwing me overboard with the rest of it. In this week you've come to feel that you've been born anew into a whole new world. This one has no future, because you have no real place in a water show; you're only a temporary drawing card. I don't suppose I can convince you of that now, though. You're so frantically intent on burying the past that a hole has to be dug for me, too. But you'll bury part of yourself, the part that loves me, the best part."

For just a moment she looked at him fearfully. He thought he might have reached through to her.

Then she stiffened, gathering all of her forces against him. "Sunday my aunt told me something I didn't know before, about the other time Johnny was in trouble, and about how you hushed it up so I would finish out that meet," she said and gathered her robe more tightly about her. "After I arranged to come out here, I telephoned Mac. He tried to get me to change my mind, to stick with The Blue Grotto Swim Club for a while longer. He told me, as part of his argument, how—and when—you'd put money in his pool. So then I knew *why* you'd been so anxious to have me stay in that meet, why you kept me from being told about Johnny."

"You don't believe that," Steve said. "You're setting up an argument to convince yourself."

Just then a blare of music came through the open door. "If you're not getting out of here, I am," Jan said, and she ran out of the room and down the corridor. . . .

Steve had read something, somewhere, to the effect that when we look back on a long life, we find we have really lived but a short time, only the few peak periods remain in memory—the rest is forgotten.

And so the next months of his life went unrecorded. He was made aware —aware of pain—only by sudden stimulants to memory. Some men might have the vividness of a lost love recalled by the scent of a special perfume, or the sight of a certain flower. But for him, he realized with sardonic amusement, it was the unforgettable odor of chlorine in water, or a squeak like that of the old wet-suit wringer at The Blue Grotto.

HE JOINED his mother in Florida for Christmas, but the place depressed him. There were too many old people. He thought of cutting his vacation short. Then the swimming coach at the hotel, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance, took sick, and Steve offered to substitute for him. There were two boys in their teens who were especially good, and he started getting in the pool with them, pace-setting—and he discovered how out of condition he was. Then his endurance began to build up, and suddenly he was experiencing once more the exhilaration of having a body that was powerful and co-ordinated.

"You've got a knack for teaching," Swanson, the coach, said, when he returned. "By the way, who's Jane?"

"Jane?"

"Sounds like what you've been calling that kid Mary Carlson for the last half hour."

Between Christmas and New Year's the chamber of commerce put on a festival. Steve read the program as he was having lunch on the edge of the pool. There were to be parades, boat races and a water show at the park. Billed for the water show was *The Great Diver, Nicky Tremaine.*

"Reading about the festival?" Swanson asked, glancing over his shoulder.

"Yes. They've hired Tremaine's troupe. I know him."

"Not much of a show, I understand. They've got Jan Kielski doing one of those leap-through-fire stunts. *She's* not a diver."

"Leap through—" Steve looked at the paper and there it was . . . *into a ring of burning gasoline.*

"Probably fake," Swanson said. "An easy dive that just looks spectacular."

"Sure," Steve said. Probably Tremaine had a contract with her, and since a girl just swimming fast in a pool proved to be no attraction, he had worked this out, coaching her in the dive. "Anyway," he said, "she was a good diver, as I remember, before she began training for swimming competition. With her perfect co-ordination she could pick up diving fast." But this was the downward path for Jan Kielski—a stunt act in a rather shoddy park. Tremaine's show evidently wasn't getting good bookings.

"Sounds like you know her well," Swanson said curiously.

"I knew her coach," Steve said.

He had told himself he wouldn't go up to Westmore Park where the water carnival was to be held, but now Jan had been forced back into his mind with

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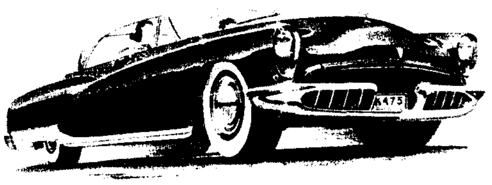

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an excruciating vividness. Perhaps it would cure him if he saw her amid cheap-carnival surroundings—instead of the way he saw her in his dreams.

He arrived just as Jan's act was going on, and he pushed his way right to the apron of the pool. Jan was poised on the springboard, and she looked completely unreal to him. She was wearing a cape with a bright red lining—to make her look like a lady from hell, he supposed. Her make-up, in the glaring light, was exaggerated and tawdry too: bright crimson lips and her eyebrows penciled into blackened peaks.

THE gasoline-filled hoop was set on fire, the flames leaping up weirdly. Jan dropped her cape and made a couple of faked false starts, giving the crowd the full effect of her figure in the skintight suit. That was what she was in the show for now. There were whistles and wolf calls, and all at once Steve felt utterly sickened. He turned to get away from there; that memory of Jan Kielski would be the last one in his life.

Then he was stopped, stopped by the horrified cry of the crowd. He whirled around. The hoop had sprung a leak, the burning gasoline was running into the center, and Jan was already into her dive. She was plunging down like a moth into the devouring flame. She dived into the flaming circle off-center, and the fire immediately closed over the spot where she had gone under.

She'll be panic-stricken; she won't know what to do! he thought. But *he* did. He had read of the Navy's experiments in swimming in burning oil. The thing to do if you had to come up for air was to shoot up straight, grab a breath and sink and swim underwater again. The danger lay in staying above the surface too long.

But Jan wouldn't know this, and she would be panicky and she would need air. He marked the rate at which the gasoline was spreading, kicked off his moccasins, took a deep breath, and dived into the clear water. And then he swam, and he had never swum so fast in his life.

Afterward those moments haunted his dreams as though he were reliving a plunge into the depths of hell; there was his fierce underwater battle with the fear-crazed Jan to keep her from surfacing; her suddenly inert body, his own upward spring through the flames to replace the air he had lost in his struggle with her; and then sinking to grab Jan and swim underwater again.

He swam for the end of the pool farthest away from the hoop. And he outswam the spreading fuel, and then frantic hands pulled them both clear.

Somebody threw a coat over Jan. "Get away," he cried, reeling, taking in air in tearing gasps. He bent over her; he knew she had to have artificial respiration at once. Someone pushed him gently aside. "Here, fella. I'm a lifeguard. *You've* had it."

He took a few steps away, shaking his head, trying to clear it. Then he heard the lifeguard saying, "She's coming around."

Steve made his way back to her and knelt beside her. She was breathing shallowly but regularly. Her eyes were wild with terror and horror. "It's all right, darling. I'm here," he said.

Some of the fear went out of her eyes, though she was making a whimpering, groaning sound. And her lovely face, though contorted and white, was his own Jan's face once again, even with those grotesque waterproof eyebrows painted on it.

She was still only half conscious. He listened to her gasping, to her struggle for the breath of life—the breath of life that was the breath of his life, too, and he knew it as never before. They had gone down almost to death together, and they had come back into life together. Surely Jan, when she was conscious again, would recognize this as clearly as he.

Then he saw with a great leaping of his heart the old Chinese coin, the good-luck coin he had given her. It was on a slender chain around her neck.

Now the ambulance had arrived, the efficient white-jacketed attendants took Jan away. Steve realized afterward that he could have asked to go in the ambulance with her, but it didn't occur to him then, dazed as he still was. He got his shoes and put them on. It was a warm night and though he was soaked, he didn't feel chilled as he made his way to a taxi.

The nurse at the hospital reception desk stared at his bedraggled appearance but said that Miss Kielski was suffering from shock, and from burns, the extent of which couldn't be reported on. Certainly he couldn't see the patient. "Why, you're all wet," she exclaimed disapprovingly.

"You're certainly much more accommodating than that silly old bank, Mr. Young. They refuse to cash any more of my checks until I make another deposit"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

"And so are you, sister," Steve said, and sloshed angrily back to the cab.

THE newspapers carried the story of the accident, and his mother read it, white-lipped. "You took a terrible chance," she said. "That girl! She's never anything but *trouble* for you."

"I'm going to marry that girl," he said, and he felt sorry for his mother. All through his stormy relationship with Jan she had asked no questions, but had watched him anxiously as, when he had been a child, she had watched him for telltale symptoms of childhood diseases. He bent to kiss her cheek. "I think you'll make the best of it," he said, "because you love me."

She didn't answer for a moment; then her hand reached up and grasped Steve's.

"And another thing," he said. "I'm not going back to the firm."

"Steven!" she gasped.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. That job was never *mine*—I was just trying to follow in my father's footsteps. I can't do it any longer. I'm going back into the Army and put in for OCS. There's a fifty per cent turnover right now, and I ought to make it."

He paced up and down the room, trying to explain it to her. "The only time I've felt alive since I left college was when I was training Jan, and then down here, coaching those boys," he said with conviction. "I believe I have a gift for teaching. I think I could put it to use, training troops."

"You're very good at acting in an emergency too," his mother said, in a not-quite-convinced voice.

"And there's something else," he said. It was becoming even clearer in his mind as he talked. "I was brought up on competition, something that demanded everything I had to give physically as well as quick thinking. I believe I was trying to keep it up, through Jan. She may even have guessed that. But in an active life, in the Army, I won't be looking for ways to compensate." . . .

The first thing Steve saw as the door to Jan's room opened was the big pot of poinsettias he had sent her. There was a vase of red roses beside it.

Then as the door opened wide he saw her, her copper hair against the white pillow, glorious in the sunlight. Her face, without make-up, looked very young and grave.

"Hi," he said softly.

"Hi," she said, unsmiling.

"You can stay only a minute," the nurse said and went out.

Steve went over to the bed and kissed Jan very gently. Her lips were unresponsive, and when he straightened up and looked down at her there was a kind of panic in her face, a beseeching expression in her eyes, as if she were begging not to be hurt. He had never felt such tenderness toward her as he did now.

He pulled a metal chair up by the bed. "They told me you were burned," he said anxiously. "How badly?"

"Just—a little on my legs. It happened when I tried to get away from you, because I was so crazy with fear. I kicked up into the gasoline. But they'll heal fast. It was mostly shock I suffered from." She said earnestly, "I'm glad you weren't hurt. I've been so bad for you."

"You're only bad for me when you're away from me."

"Please, Steve," she said and looked away from him toward the foot of the white bed. "I—I'm not supposed to be upset."

"Can it upset you to tell you that I've never stopped loving you?"

"Yes—yes, it can." She closed her eyes. There were lines of pain about her mouth.

He reached for her hand and held it tight. He thought he understood: she was afraid of trusting herself to love. "It's going to work out," he said firmly. "And from now on you're leaving everything to me. You have to let me take care of you."

"I've taken care of myself all right for quite a while," she said. There was a flash of her old stubborn independence in her voice.

"I don't think you've been doing so well lately," he said. "But that isn't the point. Look at me." But she wouldn't; she kept her eyes closed.

"The point is that I love you," he said. "I'd love you if you were ugly, but I'm glad you're beautiful. I want you to be beautiful just for me though. I'm a jealous guy. That night at the park, with all those goons ogling you in that bathing suit, I wanted to spray them with a machine gun!"

"But thousands of people have been watching me in a bathing suit for three years."

"It was different when you were in competition. They were watching the *swimmer*. The main thing now is how you look in that bathing suit. From here on in though," he said, determined to force a smile from her, "the performances are going to be strictly private."

THEN he began to tell her about his plans—for their future. "Stop—don't!" she said almost frantically. "And you mustn't come here again. You see, Nicky and I—"

"Nicky!" he said incredulously.

"We're going to be married."

"You can't be!" The idea was so preposterous, in the face of his love for her, that his first reaction was one of outraged disbelief. This was ridiculous, and in a minute she would give him that gaminlike grin of hers to show that she had been teasing him.

"Don't you understand?" Her voice was high-pitched. "It's really always been Nicky."

"But if he loved you, he would never have let you—"

"That dive was *my* idea. The troupe wasn't getting good bookings, and I wanted to help Nicky. He's been just wild because of that accident."

Steve looked at the vase of red roses and knew from whom they had come. But still this wasn't to be accepted. "When I pulled you out of the pool," he said, "you were wearing my Chinese coin on a chain. If I don't mean anything to you, why—"

"But that's a good-luck charm. I'm awfully superstitious. That's the Irish in me. I *was* a little afraid of that dive," she said faintly. "I guess I felt I needed all the luck I could get. Maybe that charm only works for the Chinese."

The door opened. "Time's up," the nurse said briskly. "We mustn't tire her, you know."

"I was just going," he said. He passed his hand dazedly across his forehead. Jan had closed her eyes again. She didn't open them even to say good-by.

It was raining a light misty rain when he left the hospital. He walked in the rain a long way, and everything seemed unreal. He felt as if he were in a tank again, an endless tank, pushing against an overwhelming weight of water. . . .

Steve took his first leave in Lynwater. With but one objective in life to concentrate on, he had done all right. He had faced up to his life during those tough weeks, and he had learned to carry the ache in his heart without self-pity. Looking at himself in the mirror that first day home, he saw someone leaner, browner and older than his old self. But he felt restless, out of focus, in Lynwater. "I think I'll go into town for lunch. I'll call somebody," he told his mother when he came downstairs late that morning.

IT WAS a bright wind-swept day as the train rumbled along the trestle in upper Harlem. Dingy curtains were blowing at tenement windows, and old women were leaning their elbows on the sills. Everything he had ever felt for Jan was coming back now, almost unbearably. The train stopped at 125th Street and a few passengers got out. Suddenly he got up and went with them.

He stood on the platform as the train pulled out. All right, if he wanted to knock himself in the heart this once, get it over with. . . .

He didn't take the cab to the store, but to the end of the block. There was the vacant lot where he had first asked the boys where Jan lived. He passed the dirty stoops and the little girls playing jacks, and his pace slackened. Then ahead of him he could see the store with the dusty ailanthus in front of it. Suddenly a boy in a faded T-shirt and old jeans crossed the street diagonally and walked ahead of him. There was something familiar about the walk, and yet it was different too; the step was firmer, the whole bearing more erect. Steve couldn't be sure.

"Johnny!"

Even when the boy had turned, he wondered if he was mistaken. There was the same lock of hair falling over the forehead, but the old shadow of sullenness was gone from the mouth. As Steve came up to him the boy's eyes were belligerent.

"If you're looking for Jan you're wasting your time," he said.

"I didn't expect to find her."

The boy turned away.

"What's the matter, Johnny? Won't you talk to me?"

"Naw—her either. She neither."

"Why?"

Johnny faced him again and his expressive face darkened. "I guess you know why. You ran out on her, didn't you?"

"Ran out on Jan? When? Where? What the devil are you talking about?"

"In Florida. In the hospital. When she was scared, you run out on her."

"When Jan—when she was scared..."

"Yeah. Scared she'd have scars on her, be all scarred up. So she come home—came. She figured she was through. Where was you then to kid her along, say, 'Okay, Jan, you'll come through'? There wasn't anybody but me. . . ."

This was completely bewildering. Surely Nicky—

"She said she wouldn't never swim again," Johnny went on. "Then Mac started these here classes for the polio kids. Maybe you read about that. It was in the papers. Okay, that's where she is now." He stopped a moment, and Steve tried to order the confusion in his mind. "Me," Johnny went on, "I'm in trade school. That's okay too."

"Johnny, listen to me!" Steve said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Didn't she—didn't Jan—marry Nicky Tremaine?"

Johnny stared a moment. "Tremaine!" he said. "That drip!"

"But in the hospital—" Then he said softly, "The gallant little fool." He roughed Johnny's dark hair. "So long," he said. "Be seeing you."

The old familiar odor of chlorine was like an incense as he entered The Blue Grotto. Through the doorway to the pool came a little group of chattering kids, most of them on crutches. He let them pass and went in.

SHE was standing there on the apron in her dark tank suit, her arm around a boy's shoulder. "You did wonderfully today, Tommy. I'm proud of you. Now go along. I'll—"

Then her eyes went very wide and her face paled. "Hello, Steve," she said in a breathless little voice. "Is Mac expecting you? He's in—"

"I've just had a talk with Johnny," he said, striding up to her. Her face was thinner, graver, but it had never looked more beautiful to him.

"Oh," she said faintly, and began backing away.

"You lied to me in the hospital, because—"

"Because in the course of acquiring a swimming stroke, I'd acquired something else," she said. "Sportsmanship."

"But you *weren't* scarred—as though that could make any difference to me! So then why—"

"I couldn't see myself as an officer's wife," she said, still backing up. "I never even finished high school. I—"

"Stop talking such rot, Jan! You—look out!"

Jan went into the pool with a great splash, came up sputtering, and began to backstroke away from him.

He took off his jacket and kicked off his shoes, as he had done that night at the water show.

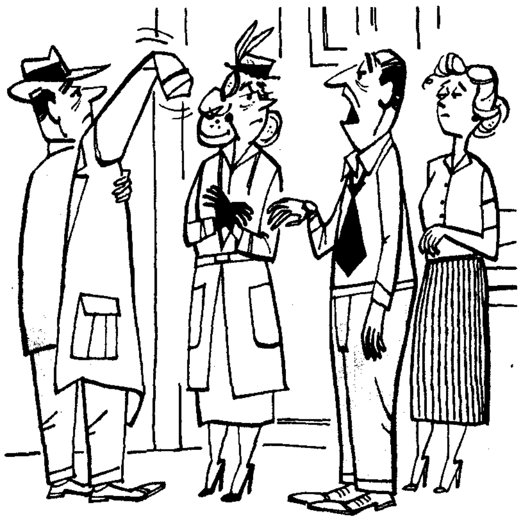
"Steve!" She was treading water. "What are you doing?"

"Coming in after you. You can't get away from me now, not even in the water."

"You idiot," she said, and her husky voice trembled. "Wait!"

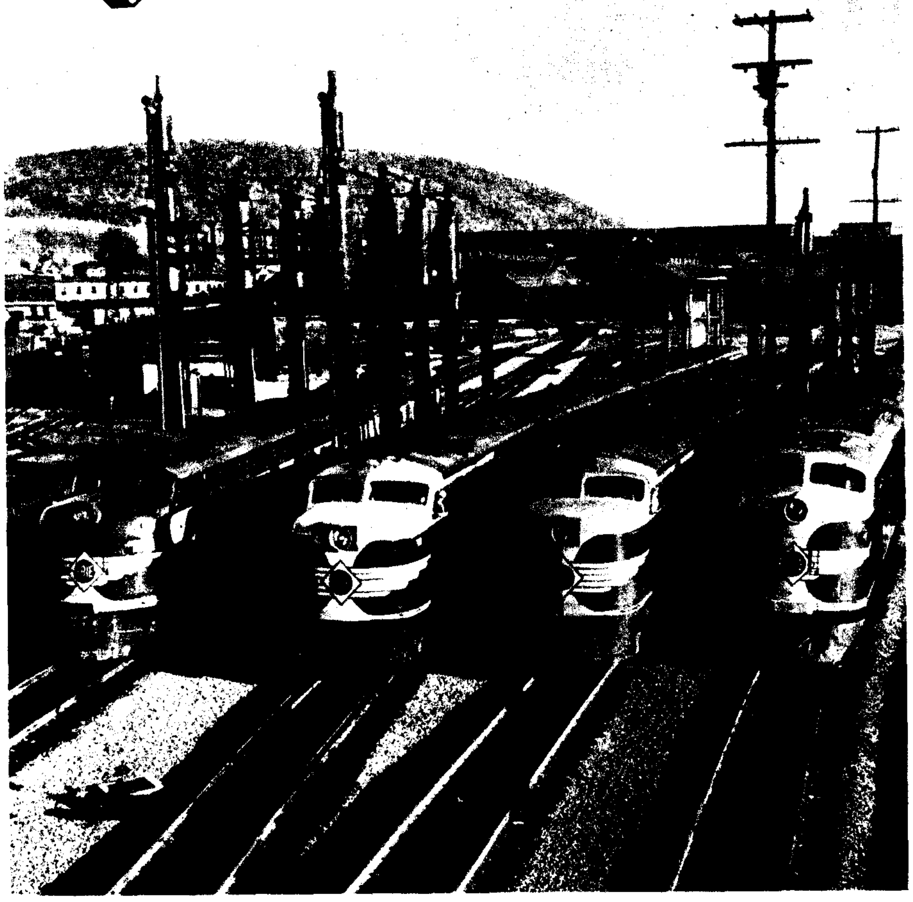
Her head went down and her arms moved in those wonderful, perfect piston strokes—faster, faster and faster.

"My gosh," Mac said, coming up and standing beside him. "Look at her! And me without a stop watch." —THELMA STRABEL



"Must you go so soon before breakfast?"
COLLIER'S STEVE DUQUETTE

ERIE . . . Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



Progress poses for its picture

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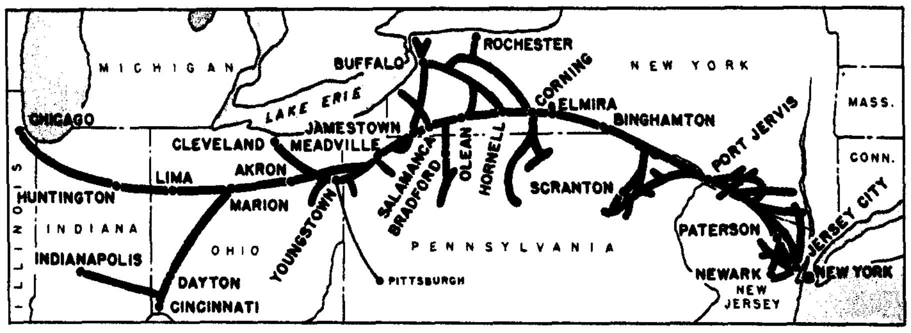
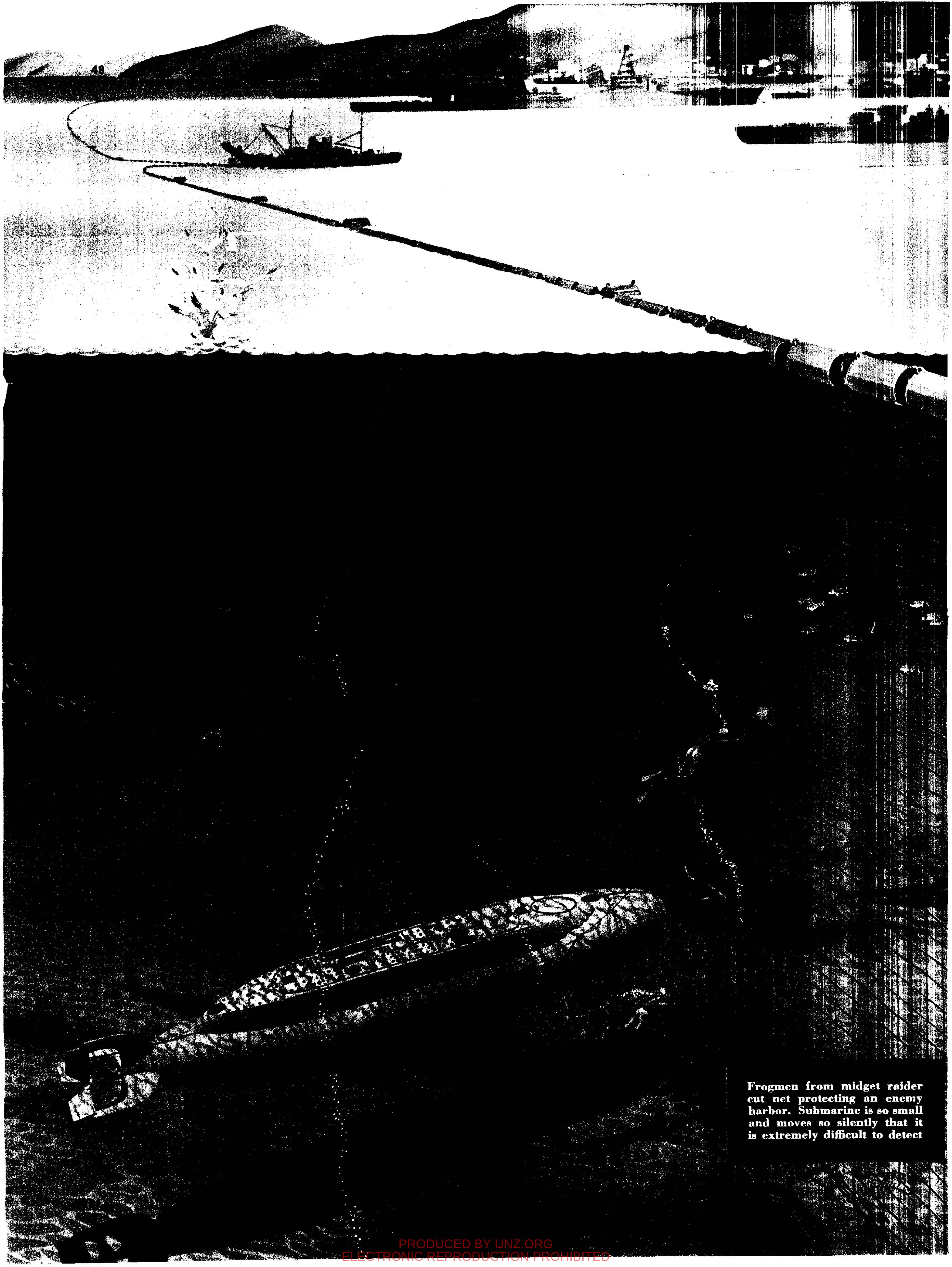




Frogmen from midget raider cut net protecting an enemy harbor. Submarine is so small and moves so silently that it is extremely difficult to detect

MIDGET SUBS

THE NAVY'S NEW SNEAK PUNCH

Here is the first detailed story on our latest weapon, told by a top submariner. Baby raiders will sink enemy ships in even heavily guarded harbors—and may revolutionize naval strategy

By Vice-Admiral CHARLES A. LOCKWOOD, JR., USN, Ret., with CORNELIUS RYAN

THE U.S. Navy is developing a deadly underwater raider which, I believe, may revolutionize naval strategy and tactics as we practice them today. She's a small weapon—so small, in fact, that alongside our atomic submarine Nautilus she will look like a toy. Indeed she could fit into your back yard with room to spare. But she's a killer. Because of her, there'll be no safe place for enemy ships to hide in any future struggle for mastery of the seas.

In World War II, when I was Commander Submarines Pacific, our underseas fleet sank so much Japanese shipping that enemy vessels fled for shallow, protected coastal waters or harbors where our subs rarely could follow. Such waters will not be immune from attack in another war.

Our new underseas raider will be able to dive under or cut through steel nets protecting the most heavily guarded harbors. She will be able to maneuver in waters too shallow for the average submarine. Even more, she will be able to attack deep behind an enemy's boundaries by stealing silently beneath the surface up rivers and canals to hit power plants, bridges and dams. And she will be so light that a giant helicopter may be able to airlift her to landlocked enemy seas and lakes, there to destroy otherwise inaccessible targets.

The Navy's new weapon—in my opinion, one of the most destructive ever planned—is a powerful midget submarine. She will be manned by four frogmen and her principal armament will be mines—some of them atomic.

In an enemy harbor, she will maneuver quietly beneath the hulls of anchored ships. Her frogmen crew, garbed in skin-tight rubber diving suits and breathing oxygen from flasks strapped on their backs, will swim up from the tiny sub to the enemy vessels and attach time-fused mines to their hulls. Then the crewmen will return to their pocket-sized sub and she will slip away as silently as she came. Hours, even weeks, after the sub's escape, the timing mechanism will detonate the mines left behind on the enemy ships.

After years of evaluating midget submarines and other sneak craft such as the Japanese, Germans, British and Italians used in World War II, the U.S. has taken the first step in designing a midget sub more deadly than any of its foreign predecessors—yet with all the safeguards of our modern underwater boats. Japanese and early German sneak raiders in the last war were suicide craft, but our crews will have just as great a survival rate as those of regular submarines—and that's high.

Miniature submarines—I prefer to call them Minisubs—will be dreaded by our enemies. No harbor anywhere in the world, no matter how carefully protected, will be safe from Minisub attacks; no navigable waters will be impenetrable, because the midgets will be able to maneuver in less than 50 feet of water—a depth too shallow for ordinary fleet-sized submarines.

That's not all. Minisubs can be built so small and operate so quietly that detection by even the latest electronic apparatus will be extremely difficult—if possible at all. Standard submarines will have much more trouble evading such detection devices. Of course, the threat of detection won't worry our deep-traveling atomic submarines such as the Nautilus (Collier's, December 20, 1952) and the projected Sea Wolf; they will have sufficient underwater speed—more than 25 miles an hour—to outmaneuver and outdistance any attacker.

JOHN FLOREA

The author, Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, Jr., USN, Ret., was Commander Submarines Pacific during World War II and at the peak of the Pacific conflict had 169 subs and 50,000 men under him. Graduated from Annapolis in 1912, he was only an ensign when he took command of his first submarine in 1914. "It was called an A-2," he says, "and it wasn't much bigger than our new midget raider." He makes his home in California

America's first Minisub—the USSX1—is now at the mock-up stage under a design and development contract awarded by the Navy to the Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation, Farmingdale, New York.

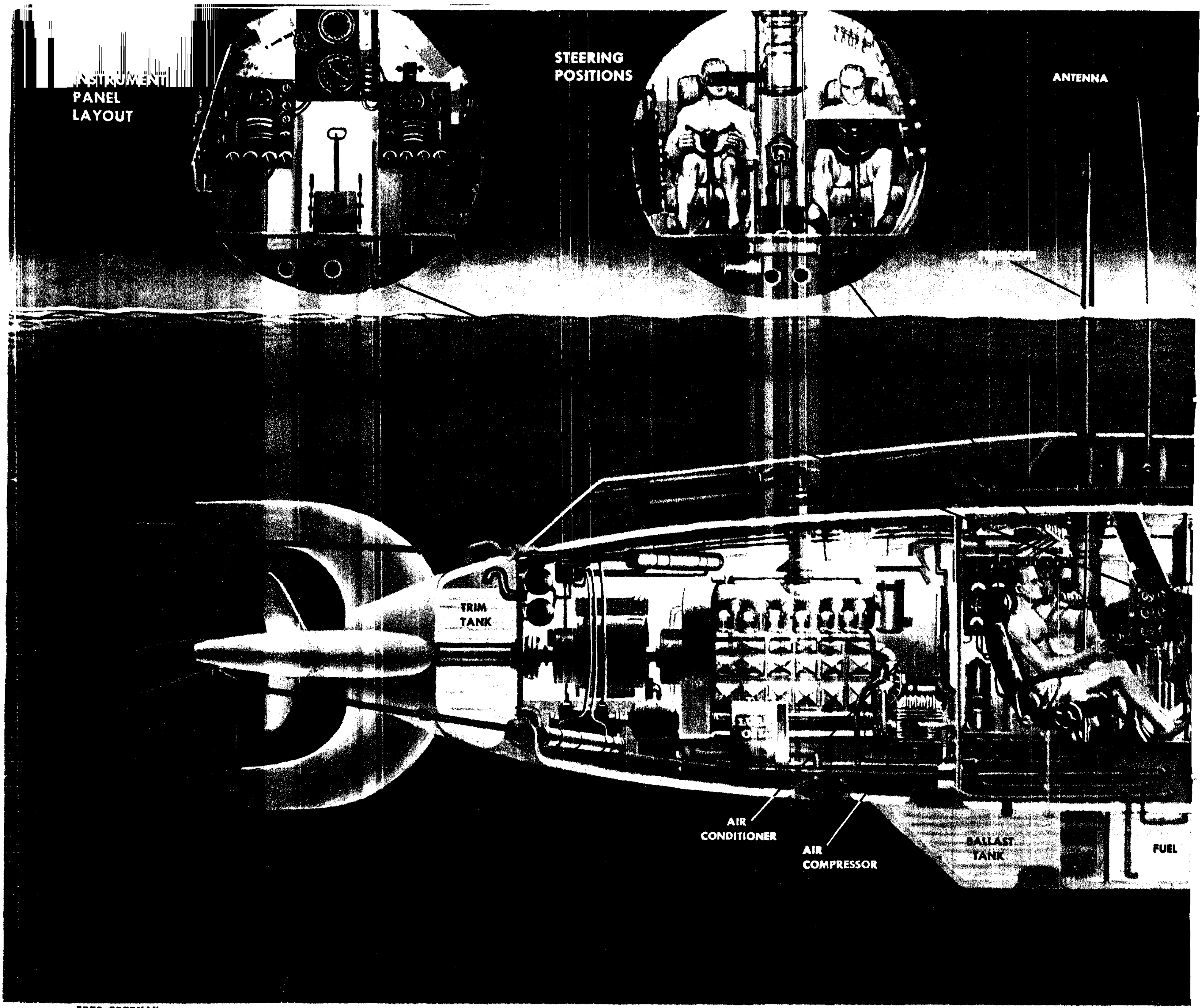
Why was an aircraft company chosen? Because the tiny submarine calls for aircraft design techniques. She will be as slender, jewel-like and intricate as a streamline jet fighter, and her controls and instruments will be similar to those in modern aircraft. Even more important, the midget submarine can be mass produced. Under the pressure of total war, Minisubs could be turned out by the hundreds in aircraft plants.

Of course the small submarines won't replace any craft we now have. But working hand in glove with our big atomic submarines, they'll broaden the scope of our underseas operations. In any future war, our A-subs will sweep the seas clear of enemy shipping—and where they leave off, Minisubs will take over. The midgets will press home the attack, destroy enemy ships at anchor or drive them out to run the gantlet of our A-subs.

Besides "beating the bushes" for our nuclear-powered subs, midgets such as the X1 will have many other missions. With "homing" torpedoes—the target-seeking torpedoes which follow the sound of a ship's propellers—attached to her sides, a Minisub can be launched from the deck of a mother ship to attack convoys. She can be employed to clear mines and underwater obstacles from beachheads prior to amphibious assault by troops. She can be used to land *saboteurs* or intelligence agents on enemy shores. Yet, she will weigh only 25 tons—less than the weight of the Queen Mary's anchors.

The Minisub will be propelled by a simple commercial engine, heavily insulated so as not to give off vibrations that would betray her presence to enemy sonar and other listening devices. The craft also will incorporate secret features to permit her use deep beneath the surface.

On the surface, the Minisub will have a top speed of 10 miles an hour; when she is submerged in the calm, untroubled depths, her top speed will be 12 miles an hour. The key to her speed is a top-secret fuel so powerful that the X1 will have a range of much



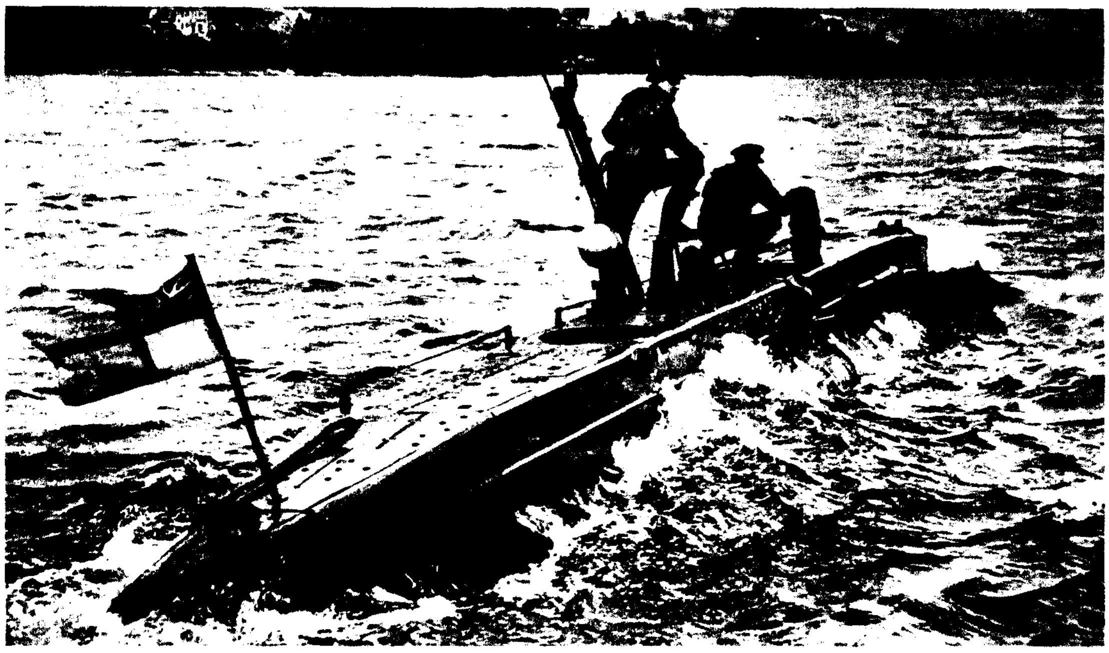
FRED FREEMAN

This first detailed painting of our new midget submarine, prepared with the assistance of the Navy, show

more than 500 miles and an underwater endurance of at least several days. She could travel submerged nearly the length of the shallow Baltic Sea without refueling.

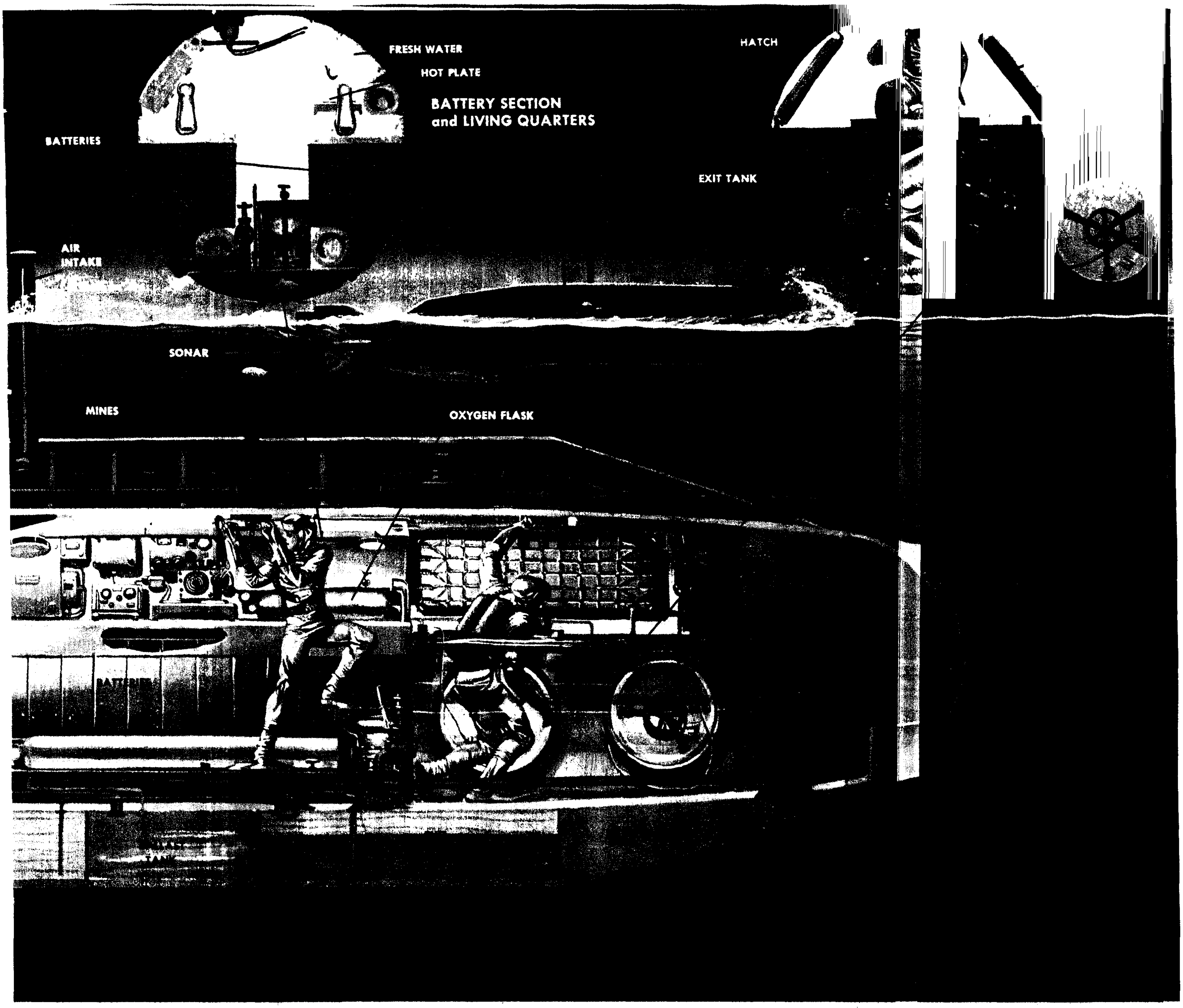
The Minisub will look like an overgrown torpedo. She'll measure less than 40 feet from stem to stern—about half the size of a World War II PT boat. Her deck will be perfectly flat; there will be no superstructure as on a standard submarine. Periscopes, antennas, air intake and other deck apparatus will retract into the hull so that the midget can sneak through harbor defense nets without snagging alarm wires which might instantly reveal her presence. Even her propellers, rudder and diving planes will have guard plates or lead wires to prevent fouling nets or mine cables.

The flat deck will also give the Minisub a lower surface silhouette. As a result, so little of the craft will be exposed above the water that in a normal sea she'll be almost invisible. Even searching



INTERNATIONAL

A new British midget sub, similar to the one pictured above, recently was given evaluation tests at the U.S. Naval Base in Norfolk, Va.



ow the four-man crew will work and live. In calm seas, the craft can run on surface with lookout in bow

enemy radar beams will have a hard time finding her because waves will shield her from the beams.

However, the Minisub's outward appearance will be deceptive. In her tiny hull will be almost all the equipment found in our latest full-sized submarines—operative and propulsion gear, electronic devices, air-conditioning and purification plants—but in miniature. Even though the instruments and equipment will be scaled down, there won't be much room to move around inside.

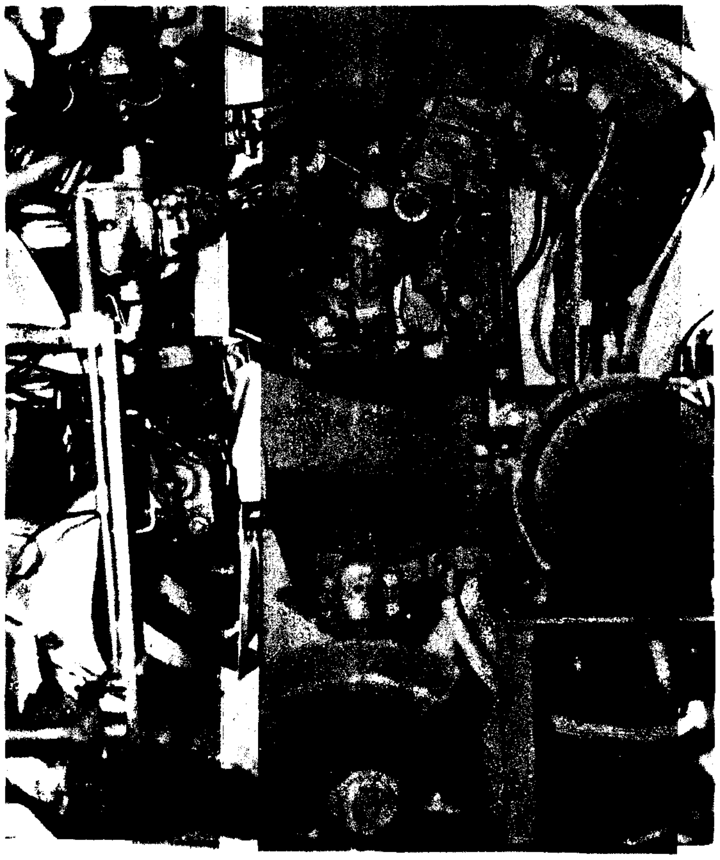
The stern section of the hull will be occupied by the engine. Next forward will be the control cabin—the brain of the midget—resembling in many respects the cockpit of a plane. The "pilot" and "copilot" of the Minisub, sitting side by side in a space less than six feet wide and five feet high, will steer and dive the craft with the same sort of combination "wheel" and "stick" used in aircraft.

When the Minisub is trimmed for diving, the captain will send the ship sliding beneath the waves by pressing forward on the stick. When he pulls the stick back, the midget will rise to the surface. He will be able to turn right or left by moving the wheel at the top of the control column. Scores of instruments such as depth gauges, motor revolution counters, pressure gauges, rudder angle indicators and the like will cover three panels in front of the captain and first officer. But perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most necessary device in the control cabin will be a slim periscope differing markedly from those of standard subs.

The Minisub's periscope will enter the hull directly above and between the control positions and is designed so that either man—whoever is steering at the time—will be able to use it without changing his position. A right-angle arm containing an intricate optical system and the eye pieces will jut out from the base of the periscope and can be swung into eye-level position before either man so that he can observe the surface and steer at the same time. If the officer in charge wants to make a 360-degree sweep of the horizon, a turn on a crank will rotate the periscope, but the eyepieces will remain in the adjusted position.

Although a forward hatch will be provided for

NEAL Y. CLARK, JR.



Crewman sits in copilot's seat of French midget sub. French captured vessel from Germans in World War II and improved her

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Baby subs proved their worth in World War II. British midgets

a lookout to guide the Minisub in calm seas, the crew will use the periscope most of the time. There's a very good reason: even on the surface, the midget will travel so low in the water that in a rough sea one big wave through the forward hatch could sink her.

The living compartment will be forward of the control cabin, at the widest part of the Minisub. It won't be large—only seven feet in diameter and 10 feet long—and it will be so crowded with oxygen tanks, air flasks, batteries and other essentials that the men will just be able to squeeze past one another. Only in this section will a six-footer be able to stand upright.

Although living aboard a Minisub sounds like a claustrophobic nightmare, I don't think the four-man crew will fare too badly. Utilities found on the average submarine—such as refrigerators, washing machines, shower baths and the like—obviously won't be included. Only the most elementary living equipment will be carried: a hot plate to warm coffee, soups and canned emergency-type rations: some sort of collapsible washbasin and a toilet; and in the nose, two bunks which will fold against the hull when not in use. Certainly living conditions will be cramped and uncomfortable, but missions will last only a few days at the most; the remainder of the time the crew can enjoy the comparative spaciousness of the mother submarine or ship which carried the craft within striking range of a target.

Who will man the Minisubs? What sort of men will be needed?

They must be young—about twenty-five to thirty—highly trained swimmers and divers, capable of handling submarines and expert in operating all the intricate apparatus Minisubs will carry. But above all, they must be daring and courageous. Is that too tall an order? I don't think so—we have plenty of men like that in the Navy right now.

We can choose crews from our well-trained, highly experienced submarine service, or from among our frogmen (Underwater Demolition Teams), who now play a vitally important role in amphibious operations. During World War II, frogmen teams saved thousands of lives by clearing beachheads of underwater obstacles and mines, both during the Normandy landings and in the Pacific. Today they are the elite of a small, young and efficient naval arm capable of great expansion—and from them we'll get most of our crews.

Each Minisub will have as commanding officer a lieutenant—a more senior officer would be too old for the job—and as crew a lieutenant (junior grade) or ensign plus two enlisted men. Besides being expert in swimming, diving and handling explosives, each man will have a special rating. One will be an engineer. Another will be a radio and sonar operator. There must be an electrician and also a competent torpedoman. But, while each man will be expert in his particular field, each of the four will be able to perform the duties of the others in emergency. Only by developing such reliance and teamwork among crews can we be assured of success in Minisub operations. Of great importance in this respect will be the knowledge and confidence each crew will have that they are not engaged in a suicide role.

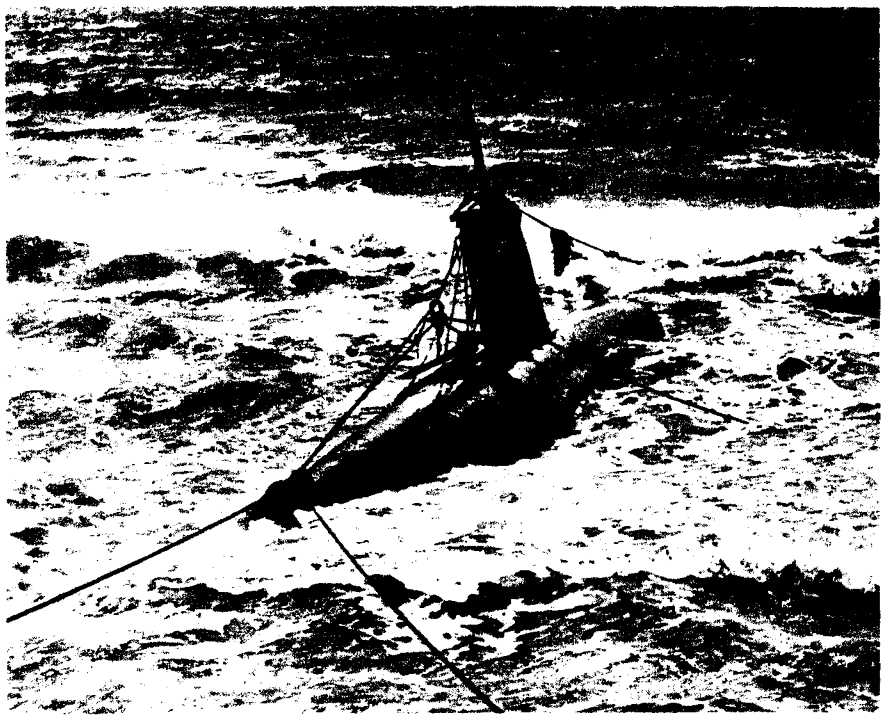
Minisubs won't be one-way vessels with death at the end of the mission. "Human torpedoes" such as the Japanese used against our ships in the Philippines and the Germans used during the Allied landings at Anzio and in the south of France were just that. The operators had slight chance of survival.

One of the German contraptions used, called the *Neger*, couldn't submerge. It consisted of a long cylinder containing engine and controls, and the pilot sat astride the craft. A single electric torpedo hung beneath the chariot, but after the missile had been aimed and fired, the tiny craft could not possibly escape. It had a speed of only about four miles per hour.

Japan's man-carrying torpedoes were more compact, but just as suicidal. The Japanese sneak craft was about 30 feet long with 700 pounds of high explosive in its nose. A cockpit, placed amidships, housed the luckless pilot. During the latter part of the war, the Japanese introduced these underwater "kamikaze" torpedoes at Lingayen Gulf, but they were easily detected by lookouts. They attacked on the surface, on two occasions to my knowledge in broad daylight!

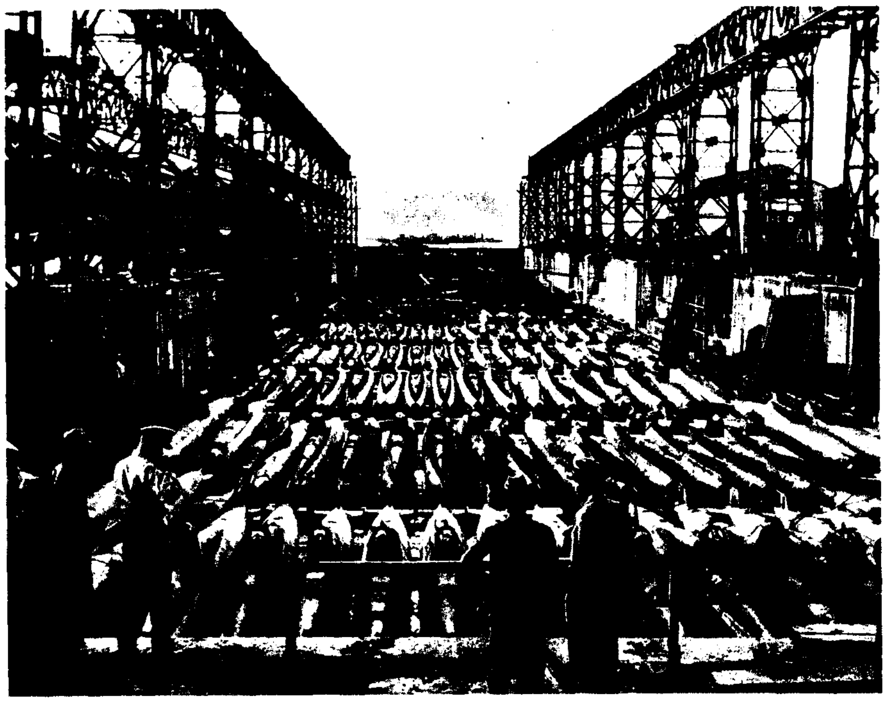
The Japanese also had two-man, 78-foot-long midget submarines. They used five of them in their December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor, but the tiny craft failed to sink a single vessel. Their crews were inadequately trained and the craft, from a tactical standpoint, were incorrectly used. Instead of mining the keels of anchored ships, the midgets entered the harbor and then fired torpedoes. The wakes of the speeding missiles instantly revealed the midgets' positions. Of the five midgets, two were sunk and a third ran on a reef. The fate of the other two is not known.

After discovering the fatal deficiencies of her "human torpedoes," Ger-



U.S. NAVY PHOTO

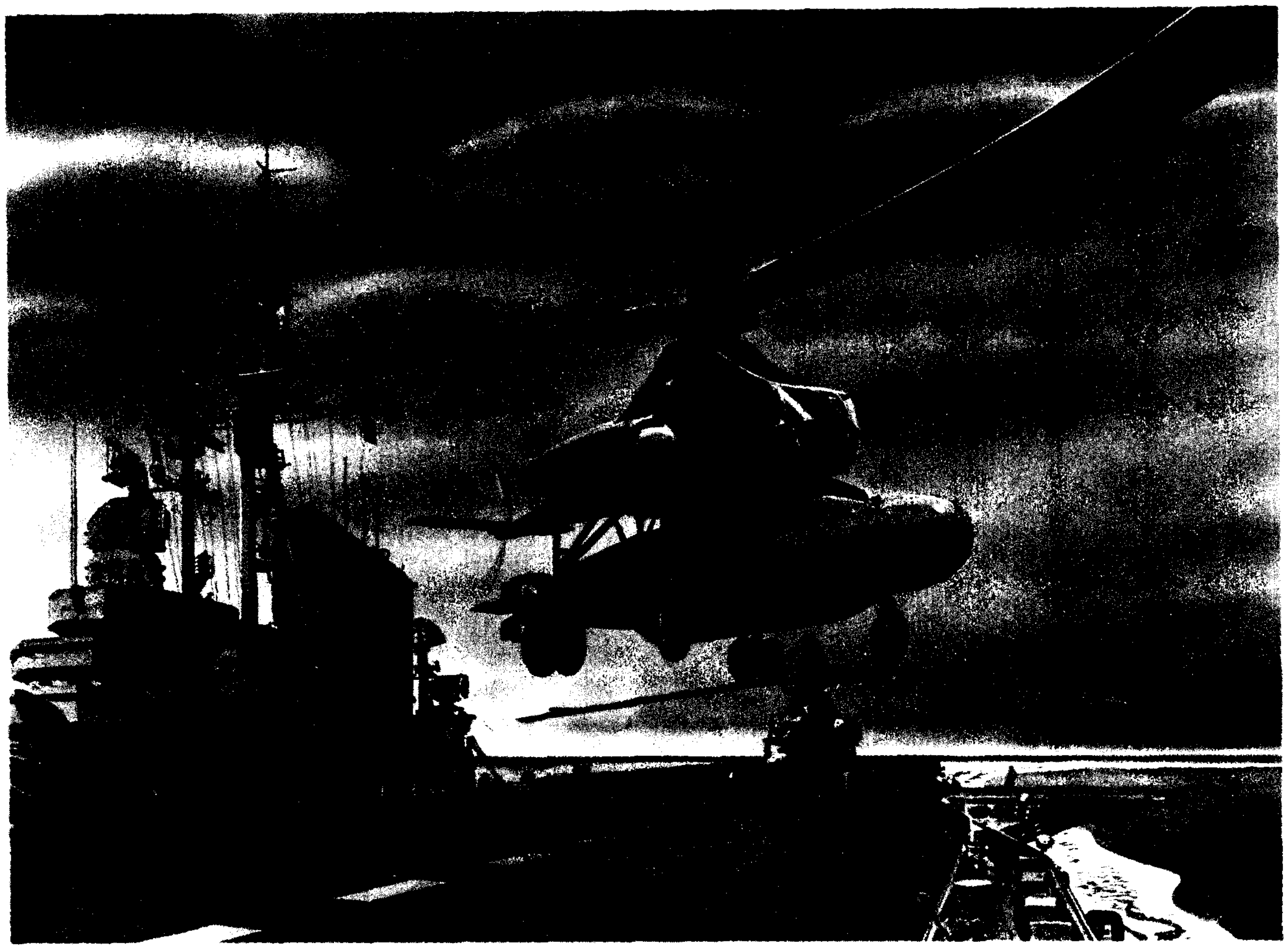
Japanese midgets took part in sneak raid on Pearl Harbor, but didn't sink a single ship. This one was washed ashore afterward



U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Japanese put their crude midget submarines into mass production toward the end of World War II. U.S. Navy found these at Kure

rippled the battleship Tirpitz in a supposedly impregnable fiord



ROLF KLEP

Midget subs will be able to attack enemy targets in even landlocked seas—for example, the Caspian Sea off southern Russia. Helicopters could air-lift raiders from the deck of mother ship to target area

many also turned to midget submarines. The 18-ton *Seehund,* a two-man type carrying either torpedoes or mines, was built, but it went into service too late in the war to have any effect.

The Italians and the British in World War II proved beyond a doubt the deadly efficiency of underwater sneak craft. Using excellent equipment and expertly trained crews, both nations achieved remarkable results with extremely low casualties.

Italian "human torpedoes" ripped the bottoms out of two powerful 35,000-ton British battleships, the Queen Elizabeth and the Valiant, as they lay at anchor in Alexandria Harbor, Egypt. In three years the Italians sank or damaged 150,000 tons of Allied shipping with the weapon. They even planned an audacious midget submarine attack on New York Harbor, but the Italian armistice happily intervened.

Britain's Royal Navy used both "human torpedoes" and midget submarines. In 1943, British frogmen rode a pair of electrically propelled torpedoes into the strongly protected Italian naval base at Palermo and fixed the detachable warheads of their strange craft to the hulls of an Italian cruiser and a transport. The cruiser was sunk and the transport severely damaged. The following year the same type of sneak craft sank the Bolzano, a cruiser taken over by the Germans, in La Spezia Harbor, northern Italy. But the most daring and rewarding sneak attack by the British during the war occurred in 1943, when three of their midget submarines crippled Germany's 41,000-ton battleship Tirpitz in a shallow 60-mile-long Norwegian fiord.

Creeping silently underwater, the midgets safely passed listening posts and gun positions and penetrated mine fields and two sets of antitorpedo nets. One midget was spotted, but the subs pressed home the attack. Their crews mined the Tirpitz's keel, then sank their tiny craft and swam for shore. The commander of one midget was captured and taken aboard the Tirpitz. He was calmly enjoying coffee in the wardroom of the German battleship when the time-fused mines exploded and ripped out her bottom.

Since World War II, several nations have been experimenting with midget subs. The British now have a model superior to the type used in the attack on the Tirpitz. Their new XE-craft, as they are called, recently underwent a series of evaluation tests at the U.S. Naval Base, Norfolk, Virginia. In July, two 18-ton German *Seehund*-type midgets, captured by the French and improved by them, also began a series of trials at Norfolk.

The French version of the *Seehund* has a range of 350 miles on the surface and 50 miles submerged. Two 3,500-pound electrically operated torpedoes, each with a 600-pound warhead, are slung against her sides. The French midgets can reach a depth of 225 feet, have a submerged speed of about four miles an hour and can stay underwater for 24 hours without surfacing. Their top speed is about nine miles an hour.

As a "big submarine" sailor who has always favored the employment of standard-sized subs in the more profitable mission of sinking enemy shipping wholesale at sea rather than in harbor, I must confess that I was not too impressed by the World War II midget subs. Today I'm of a different opinion. I believe midget submarines like the X1—much more powerful and versatile than the World War II models—can be one of the most deadly arms in our naval arsenal.

In my opinion also, Minisubs will eventually become regular equipment to be carried on the deck of every standard-sized submarine. Why? To use in both ferreting operations and attacks on convoys. Midgets could be released from mother submarines miles ahead of a convoy to creep underwater actually into the convoy before firing their torpedoes. Detection devices would prevent standard submarines from getting that close, but Minisubs because of their size and silent operation would be perfect for the job. After the convoy attack, the midget pack could be picked up under cover of darkness by the mother submarines once again.

How about air-lifting the Minisubs? It is a possibility. Right now helicopters capable of lifting 40 tons are being tested. I see no reason why the 25-ton Minisubs could not be flown to inaccessible landlocked seas—for example, the Caspian Sea off southern Russia. In darkness, the midget and her crew could be lowered gently to the water to strike at shipping with explosives or even to plant atomic mines. The operation might entail sacrificing the Minisub, but her crew could be picked up by a helicopter and flown out to safety.

Such an operation—indeed all Minisub operations—will call for great cunning, daring and courage, qualities demonstrated so well by American youth in submarines during the last war. The versatile Minisub now being developed may be the forerunner of a new branch of the submarine service. I hope so—for control of the seas in a future war will depend on boldness, imagination and enterprise. ▲▲▲

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Silver Rock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"We had quite a camp here once."

Tully nodded and said, "The Iron Top and the McClellan. I should say you did, unless all the textbooks lied."

"They didn't lie," old Kevin said softly. "Where've you worked?"

Tully told him he'd been with one of the big mining companies since he left school, and had been doing exploratory work in Aspen, Colorado, on lead-zinc for a subsidiary company when the Marine Reserve recalled him to active duty.

"Like the work?" old Kevin asked.

Tully said, "Sure, the pay's good and you work with the best equipment available."

The old man nodded. "It's a poor profession these days if you're a loner. Going back?"

"Yes. After I loaf a while."

They sat in tranquil silence, and Tully, fairly certain he had passed the first test, thought back to the many letters he had written old Kevin pretending they were on behalf of Jimmy, whose arms were rotting with gangrene and whose mind was drugged with pain-killing opiates. Each of those letters always contained news of Lieutenant Gibbs, Jimmy's savior, his friend, his pilot, how they talked mining, and what a swell guy Gibbs was. Tully wondered now whether he had overdone it, but he couldn't know that until later.

Old Kevin stirred then and said, "Well, you picked a good place to loaf. How long you plan to stay?"

"A few days maybe," Tully said. "I want to do a lot of walking and get my legs back in shape. Then I'd like to look at some of the old mines too."

"There's a fair-sized one north of town up Liberty Gulch, the Mahaffey. It's a good lead-zinc-gold property."

TULLY threw away his cigarette and rose. "I'll see you around, won't I, Mr. Russel?"

"Certainly. Come over any time you feel like it. In fact, come over lots."

Back on the road again, Tully assessed what he had accomplished. It wasn't much except that he thought the old man had liked him on sight. Meanwhile, he had paved the way for his next move by telling old Kevin he wanted to look at the country. Now he was ready to go to work.

The tallest building in town was the cupolaed brick courthouse, and Tully mounted its worn stone steps with a sense of growing excitement. Inside, the halls were lofty and dimly lighted. Tully opened the door marked County Clerk and Recorder and walked up to the counter. From somewhere in the back of the room came the sound of a typewriter. Tully cleared his throat noisily. The typewriter ceased and from around the desk came a girl, the girl in the red convertible last night.

"Did you get rid of him?" Tully asked.

"At ten minutes to two, no thanks to you," she answered, recognizing him with no show of surprise.

"Did you forget where you lived? Couldn't you have driven home, thanked him for a nice evening, and gone inside?"

"You don't know Ben Hodes," the girl said.

"You tried awfully hard to introduce me," Tully said dryly. "Look, if you don't like drinkers, why go out with them?"

"That's a large order in this town."

"Then you ought to organize a rescue unit," Tully suggested, "and not depend on strangers."

"Especially timid ones."

"Right," Tully said. "Who's in charge here?"

The girl laughed suddenly. "Won't I do? I'm Sarah Moffit, by the way."

"Gibbs. Tully Gibbs," Tully said. "Are you the recorder?"

"I do his job when he isn't here. What is it you want?"

"I think Kevin and Jimmy Russel have some mining claims in this county. I'd like to know their location."

The girl's expression changed; there was faint suspicion in it now. "Any special claims?"

"These are on Officer's Ridge."

Her eyebrows raised. "Now, how did you know that? It's called Vicksburg Hill now, and only the oldest oldtimers ever call it Officer's Ridge."

"Why, Jimmy told me."

"Did he tell you to have a look at the claims there?"

Plain annoyance showed in Tully's face. "He did, but I haven't got an affidavit to prove it," he said.

She turned and walked into the big vault on the left side of the room. Presently she returned with a big ledger, dumped it on the desk and said, "Could I ask you a very small question? How do you propose to find these claims? That is, unless you have a map, a compass, a surveyor and a logging crew in your pocket?"

Tully frowned. "Why, are they hard to find?"

"Unless you know the country, they're impossible. There's no road to them. There are some prospect holes on the claims, but you have to know even your game trails to find them." She added with a faint trace of humor in her tone, "If you're thinking of buying them, I can save you time."

"I'm not," Tully said. Then he asked, "Why? Aren't they for sale?"

"There have been offers—none of them accepted."

"Who offered?"

"Ben Hodes for one. He runs the Mahaffey."

Tully said wearily, "There's that man again."

Sarah flushed, but said nothing.

"Can anybody around here take me to the claims?" Tully asked.

She thought a moment, then said, "Do you want to pay for a jeep?" At Tully's nod of assent, she went to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Alec?" she asked. "This is Sarah. Are you working today?" She turned after a moment. "Can you be ready in half an hour?"

"In ten minutes," Tully replied.

She relayed the message and hung up, then crossed back to the counter. "Your man will pick you up at the hotel in fifteen minutes. His name is Alec Bacchione and he'll bring lunch."

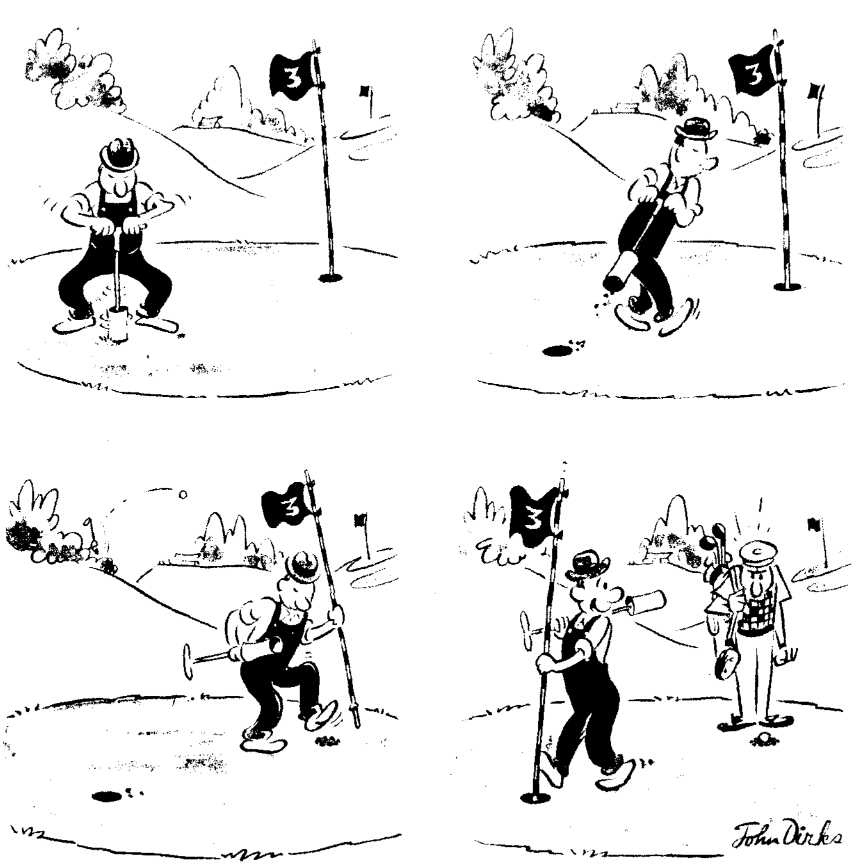
"Sounds like a dude wrangler," Tully observed.

"Not quite," Sarah said patiently. "Alec was a combat engineer during the last war, and he's sort of a free-lance heavy-equipment operator. For a while he was chairman for the county surveyor, and he's guided hunting parties too. He knows that country like a book." She added dryly, "You'll be in safe hands. You'd better change out of those dancing pumps too. You're going to see some country."

Tully said as he turned to leave, "Every time I have an impulse to be polite to you, you change my mind, so I better say thanks before you do it again." . . .

After he had changed into rough clothes and engineer boots in his room, he found a battered Army-surplus jeep waiting in front of the hotel. A short, heavy young man with dark perceptive eyes and an almost tender smile, was behind the wheel. He shook hands with Tully, gave him a few grudging seconds to settle himself, then shot the jeep into a U turn and headed north out of town.

Only a few minutes from town the main-traveled road turned left up a gulch. A sign at the forks pointing left said Mahaffey Mines, Inc. Alec's way was straight ahead and the road, an abandoned mine road, was already scarcely more than a track. Against the grinding of the gears and the noisy jolting of the jeep, conversation was impossible. Tully, welcoming Alec's silence, reviewed the little he knew of the Russel claims.



COLLIER'S "Nice shot!" JOHN DIRKS

MOST of it had been gleaned in the days and nights while Jimmy and he lay side by side on the schoolhouse floor at Taegu, where they'd been brought after the crash of their Tigercat F7F. To dull their pain they talked, forgetting their dislike for each other. The one thing they had in common, an interest in mining, had never been a bond between them; Jimmy's contempt for a "schoolbook miner" had seen to that. But during those interminable and miserable days Jimmy had swallowed his prejudice and had talked about little else but the Officer's Ridge, or Vicksburg, claims, ten in number, and rich in lead, zinc, silver and gold.

Neither Jimmy nor his father could raise the money to develop them, Jimmy had told him. The RFC Mining Loan Department had rejected their application on the grounds that government loans were intended to enlarge going properties, not to develop prospects. Other mining interests knew the worth of the claims, but they also knew old Kevin's inability to develop them. Insulting offers had been insultingly rejected.

The substitute for a road which they had been traveling now hauled up abruptly at a caved-in cabin. A tunnel mouth opened jaggedly into the slope behind the shack.

"From here on we bushwhack," Alec told Tully.

The ground was steeper now, and Alec guided the jeep around windfalls and chose passages through the thinning timber that were just wide enough to accommodate it. But soon they broke out onto a high grassy bench interspersed with heavy thickets of black spruce, which they traveled for another hour. At last Alec swung the jeep in a half circle, cut the motor and said, "End of the line."

They shrugged into their packsacks. Then, pointing to the high, craggy ridge looming directly in front of them, Alec said, "There's ten claims strung out in a line up there. Where do you want to head for?"

"Claims three and four."

"Sarah tell you what's on them?"

Tully shook his head. "Jimmy did. That's where the fault lies closest to the surface, isn't it?"

Alec nodded slowly. "So I heard, but I never heard *him* say it. He didn't talk much about them."

"You weren't in Korea with him," Tully said quietly. "We talked about a lot of funny things."

Alec said matter-of-factly, "Yes, I heard Jimmy's pilot was in town. You going to mine this?"

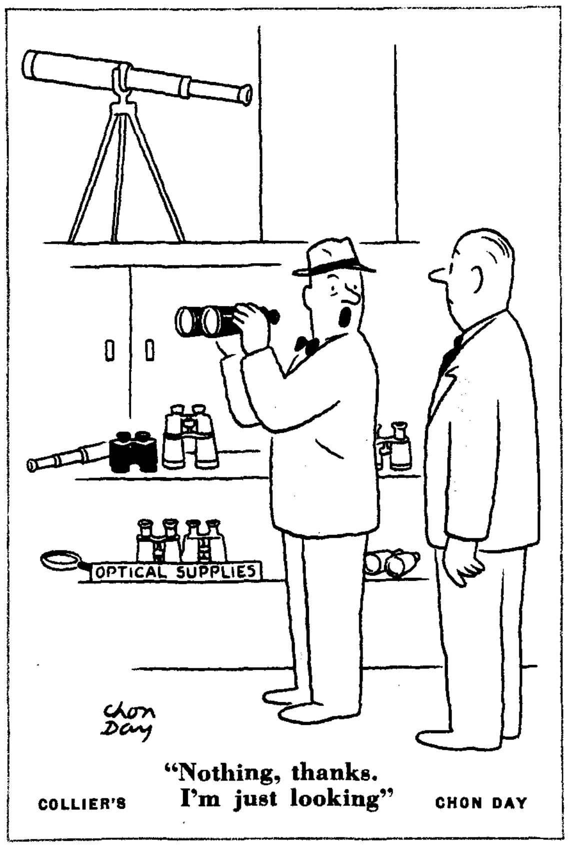
Tully laughed shortly, without humor. "Do I look like Daddy Warbucks? No, I'm a miner by trade. I've been in a hospital seventeen weeks. I came to see old Kevin and I thought

I'd take a look at these claims Jimmy told me about. Just call it a day in the country if it'll make you feel better."

Alec blushed slightly and said, "It's okay by me. Why shouldn't it be?" He hunched his packsack higher on his shoulders and they set off toward the timber to begin their assault on Vicksburg Hill.

The grueling climb was a cross between straight mountain climbing and a logging operation. Alec with his small hand ax hacked and chopped his way through a thick tangle of small timber, at a pace that left Tully's legs rubbery.

Once atop the ridge they paused for a smoke, then wordlessly set off again. A five-minute walk along the far side of the ridge brought them to the Russel workings. Alec halted and said, "Here's one. There's another a half mile on."



"Nothing, thanks. I'm just looking"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

A discovery shaft, a tripod of timbers for a hoist above it, had been sunk into the rotten rock. But before descending, Tully first scouted the area and picked up signs of the fissure veining. Then he shrugged off his packsack, opened it and brought out a prospector's pick and a miner's lamp. As he moved toward the shaft he asked, "Want to go along?"

Alec shook his head. "My old man spent his life in one of them. I'm never going to spend an hour in one."

THE ladder was in good condition but Tully descended warily, turning his lamp on the walls of the shaft. Three quarters of the way down, at fifteen feet, he picked up the first traces of the zinc-and-lead outcrop. Where the drill holes had scarred the rock surface, he saw the shiny grayish crystals of galena lead. As he descended, he saw the vein widening until, standing in the foot of icy water at the bottom of the shaft, the whole structure of the vein lay before him. Sulphides of silver and zinc, in addition to the galena, mottled the walls which were slate gray and appeared to be almost solid ore-bearing rock. Slow excitement welled up within him. Jimmy Russel, even in delirium, had not exaggerated the quantity exposed.

The tunnel ran for only a few feet before it ended. The showings all along the way were uniform, and when he halted at the face of the drift, which did not even expose the whole vein, it came to him with a stunning force that if Jimmy's smelter-report figures were right, old man Russel had a fortune here—one he was powerless to touch.

Tully turned now and retraced his steps, climbing the shaft ladder into the pushing wind of the sunny afternoon.

"What was it like?" Alec asked.

"The stuff's there. What it'll run, I don't know. What did old Kevin and Jimmy ever do with it?"

"Just what you see. They packed samples down from here and from the other discovery shaft and that's about all. The way I get it, to make a mine pay you've got to haul out ore; to haul out ore you got to have a road. I understand roads don't come cheap."

Tully nodded. "It would take a lot of dough."

"Old Kevin hasn't got *that* kind of money."

Tully scowled and said, "What about the county? The taxes they'd get from his operations would easily pay for the road."

"Ha!" Alec said bitterly. "Maybe some other county, but not this one."

"Why not?"

"Well, who okays the roads?" Alec argued. "The commissioners."

"And what have the commissioners got against Kevin?" Tully asked.

Alec smiled almost secretly. "He's a miner and that's enough. During the depression this town practically folded up. It was the ranchers down the valley who paid all the taxes and who elected the county officials. The three commissioners are ranchers. If there is any dough for roads they're ranch roads, certainly not mine roads."

Tully was silent a long moment considering this information. Then Alec said, "Want to look at the other hole?"

For answer Tully rose and Alec took off along the ridge. The second Russel workings were not so extensive but showed ore just as rich. It was a reasonable assumption that all along the fissure between the two workings, and no one knew how far west of the second, about the same quantity and grade of ore could exist.

When Tully was through with his look, he joined Alec again. "Let me go ahead going back," he said. "I'm going to try to hold a twelve per cent grade on the way down."

Alec caught it at once and grinned. "You building the road already?"

Tully said, "It wouldn't be the first one I've built. I'm just curious."

Alec passed the hand ax over to him and they set out. Because of the grade Tully held to, the descent was not difficult. As he moved down, he mentally noted the places that would need powder work, but for the most part he observed that the road could be built with a bulldozer and a minimum of shoring with timber at hand. When they reached the bottom Alec regarded him inquiringly. "How did it look?"

"Well, it'd take money, all right—money nobody's got, I guess."

Darkness overtook them on the ride back to town and the brisk autumn air chilled them both. As they pulled up in front of the hotel, Tully said, "Got time for a drink? Maybe two?"

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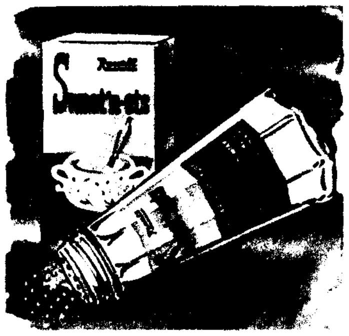

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"Always," Alec said, swinging his leg over the side of the jeep.

As Tully climbed out he could feel the telltale signs in his tired legs and he prayed silently: Please, not now. The bar, an old-fashioned saloon with tile floor, was next to the hotel entrance. Booths were a modern addition and Tully, with a kind of panicky haste, headed straight for the closest one, sank onto the seat and said, "That was quite a walk for a city boy."

THE bartender took their orders, and afterward Tully looked about the room. A scattering of men stood at the bar and at the far end was the man Tully had seen with Sarah Moffit last night—Ben Hodes.

"It looks like some of the boys are getting an early start," said Alec.

"For what?" Tully asked.

"The dance tonight at the Elks. Want to come?"

"Sounds good," Tully said.

At that moment the waiter approached with the drinks, and Tully ordered another round of the same.

All feeling in Tully's legs was gone by now, and oddly it was a pleasant sensation. In a few minutes, according to past performance, they would be all right again, with nobody the wiser. He was slapping his pockets for a pack of cigarettes when, looking up, he saw the towering figure of Ben Hodes halted beside the booth.

"Hello, Ben," Alec said flatly.

Hodes didn't bother to answer; he was looking at Tully, and his heavy, handsome face was scowling.

"Aren't you the joker I saw last night?"

Alec cut in swiftly, "Lay off, Ben. You never saw him in your life before."

"Ask him."

"Has he?" Alec asked Tully.

"If he could see last night, he did," Tully said.

"Look," Hodes said heavily, "Sarah is no pickup. Get that right now."

"I never thought she was."

"Then what the hell were you doing annoying her at the courthouse this morning?"

Faint anger touched Tully. "Who said I was?"

"Never mind, you were seen at her office."

"Annoying her?"

"Don't get salty, friend," Hodes said levelly. "I'm Mr. Trouble himself if you're looking for him."

A wild anger rose in Tully then and, unthinkingly, he put both hands on the edge of the table to lunge erect, but he had forgotten his legs wouldn't respond. He settled back into his seat, his lips white with anger, and he was aware suddenly of both Hodes and Alec watching him.

Hodes laughed softly. "What's the matter? Did you take a second look and change your mind?"

Hodes's gibe, combined with the embarrassed look in Alec's dark eyes, brought a blush to Tully's face. "No, I didn't change my mind. I picked up a pair of broken legs a while back. When I'm tired they cave in on me. They've caved right now. I can't stand."

"Nice timing," Hodes said. He turned and went back to the bar.

The arrival of the waiter with the second round of drinks eased the tension. Tully paid for them and only then looked at Alec. But Alec, with elaborate casualness, refused to meet his glance. Tully knew then that Alec believed he'd ducked the fight. . . .

Alec had said he would pick Tully up at nine o'clock that night, and when Tully met him in the hotel lobby, Alec was full of talk about the dance, the orchestra, the clubrooms, the weather, the night—in fact, he talked of everything except their day together and the incident with Hodes. He'll never mention it, Tully thought grimly, as they entered the Elks clubrooms on the first floor of a big brick building in the center of the next block. Alec led him past the ballroom—the converted lodge-meeting room—down a corridor to the small crowded bar at the rear. Their highballs were half finished when the orchestra started playing, and Alec said, "Want to go in?" They went back to the ballroom, which was decorated in a harvest motif. Here Tully joined the stag line and had his look at the girls.

Suddenly he caught sight of Sarah Moffit. She was dancing with Ben Hodes, but it took Tully several seconds to realize it since he looked only at her. Her gown was black and tight-fitting. Tully headed across the floor, touched Hodes's elbow and cut in.

Sarah's smile was a forgiving one as she moved determinedly out of Hodes's arms and into Tully's. They danced away, leaving Hodes standing sullenly in the middle of the floor.

"Did you look at the claims?" Sarah asked, still smiling.

Tully nodded. "Yes, I guess they're all Jimmy thought they were."

"You talk as if you knew."

"I'm a miner by trade."

Sarah was quiet a moment. Tully was beginning to appreciate what an expert dancer she was, when she said, "Are you going to help mine them?"

Go easy, Tully thought. Remember she's Hodes's girl. "What gave you that idea?"

"Jimmy's letters to Kevin, for one thing. More than once he wrote that he was going to bring you home with him when he got well." She smiled faintly. "I've read them, so I know."

Tully felt a creeping shame within him, and he thought: More than once *I* wrote, you mean. "That's news to me," he said uncomfortably. "No, Jimmy had told me about the claims, and being a miner, I wanted a look."

THERE was a kind of relief in Sarah's voice as she said, "I suppose that's reasonable."

Tully had control of himself now. "Why, are you a friend of Kevin's?"

"The best."

"And now you want to protect him from me?"

The music stopped and Sarah stood before him, frowning slightly. "I—I just don't know what you want, is all."

Tully grinned swiftly. "I'm trying to add up a few things, too, but I can't seem to get the right answer. Remember last night when you wanted to get away from that big, bad man?"

Sarah nodded. "How does that add up to a date with him tonight?"

"Let's say I'm performing a civic duty," Sarah said, with a kind of mockery in her voice. "You see, I can handle Ben Hodes, where other girls can't. It amuses me to keep him guessing."

"You must be pretty hard up for amusement," Tully observed wryly.

"Maybe I am," Sarah said, laughing, "but you must admit Ben is a change from dusty ledgers. He's exciting, too. Have you ever thought what fun it might be to go everywhere with a not-very-tame gorilla—who breaks things and gets exactly what he wants in the most direct way?"

"That's still no answer."

"All right, he likes me. He's not bad looking, he dresses well and he's got standing in the community, like it or not. Besides that, we grew up together, and I understand him. If you could find twenty other men in town you could say the same things about, I'd go out with them."

"I wish you would."

Sarah laughed. "Don't take him so seriously. I don't."

The music started again and Sarah was coming into his arms when Tully felt a rough hand on his elbow. He was half spun around by the force of it and was brought up facing Hodes.

"I want to buy you kids a drink," Hodes said.

Tully glanced at Sarah who said, "Oh, lordy, that will make seven Cokes since we got here."

"Come along," Hodes said, as he and Sarah led the way to the bar. Tully noted a kind of animal jauntiness in Hodes's gait.

WHEN they were seated Hodes said, "I don't want a drink, neither does Junior here, Sarah. I just want to talk." Elbow on the table, he pointed a thick finger at Tully. "I told this character this afternoon you were no pickup. Now he's trying it again."

"Has anyone ever called you a slob?" Tully said, quietly. "Because if they haven't, I am now."

"Lots of people, Junior, but only once."

"You're a slob. That's twice for me."

Hodes, rising, glanced at Sarah. "Every time I wreck a place she won't give me a date for ten days. Have you any objection to the night air?"

Tully stood up. "Not at all," he said.

Sarah said imploringly, "Please, please, don't! Beth is right there at the bar, Ben. Don't do it."

Tully glanced over his shoulder and saw a slight, dark-skinned girl in a pale blue dress talking with a bespectacled, balding man. They were at the far end of the bar, but even at this distance Tully could see that Beth must be Hodes's sister. He felt Sarah's hand on his arm and looked back at her.

"Please don't," she begged.

Tully said, "Remember? It's fun to watch him scare people." Then he turned and followed Hodes into the corridor and through a door at the back of the hallway that let out onto an alley. The light above the door cast a bright circle of light. Hodes took off his expensive sport coat and tossed it aside.

Tully stripped out of his coat and said, "Why don't we make this for something besides fun?"

"You sound like a money fighter, Junior," Hodes said affably. "Sure. What'll it be?"

"Got any money in your bank here?" Tully asked.

"My sister and I are majority stockholders."

"Okay," Tully said. "You lose and you go on my note for a ten-thousand, one-hundred-and-twenty-day loan."

Hodes said swiftly, "That's a deal—what are you putting up?"

"Why, naturally, the thing you seem to want—I won't see Sarah again."

Hodes snorted angrily. "That's a hell of a bet."

"That's what we're fighting over, isn't it?"

Hodes scowled, trying to pin down Tully's glibness. Liquor, excitement and his naturally slow processes of thought had him confused for a moment and now Tully taunted him: "Make up your mind, I'm getting cold. Besides, you'd probably welsh on the bet."

Hodes lowered his head. "Junior, we're talking too much. It's a bet." Then, with a gleeful shout, he rushed in.

Tully crouched and hit Ben with a driving block just above the knees. Hodes sailed over Tully's back and landed heavily on his shoulder and face on the ground.

Tully was standing, hands at his side, when Hodes came to his feet. "You're clumsy, chum," he said mockingly. "No cigar for that try." A low growl of anger rose in Hodes's throat and he came in, arms windmilling.

Tully knew he was outweighed by a good thirty pounds, and Hodes had a reach of many inches on him. He broke away swiftly, ducking Hodes's reaching bear hug, and Hodes, thinking his man was evading him again, charged stubbornly.

Tully's move was too quick for him; Hodes walked face first into Tully's locked and straightened left arm and it halted him with an abruptness that straightened out his knees. Tully saw his opening again and drove a wild, chancy right, with all his weight and anger behind it, into Hodes's belly. At the moment of impact, he caught Hodes's roundhouse swing on his head. It knocked him flat. He rolled over and immediately got to his feet.

BUT Hodes was flat on his back, arms wrapped around his belly, knees almost touching his chin as he gagged for air. Tully walked over to him and was only then aware of Sarah Moffit standing against the closed corridor door. Tully said harshly, "Get back in there, you fool!"

Startled, she obeyed, and Tully gave his attention to Hodes. The big man rolled over and got up on his knees and retched. Then he got unsteadily to his feet. There was a sick discouragement in Hodes's eyes, and myriad scratches on his face were bleeding. His chest was heaving with his effort to breathe.

Tully said, "You can always walk away from it, you know."

For ten long seconds Hodes regarded him, a baffled hatred in his eyes. Then, wordlessly, he walked over to his coat, picked it up and walked out of the alley.

Wearily, Tully tramped over and picked up his own coat and shrugged into it. He heard the corridor door open and Beth Hodes stepped out. "Where is he?" she asked softly.

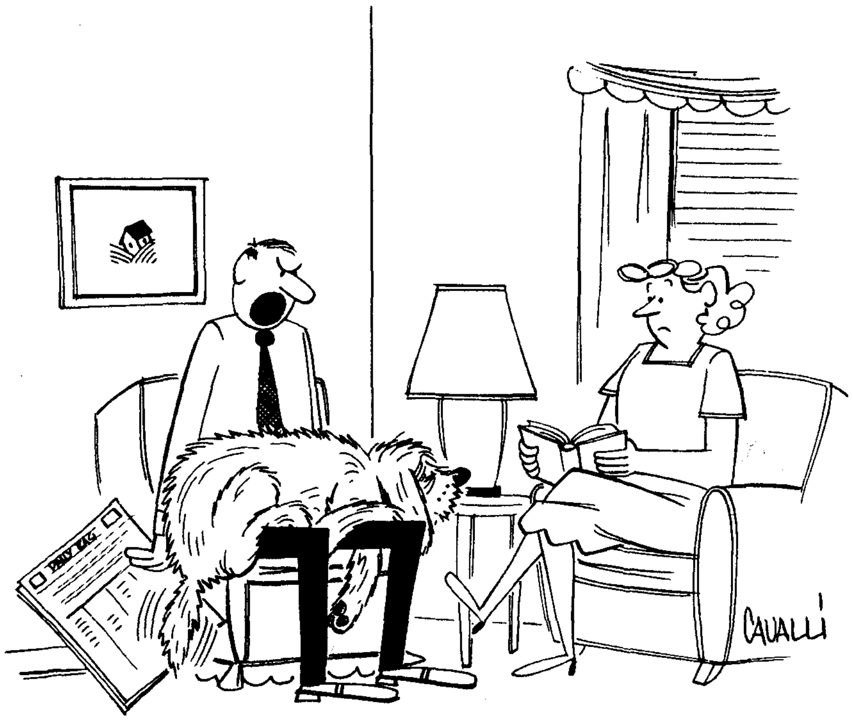
Tully inclined his head in the direction Hodes had taken.

"Are you hurt?" Beth asked.

"Ask him," Tully answered curtly. Then he wheeled and walked down the alley toward the hotel.

SARAH watched her Sunday-school class scatter with subdued whoops down the musty basement corridor of the church. Then, glancing at the drizzle of rain outside, she suddenly made up her mind that there would be no sermon for her today.

A half block from her apartment on her way home, Sarah saw her mother approaching, erect and hurrying, lest she be late for the service.



"Is this really the same puppy that tore at our heartstrings from the store window only six months ago?"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

"I'm a renegade this morning, Ma," Sarah announced when they met.

"Well, I put the roast in at quarter to eleven. You can fix the potatoes if you want."

"How big's the roast?"

Mrs. Moffit looked at her daughter inquiringly. "It's tremendous," she announced. "Who's it to be besides Kevin?"

"Sam, maybe and maybe someone else—not Ben."

"Well, that's a comfort," Mrs. Moffit said. Then she added hastily, "Without his appetite, we're sure to have enough."

Her mother's near slip brought a smile to Sarah's face. She said, "You better hurry, Ma," and they parted. Mrs. Moffit did not like Ben Hodes although wild horses couldn't have dragged this admission from her, Sarah knew. She also knew that her mother, in spite of all reassurances to the contrary, was afraid that she was serious about Ben.

The Moffit apartment was in the heart of the business district over Benbow's Furniture Store. Five years ago, a year after her father's death, Sarah and her mother had decided that the old Hawley house, a relic of the boom days and inherited by Mrs. Moffit from her father, was no place for two women. They had exchanged its cavernous rooms, its heavy furniture, its wide lawn—none of which they could afford to keep up—for a spacious apartment. With Sarah's courthouse job and Mrs. Moffit's library job, they lived well.

Sarah climbed the stairs swiftly and let herself in, then walked straight across the living room to the telephone stand. She picked up the telephone and called Alec Bacchione, asking him to pick up Kevin and deliver him there at one. Her second call was to Sam Horne, editor and owner of the weekly Azurite Nugget. She lighted a cigarette then and stared thoughtfully across the room.

Then she called the hotel and asked for Mr. Gibbs.

This was foolish and pushing, she thought, as she waited for the clerk to summon him. Then she thought sternly: No, it isn't; it's a peace offering.

"Hello." Tully's voice was reserved, almost suspicious.

"This is that damned fool you wouldn't let into the alley last night," Sarah said.

"Oh. Are you checking for your friend? If you are, tell him I had a good night's sleep and I'm in the pink."

"He can't wait to hear," Sarah said sweetly. She paused. "Are we through being nasty to each other? Because if we are, how would you like to have Sunday dinner with us?"

"Us?"

"Not Ben and me. Mother and Kevin and Sam Horne, our local editor, and me. Can't you smell the roast?"

"Wonderful," Tully said. "Thank you very much."

"Come early—in about half an hour. I've got a couple of recipes I want to swap with you."

SHE was busy in the kitchen preparing potatoes when she heard the doorbell. She did not remove her apron before she opened the door. "Hi, Tully. Come in." As they shook hands, she said, "Oh, heavens. How did you find us? I forgot to give you directions."

Tully grinned as he took off his topcoat. "The town's not that big, is it?"

As Sarah took his coat and hung it in the closet, Tully looked about the gay room. "This is nice," he said.

"Come along and help. Ma's at church and I'm cook."

As she led him down the corridor to the kitchen, she asked, "Would you like a cocktail? I would."

"I thought you drank Cokes—seven last night, to be exact," Tully said.

"I just don't like to be told when I want a drink by anyone, including Mr. Hodes."

"Good for you," Tully said. "Now about these drinks—shall I mix them?"

"I'd like that," Sarah said, smiling.

She pointed to the liquor cabinet, and Tully made a shaker of cocktails while she finished her work. Then they sat down in the dining alcove and Tully poured their drinks.

"You said Kevin was coming for dinner. Is it on my account?" Tully asked.

"Partly. I want to be around when you talk mining to him."

Tully scowled. "Last night, you didn't want me to."

"I still don't—but I know you will."

"Look. What's wrong with me? What have I done?"

"Nothing. Only you don't add up," Sarah said quietly. "For instance, how well did you know Jimmy Russel?"

"As well as you'd know anyone you were in trouble with."

"Did you like him?"

She saw a swift calculation rise in Tully's pale eyes. "No," he said.

"Yet, you got a Silver Star for pulling him out of a flaming plane when both your legs were broken."

Tully scowled. "Who told you that?"

"The honor guard at Jimmy's funeral," Sarah said.

Tully shrugged. "Whether or not I liked him had nothing to do with that."

"I can see that," Sarah agreed. "Still, I can't see you coming to this remote spot and looking up Jimmy's father. You'd do it for a friend, but would you do it for someone you didn't like?"

Tully looked thoughtfully out of the window at the slow drizzle. "How well did *you* know Jimmy?" he asked.

"Very well. He was the most detestable brat, the worst son and most contemptible creature I've ever known. His mother died when he was born. Kevin had to work and still try and raise him. The neighbors took turns, and one by one they gave up. He stole, he lied and he bullied. By the time he was fourteen Kevin couldn't lick him any more. After that, he ran about as wild as a kid can and still stay out of jail."

"What would you say if I told you that Jimmy asked me to come?"

"Favor to a dying man?"

"Put it that way if you want."

Sarah smiled. "I'd say what Jimmy said: 'You're a pretty good guy.' "

SHE wasn't prepared for the furious flush of embarrassment that colored Tully's face. He gulped his drink and asked, "Does that help me add up?"

Sarah nodded. "Only in one column though. Last night you acted so coy, so surprised when I asked you if you were going to mine Kevin's claims. But the second thing you did when you hit town was to go have a look at them. So why pretend this elaborate disinterest?"

"Look," Tully said earnestly, "I'm a miner. So was Jimmy. We talked a lot about those claims. When I come into his country what am I supposed to do? Sit in my hotel room with a good book? But if you're worried, I am not out to steal, buy or lease Kevin's claims."

"Okay. The second column adds up too," Sarah said.

"Mind if I hold the pistol now? I want to ask you some questions."

"Go ahead."

"Alec told me Hodes had made an offer—a low offer—on those claims. Kevin turned it down." He paused. "Could it be you're fighting off the rabble until your favorite character can starve Kevin into accepting his offer?"

A quick anger came to Sarah and then died. "That's a low blow, chum."

"But not the first one this morning."

A knock on the living-room door interrupted them, and Sarah left to answer it. Following her after a moment, Tully found her helping a short, balding, middle-aged man out of his dripping raincoat. It was the man Beth Hodes had been talking to in the bar last night.

Sarah said, "Tully, this is Sam Horne. He runs the newspaper. This is Tully Gibbs, Sam."

For a reason Tully could not have explained he guessed immediately that Sam Horne was city-bred and -trained, one of the many newspapermen who work for a big daily or a press service only long enough to make a stake and buy a rural newspaper of their own.

Horne held out a stubby hand. "You must be the fellow who put Hodes through the wringer last night. I watched it from the clubrooms upstairs, along with ten other guys." He glanced briefly at Tully. "Why didn't you boot him when you had him down?"

Tully grinned, beginning to like Sam. "That wouldn't have been proper."

"No, but it would have been simple justice."

Sarah laughed and then said, "Want a drink, Sam?"

Sam said, "Of course I do."

Sarah disappeared into the kitchen. Horne looked about him with obvious pleasure. "You know, this is what I need for my place—a touch of the female," he said approvingly. "It always looks as if they just shot a cowboy movie in it." He sat in the nearest easy chair. "You were Jimmy's pilot, right?"

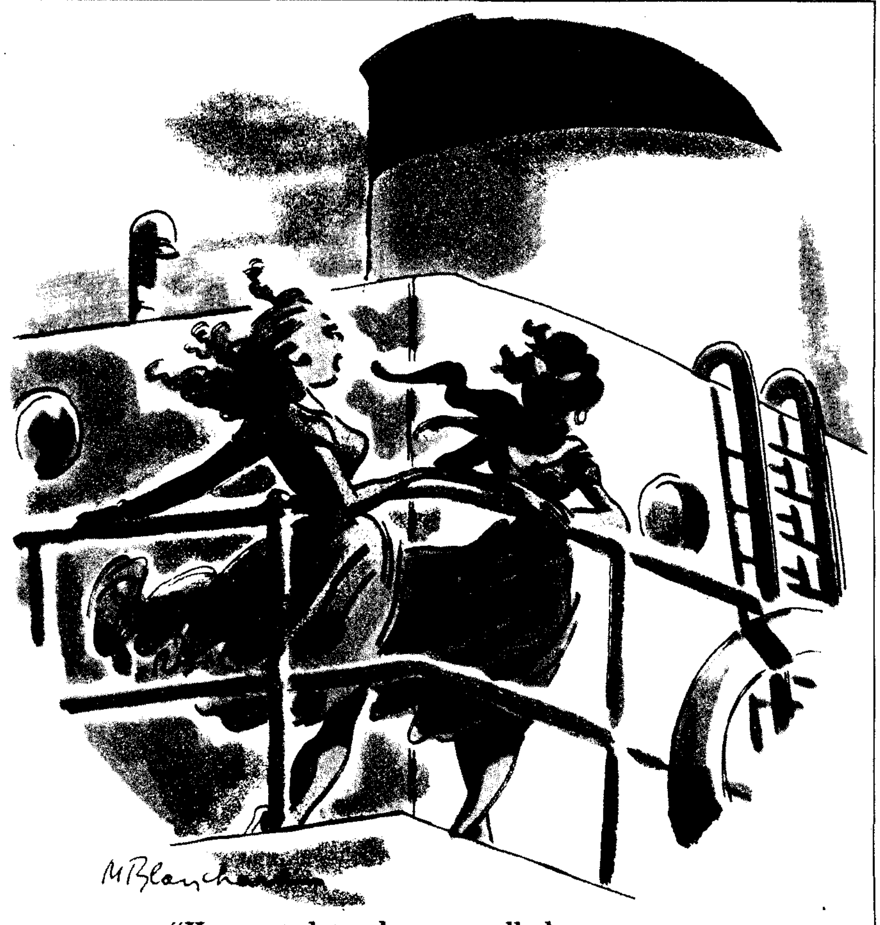
Tully nodded.

"Nasty little guy, huh?" Horne said.

Tully shrugged noncommittally, and as Sarah came in with the tray of cocktails they heard quick footsteps ascending the stairs outside. The door opened and Mrs. Moffit came into the room, leaving the door open behind her.

"Hi, lady," Sam said, rising.

"This is Tully Gibbs, Ma," Sarah said. "My mother, Tully." Mrs. Moffit looked politely puzzled as she extended her hand, and Sarah said, "I'll catch you up on him later, Ma. Want a drink?"



"He wanted to show me all the places of historical interest, but I said, 'Look, I'm on my vacation'"

COLLIER'S MARTHA BLANCHARD

"Heavens, no," Mrs. Moffit said. "Not at this hour. But have one ready for Kevin. I passed him on the stairs."

Mrs. Moffit hung up her coat and was on her way to the kitchen when old Kevin came in, shuffling laboriously. He looked scrubbed and burnished in his blue suit, with his sparse white hair neatly combed over his pink scalp. He ceremoniously shook hands with Tully and then with Sam Horne.

After they were settled comfortably with their drinks, Tully was content to listen, and by the time they sat down to dinner, he felt as if he had always known these easygoing, friendly people. Mrs. Moffit was anything but an aging woolly-headed female. Prodded by Sam Horne's questions she and old Kevin reminisced about Azurite's boom days.

Tully, his dinner finished, was listening in pleasant lethargy, when Sam Horne addressed him. "What did you think of the Vicksburg claims?"

Tully could not quite hide the surprise he felt. He looked almost guiltily at Kevin, and then he knew immediately that Kevin, like Sam, had probably heard all about his visit, perhaps from Alec.

Tully addressed himself to old Kevin: "It looked to me like a mighty good prospect, Mr. Russel." Sarah was watching him closely. Easy does it, he thought.

"Think one of the major companies would be interested?" old Kevin asked.

"That's hard to say, but I doubt it. These big outfits need enough ore to make building a mill practical, and I don't think you have that much."

While he was talking, Tully noticed old Kevin fumbling around the inside pockets of his coat. Now he brought out a couple of letters, took one from its envelope, and then looked around the group. "I have something to say, but I want to read this first," old Kevin said. "This is a letter I got from Jimmy a month or so before he died."

Tully's face seemed to turn to stone. Even at this distance he could recognize his own handwriting. He was aware of Sarah covertly watching him, and he knew that if his expression betrayed him now he was lost.

Old Kevin began to read: *"You remember I wrote you my lieutenant is a hard-rock miner. I wish I could bring him home with me and show him Vicksburg. I don't suppose he'd be interested in it because after the war he's got a good job waiting for him. But, Dad, we could make him rich and us rich, and making him rich is the least I could do."*

Tully did not need to feign embarrassment; he raised his hand in protest. "That's enough, Mr. Russel. I—" He faltered for lack of anything to say.

Old Kevin put the letter down and leaned back in his chair. "There it is, son," he announced. "That's what I was going to say."

Tully's heart began to beat faster. To cover his excitement, he scowled and looked puzzled.

Old Kevin said, "You think there's enough ore there to bother with, son?"

"To bother with?" Tully echoed. "I think there's a small fortune in it."

"Want to mine it share and share alike?"

Right on a platter, lettuce and all, Tully thought exultantly. But he said, trying to project a convincing incredulity, "Why—I think it would be wonderful, Mr. Russel, but I don't see where I belong in this."

Sam Horne put in bluntly, "You belong there because he wants you there. Don't go coy on us."

Tully laughed in embarrassment, and only afterward dared to look at Sarah. The expression of deep pleasure on her face told him that his play-acting had been convincing, and for the briefest moment he felt a sharp guilt.

"Maybe I'm not doing you any favor," old Kevin said slowly. "I don't have to tell you, I'm broke."

Tully thought of many things at once then—of the fifteen hundred dollars' combat pay he had in the bank, of the ten-thousand-dollar loan he had fought Ben Hodes for last night, of the gray body of lead, zinc and silver lying up on the Vicksburg claims. He said, "I don't think that has to worry you, Mr. Russel. I could borrow enough to get a start."

For two hours then, they talked. Old Kevin revealed that the smelter reports on his tests had shown fourteen per cent lead, twenty-eight ounces silver and seventeen per cent zinc, confirming the figures Jimmy had told Tully.

They all agreed that the greatest expense would be in constructing the road. Old Kevin, through the years, had obtained easements for a road through other properties, so there would be no trouble on that score. But the project properly deserved the financial aid of the county, even though the commissioners had stubbornly refused Kevin any road aid. On Tully's suggestion it was agreed that he would appear before them for one more try, at their regular meeting the next morning.

IN LATE afternoon Sam Horne had to leave and only then did the women, with Tully's help, stir themselves to clear off the table. When Sarah and Tully returned to the living room, old Kevin was sleeping soundly in the most comfortable chair. Tully halted and looked down at him.

"I've got something to tell my kids," he murmured. "It's not true that Santa Claus has a beard."

"Maybe Kevin has just discovered that too," Sarah said. "You see, he counted on Jimmy for so long, but Jimmy couldn't be bothered so long as there was a crap game floating around. I guess crap games are what decided Jimmy. The sports around town took him. He owed so much he had to leave town for a while. I guess that started him thinking, and he realized that the Vicksburg claims were his only short cut to money, real money. But by that time it was too late; the draft was breathing down his neck." She sighed and went on, "Then Kevin counted on the government to help him out, and they turned him down. All he had left was Ben Hodes and his offer of a one-and-a-half per cent interest. So maybe you're Santa Claus, too, Tully."

Oddly, Tully felt a relief at her words. They made his letter of self-praise, his scheming and even his greed seem less reprehensible after all. It didn't matter how he achieved his partnership so long as it was his money and his work that would develop it. Yet, the guilt lingered and he knew he was deceiving himself. —LUKE SHORT

(This is the first of four parts)

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THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUES US

The "heavy" in the drama is the housefly, who has outsmarted man by building up resistance to DDT and other chemicals that once were fatal. But science is now mounting a new offensive

By HERBERT YAHRAES

THE flies you see buzzing around the house these summer days are worth more than a casual brush-off. They're tougher, sassier, smarter than ever before and—barring a direct hit—they're going to be a lot harder to kill.

A few years ago we thought we had the housefly on the run. We mounted a mighty chemical-warfare offensive against it which began with DDT and followed with closely related poisons like aldrin, dieldrin, lindane, toxaphene and chlordan. But the flies' resistance to the insecticides kept stiffening, and none of these weapons will eliminate today's superfly. The villain still pursues us.

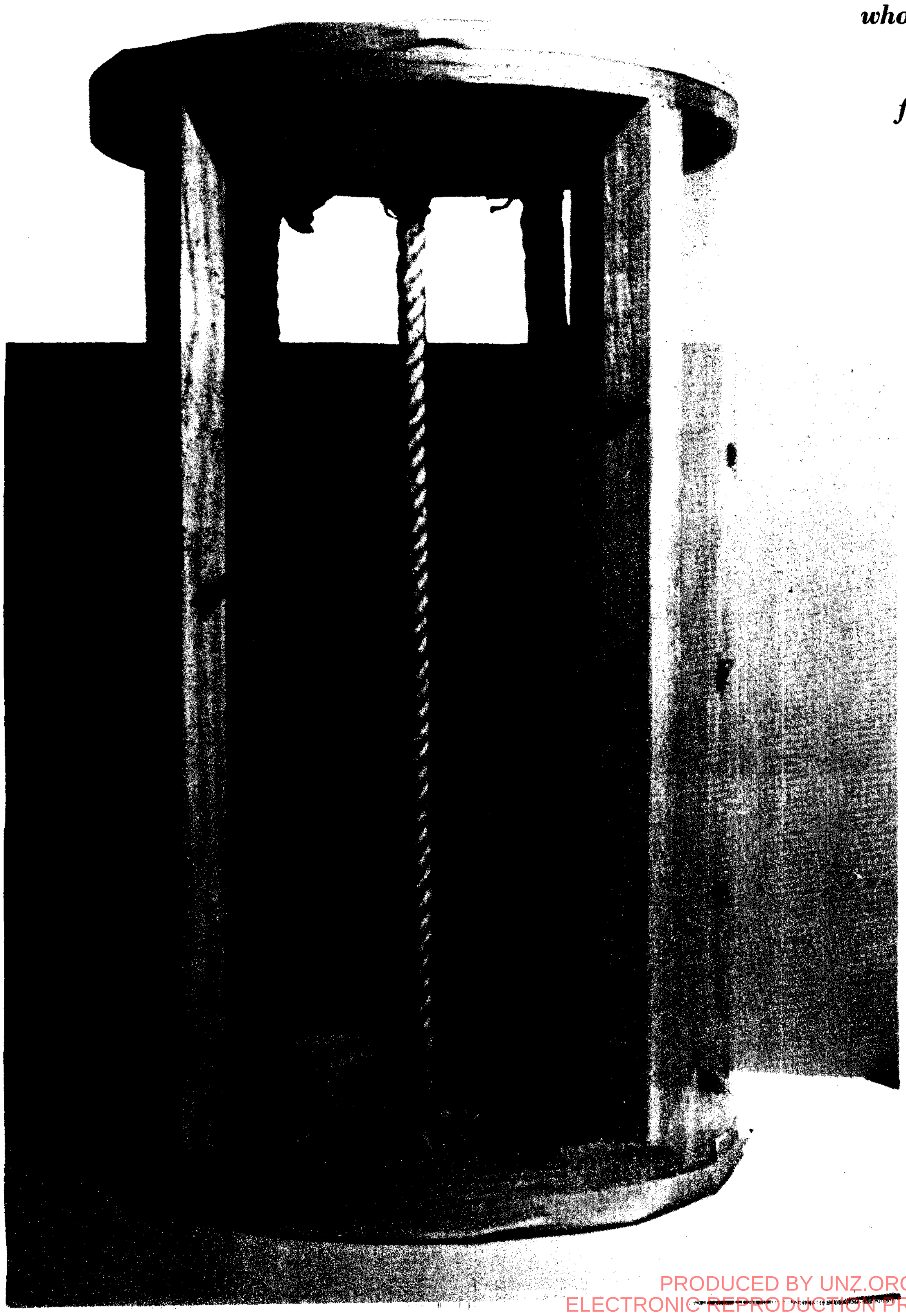
We now have to contend with a strain of flies which can absorb a once-deadly insecticide and change it into a chemical as harmless as water. Another strain doesn't even bother to convert the poison; because of some yet undiscovered characteristic—perhaps a thicker skin—it simply doesn't absorb the stuff.

As if such devilishness weren't enough, some flies seem to have changed their habits, confusing their attackers even more, though flies vary in degree of resistance according to locality. They have taken to resting on floors, which are usually not heavily sprayed with insecticide, instead of on ceilings, which sometimes are. Other flies, instead of walking all around a wall, now sit still, thereby reducing the chance of contact with the poison.

The creatures, in short, have beaten us back. But man refuses to admit any but temporary defeat, and a new counteroffensive is under way. More powerful than any in the past, it is operating on many more fronts, with newer weapons and wilier stratagems.

Scientists have been counting flies to find out if the pests would rather sit on white string or red string; they have been breeding flies to learn how their toughness is inherited; they have been grinding up flies to study their biochemical processes. Other scientists have been feeding flies radioactive milk and tracking their wanderings with the aid of Geiger counters. They have been poking around town with flashlights to find where flies rest at night. They have developed a number of fly-fighting gadgets, including a device that shackles flies with nylon-thread leashes.

Other scientists, although still hopeful of beefing up DDT, have



After researchers found that flies preferred rounded to flat surfaces, they began hanging poison-treated string in barns. Color tests prove that flies have a strong preference for red

An anesthetized fly on a one-inch nylon leash. Flies are shackled, in a government lab, so they can easily be caught after experiments

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROMAN VISHNIAC

been throwing into the battle some of the most potent poisons known—compounds like parathion, tetraethyl pyrophosphate and other organic phosphates. They are doing so reluctantly, because these poisons can kill humans as well as flies.

If you think all this time and effort too much of a pother about so apparently minor an enemy, look at this statistic: just one pair of flies that began breeding in April could by next month have so many descendants—if they all lived and bred—that the entire earth would be covered about three feet deep with flies. And they're not just maddeningly prolific: they transmit dysentery and diarrhea, and cholera, typhoid fever, trachoma and a number of other diseases.

Of the many groups public and private engaged in the new all-out campaign against the fly, probably the one with the deepest concern in it is the Communicable Disease Center of the U.S. Public Health Service. The C.D.C.'s lab work is conducted at Oatland Island, Savannah, Georgia, in a handsome, porticoed structure, once a home for retired members of the Order of Railway Conductors.

Germ-Bearing Insects for Experiments

Upstairs, a large recreation room has been converted into an insectary where every month over a million fleas, as well as several hundred thousand mosquitoes, fleas, bedbugs and other germ-carrying insects, are raised for study.

Many of the 30 scientists at the lab are concerned directly with the fly. They test scores of potential insecticides a year, some developed at Savannah, others by insecticide manufacturers and other researchers throughout the country.

One remarkable device to simplify the work is a knockdown recorder used by Dr. Richard W. Fay. He puts a batch of flies in a cage sprayed with the test insecticide, flicks a switch and walks off. The switch starts two spools of cellophane tape unwinding beneath the cage. As the poison knocks out the flies, they fall through a funnel-like opening, land on one of the moving strips and are quickly covered by the other. Hours later, Dr. Fay picks up the fly mausoleum and, since he knows how fast the tape was moving, easily determines just when each fly fell. He thus has a measure of the speed of the insecticide's action.

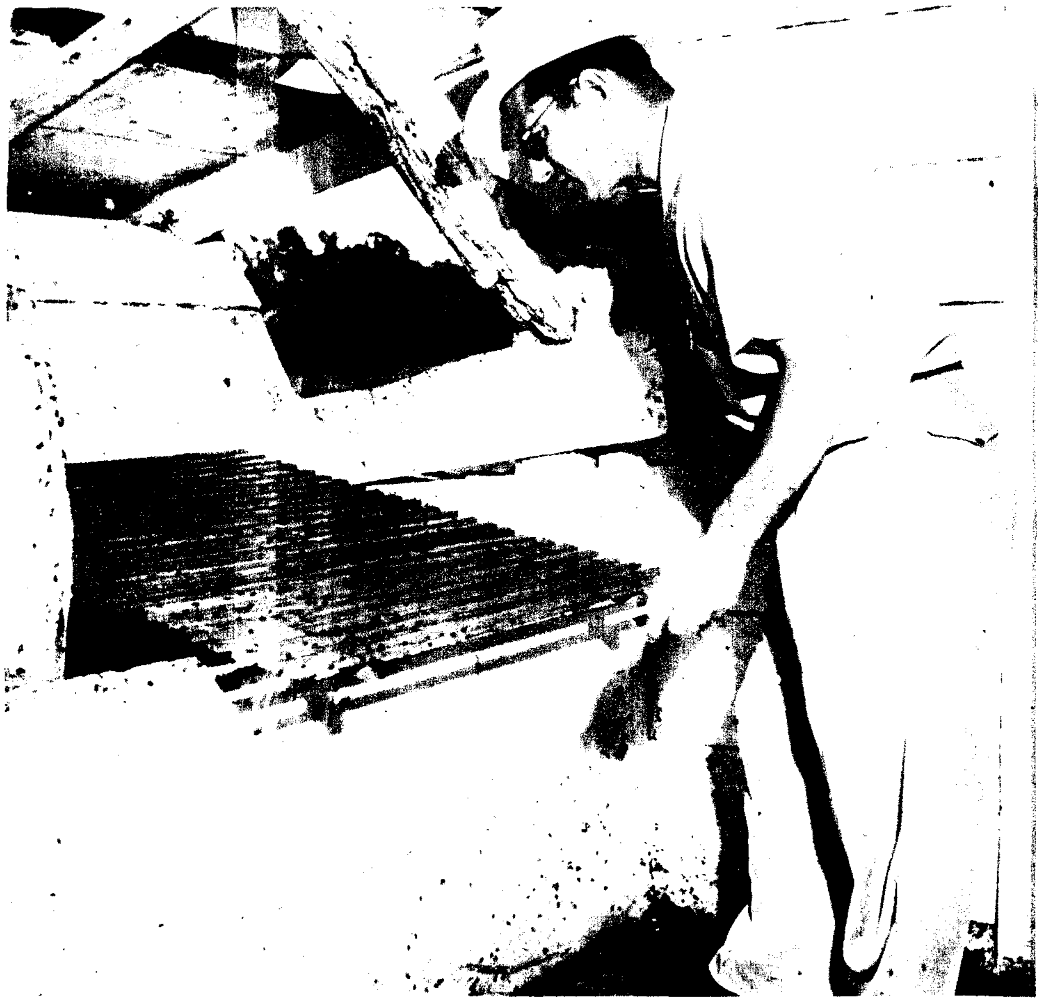
The Female Fly Is the Stronger

In the same lab Dr. A. S. Perry knocks out a jar of flies for a few minutes with a squirt of carbon dioxide, then dumps them on a table and discards the males—the weaker sex. Next, using a microloop, which looks like a miniature holder for dipping eggs into Easter dyes, he puts a droplet of insecticide on the thorax of each female. He places the treated flies in a cage, well supplied with food and water so that no fly that survived need die of hunger or thirst, and 24 hours later counts the survivors. This method is standard procedure for comparing the deadliness of various compounds.

Perhaps the oddest of the devices is a fly-tying machine, a thick strip of aluminum grooved to hold 25 flies, with a length of nylon thread running beneath them. The machine operator places anesthetized flies in the groove feet up, clamps on a lid, turns the device upside down, and squirts a quick-drying glue into each of 25 tiny holes leading into the groove. The glue sticks the thread to the back of each fly. Then the operator takes off the lid and lifts out a garland of flies, still dopey from carbon dioxide. Snip, snip, snip,

When a fly has been knocked out by carbon dioxide, it is held by a microloop and a droplet of the insecticide being tested is put on the thorax. The killing time is measured

Scientists dose flies with radioactive DDT,



Paul P. Maier, federal sanitary engineer, counts flies resting on a Scudder grill, a device used to determine the "fly index" of a barn

and the operator has 25 flies, each on a one-inch leash.

The harnessed flies are used in the C.D.C.'s program to find a sure-kill insecticide for use in airplanes arriving from abroad. In tests, C.D.C. men release 150 flies on leashes in an airplane cabin, spray the cabin, then collect the flies—flying, resting, unconscious or dead—for lab study. The leashes simplify a difficult collection job.

On a Georgia Dairy Farm

The toughest target of the C.D.C.'s experiments is a superresistant strain of flies which developed at a dairy farm near Savannah. One day early last summer, a Georgia dairy inspector visited the place and found it alive with flies. "Man," he told the owner, "you've got a terrific problem here, and you'd better do something about it."

The barn had been getting the best possible attention. Every time a promising insecticide had come along, a C.D.C. crew had thoroughly tested it there. "Tell me something to do that hasn't been done," the dairyman replied, "and I'll do it." The inspector couldn't.

Not long afterward, men from the Savannah lab also visited the dairy. First, they counted flies by means of a Scudder grill, a yard-square device made of wood slats nailed to a frame. They put the grill down at a number of places where the flies seemed worst, counted the flies that were resting on it 30 seconds later and averaged the five highest counts. This average—the fly index, as public-health workers call it—turned out to be 500, indicating a very heavy infestation.

Then the crew began tacking up string that had previously been soaked in a chemical and allowed to dry. They festooned it from the rafters, as if decorating the barn for a dance, but they wore gloves and took pains to see that none of the string hung low enough to brush even a tall man's head.

Even before all the string was hung, flies began resting on it. Those that remained on it as long as five minutes were lying on the floor in 20 minutes and were dead in 60. Three weeks later, the barn was almost free of flies: the index was 10.

The stuff in the string is parathion, a member of the organic phosphorus family. Used like DDT, parathion would kill more flies and kill them faster, and lab tests indicate that only after years of exposure could the housefly possibly build up much resistance.

But if sprayed on surfaces, parathion remains effective only a few days, and fly-control people want an insecticide that will keep on killing flies for weeks. Even more troubling, it is highly toxic to animals as well as insects.

Actually, the sprayer using parathion is safe if he wears rubber gloves and a mask and if—when the poison touches his skin—he washes immediately with soap and water. But it is one matter to apply the stuff in the field and the orchard, and quite another to spray it in and around houses and barns, where people and domestic animals might brush against treated surfaces.

Protecting Humans from Poison

The chemists and sanitary engineers at the Savannah lab have tried to meet both objections by using string, which apparently absorbs enough parathion to continue killing flies all season and yet can be hung out of human reach. Preparing for a more extensive test of the method this summer, the lab has developed a machine which takes a cord from a reel, dips it in parathion, dries it in a blast of warm air and rewinds it on a reel for use in the field. It has also built a long-handled stapling device which a man can use to tack the treated string to a ceiling without touching the string himself.

The investigators mapped this line of attack after observing that the housefly likes to congregate on such surfaces as wire, electric cords and the twigs of shrubbery and trees—perhaps because these are easier to hold fast to than flat surfaces, or because they offer more ventilation. Then came the problem: What type, size and color of string would attract the most flies? Simple but tedious tests brought the answer.

Data on Houseflies' Tastes

Given a choice among wool, cotton, jute and sisal string, more flies rested on the cotton than on any of the others. Given a choice of sizes, from thread to half-inch rope, more flies preferred the three-sixteenth-inch size, a little thicker than ordinary twine. Out of strings colored white, blue, green, yellow, black and red, the flies choose red and black. Finally, tests showed that 150 feet of cord hanging in a series of loops drew many more flies than 1,000 feet stretched tightly.

Will parathion-treated cord ever be available for general use? The answer waits on confirmation that the stuff is not only highly effective but also reasonably safe. This summer's field tests may tell.

Other organic phosphates have been used experimentally in other ways. One promising compound is tetraethyl pyrophosphate, or TEPP. At another fly-fighting sector, the Clemson, South Carolina, Agricultural College, investigators found that a few drops of TEPP mixed with water and a little molasses and dribbled on the floor from a sprinkling can brought remarkable control. The Orlando, Florida, laboratory of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, U.S. Department of Agriculture, confirmed TEPP worked astonishingly fast. Flies dropped dead a few seconds after landing on the sprinkled section of the floor. But TEPP had to be applied every day or two.

Safer than parathion because it loses most of its toxicity within a few hours in the presence of water, TEPP is now generally available for use against the fly in dairy barns, creameries and livestock barns—but not in homes. The Clemson workers advise users to wear rubber boots while applying it, to restrict children from the treated areas for at least five hours and to be careful not to sprinkle livestock.

A third and still safer member of the organic phosphate family is malathon, which recently went on the market for use as a spray on walls, fences and manure piles, and around garbage cans, but not as yet in dairy barns or where feed and food products might become contaminated. The Orlando laboratory tested the stuff and liked the results.

It was at the Orlando laboratory that DDT, originally developed in Switzerland, was adapted for use as an insecticide. That was in 1942, and the laboratory was working for the armed forces, as it is now. It gave DDT to the Army as the one best killer of the body louse, and the next year tested the stuff with phenomenal results against the mosquito and fly.

In 1946, the first year the wonder killer was widely marketed, the Orlando scientists decided to see if the fly could fight back. At the end of January they sprayed 300 ordinary houseflies with a weak solution of the new poison and found about 30 survivors. They bred these, sprayed the offspring, found survivors, and in turn bred these.

Later in the year, when they had raised 14 generations of DDT-treated flies, they had their answer. Enough poison to kill 69 per cent of a batch of ordinary flies would kill only 34 per cent of the special strain.

The descendants of this original DDT-resistant strain—now carried on through some 150 generations—were used in tests preparing for this summer's trial with malathon.

Over the last several months the Orlando lab has screened a thousand materials, including decaying fish, many kinds of sugars and sirups, and hundreds of organic and inorganic chemicals, to find the one most likely to lure a fly to death. The chosen bait will be spiked with malathon and set out in shallow pans covered with wire mesh—to keep all but insects away.

None of the methods devised so far for using the organic phosphates safely is ideal. Researchers have turned to this class of chemicals only in desperation and with the hope that a way may yet be found to use these toxic insecticides without danger.

To realize that hope, investigators must find the answer to such basic questions as "How does—or did—DDT kill flies?" C.D.C. workers are going to try to get at the answer by dosing normal flies with a new material, radioactive DDT, and then making extremely delicate post-mortem studies with the help of a Geiger counter to find just where the poison goes.

How DDT Lost Its Deadliness

Once the scientists know how DDT works, they may be able to construct something that works even better. They already know why it doesn't work. The usual resistant fly quickly converts most of it into a harmless compound called dichloro-diphenyl-ethylene—or DDE. That's an amazing ability. To match it, a man would have to be able to absorb a lethal dose of carbon monoxide, say, and then, before it killed him, change it into something as nontoxic as water. If he transmitted this power to his children, and they to their children, we would have a poison-resistant strain of human beings.

The fly works this chemical magic by means of a certain enzyme, or catalytic agent, that knocks hydrochloric acid from the structure of DDT. A million flies may yield only a milligram of the enzyme—about one three-thousandth of an ounce—but Dr. Clyde Kearns of the University of Illinois isolated a bit of it in impure form a few months ago and thus put the basic researchers a big step forward. Now they're trying to determine the enzyme's chemical nature. If they can do so, they may be able to write a formula for a new kind of insecticide—one that knocks out the fly-saving enzyme and lets the poison go on and do its work.

Farfetched? A year or so ago, workers at the Savannah lab, looking for something to strengthen DDT, happened to try another chlorinated hydrocarbon: dichloro-diphenyl methyl carbinol, or DMC. Used by itself, DMC

use Geiger counters to study the poison

had no effect, but with DDT it formed a deadly mixture. That posed a problem: Why could the mixture kill flies when each compound used alone could not?

The answer perhaps, according to the lab men, is that when the fly is faced with both compounds, the enzyme that ordinarily breaks down the deadly DDT goes to work instead on the harmless DMC. This finding bolsters the hope that someday scientists will discover how to knock out or short-circuit the fly's detoxifying apparatus permanently.

Insecticide Fails in Test

DDT plus Dilan is a different story. Some months ago, a young C.D.C. chemist, Samuel Resnick, sprayed a piece of plywood with a mixture of the two, let it dry, then kept 50 flies in an overturned glass saucer against it for half an hour. Next, he transferred the flies to a cage. Twenty-four hours later they were all alive, which proved that the mixture was not acting as a residual insecticide.

The chemist tried other mixtures of the two compounds. He knew that a water suspension of Dilan in powder worked very well against resistant flies but left a white residue, whereas Dilan in an emulsion, as he was using it, left no visible residue but formed such a hard, smooth film that a fly could absorb little if any of the poison. By using DDT and Dilan together, he hoped for some reaction that would make DDT more toxic to resistant flies or Dilan more usable. But nothing happened. The flies confined to the treated panels stayed disappointingly vigorous.

Resnick was called away for seven weeks. Upon his return, he looked at the panels and noticed that tiny crystals had formed. So he got a new batch of the super-tough flies and repeated his experiment. This time not a fly survived. Presumably, DDT crystals had pushed through the hard film of Dilan, thus made the newer poison available.

Since seven weeks is too long to wait, the chemist tried adding various oils to soften the film; he now has a DDT-Dilan-oil combination that will kill a fly today, tomorrow, next week, or 10 weeks from now. C.D.C. men are testing the stuff this summer to see if it works as well in houses and barns as in the lab. But if it does, scientists hope people will not forget about other methods of coping with the fly problem, as many did when DDT was introduced.

"When DDT came in," J. H. Coffey, a C.D.C. sanitary engineer, points out, "there was a popular drift away from the fundamentals in fly control. The spectacular kills obtained with the new residuals—type sprays and the ease with which they could be applied, caused many to believe sanitation was no longer important. But with the development of resistance, the cold logic of the sanitation phases of fly-control stands firm. When you eliminate the fly-breeding sources, you have no fly problem."

Hints About Your Garbage Can

Around the average home, the garbage pail is the most attractive lure for flies and is their favorite breeding place. But you can make it much less attractive. You can clean out the sludge in the bottom of the can—that's where flies breed. You can wrap garbage in several thicknesses of newspaper. And you can keep the lid on tight.

As for flies that get into the house, if the spray you've been using doesn't work, try one containing pyrethrum, one of the oldest insecticides; flies for some unknown reason have not become resistant to it. And the pyrethrum spray is a lot surer and cleaner than man's ancient weapons against the pursuing villain—the fly swatter and the furled newspaper. ▲▲▲

H. C. Wilson, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's lab at Orlando, Florida, observes behavior of flies after feeding on an insecticide

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Neighbor helps neighbor at Grand Teton, often just for the fun of it. Here the author (left) helps Zella Bressler, wife of park engineer, hang clothes

The Park

By FRANCES JUDGE

There's no time for boredom for the chief ranger's wife at Grand Teton National Park. Animals, desperadoes, a plane crash—and half a million visitors keep everyone busy

Ranger Paul Judge (left), husband of author, pilots Supt. E. D. Freeland on an inspection tour of Jenny Lake

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WATERS

NEARLY everybody seems to come to Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. In-laws, outlaws, scientists, artists, students—and half a million tourists annually from every walk of life, every state, and many lands across the seas.

Whether they stay a day, a week or all summer, we 40 men, women and children who live the year round in the park sometimes think we meet them all; at least we feel that way at the end of the travel season. Our encounters range from the ludicrous to the delightful to the tragic. We have brought the abandoned out of the mountains, and also the dead. We have had a major plane crash and we have faced desperadoes.

Grand Teton National Park is part of a remote mountain-rimmed valley, 60 miles long and 20 miles wide, known as Jackson's Hole. To the west, the valley is braced by the magnificent Teton Range, which rises straight up without foothills. Flush against the Tetons is park headquarters—a square-mile cluster of administration buildings, log residences, barn and saddle room, machine shop and so on. Two miles south is our post office, Moose. Fifteen miles away is the largest town in the valley, Jackson (population 1,239), where we shop and our youngsters go to school.

E. Dixon Freeland is the park superintendent. My husband, Paul, is chief ranger, in charge of protection—both of the park and visitors. His duties are wide and varied. In fact, a ranger is supposed to be able to do almost any task—no matter what.

Take the rainy night our phone rang and a young man matter-of-factly announced that he had just deserted his girl companion up in Avalanche Canyon after a quarrel. He'd had his fill of the wilderness; she wanted to stay. But, he explained, there was nothing to worry about; she was experienced in the woods and had a sleeping bag and rucksack.

Paul sent Ranger Chuck Smith on horseback to find her. He came upon the bedraggled girl soon after daylight. One shoe was gone; she had removed her very wet trousers and was using a pullover sweater, upside down, for pants (she could have used a longer sleeve length). Chuck put her on his horse and slipped one of his gloves over her bare foot. When they reached safety, her young man, who had spent the night in a nice dry tent, rushed out to greet her. To Chuck's delight, this sweater girl's response was definitely damp.

"I wanted to knock the man down," Chuck said later. Of course, he didn't; after all, a park ranger is host to the traveling public—come what may.

Another couple's story had a tragic ending. Four years ago a young man dropped to his death while

Square dancing is one of the principal recreations for year-round families at park. Judges show how it's done

and I

attempting Mount Owen, one of the most dangerous climbs in the Teton Range. That evening I had driven alone upcountry. Returning to headquarters after dark, I stopped at the Jenny Lake store for gas. The attendant, after servicing another car, said to me: "Those people just asked the way to headquarters. I told them to follow you. It's a couple and their daughter. They seem to know the boy that fell today."

"Did you tell them he was killed?" I asked.

"No."

I had heard that a young woman, a college friend of the dead youth, was coming into the valley to climb with him. Could she be in this car following me? Why hadn't someone told her? Why did I have to get caught in this web? My heart pounded the whole five miles to headquarters.

As I got out, the other car moved up beside me and its occupants also climbed out. We said how-do-you-do. Then the girl asked: "Do you know the young man that—that fell on the mountain?" "Yes." "Was it Bill M—?" "Yes." "Was he killed?" "Yes."

She fainted at my feet.

Every summer at Grand Teton, there is death in the mountains, on the highways, in the rivers or in the lakes. The sad truth is that most of the deaths could be avoided if people were cautious.

Fortunately most of our visitors do keep out of trouble. They come to ride horseback, hike, fish, climb or just sit and look. They come to study the flora, the fauna or geological formations. They come to find a mate, or to find themselves. A national park satisfies a soul-searching hunger.

A Land As It Was Before Man Came

But now and again a visitor is displeased with the serenity and native wilderness of the park. He thinks we should be out blasting mountains, damming lakes and streams, making over nature. He rebels at restrictions designed to protect wildlife—and him. But he usually co-operates when he learns that in a national park, nature and the animal come first, because we are trying to keep the park as it was before man came.

In the late fall, as in the early spring, bear, deer, elk, moose and smaller animals wander about the park unconcernedly. Most of us wholeheartedly agree with Helen Smith, Ranger Chuck's wife, when she says: "I don't want to wear ermine or mink. I just want them running around in my back yard—always."

Evening after evening, the mule deer appear, silent as shadows, near the barns and corrals. Every now and then a bear wanders into a house or turns over garbage cans.

Moose live in the park all year, and it isn't easy to convince our children that they should be on guard against these unpredictable animals. One evening a group of us watched spellbound from our

The Judges go riding in Grand Teton National Park with the towering spires of the Teton Range in the background

windows while young Neal Guse, son of our chief clerk, tried to protect himself from a mad moose.

Neal, then fourteen, had been bicycling near our house completely unafraid of the yearling moose lumbering along ahead of him. Suddenly the animal turned on him. Neal jumped off his bike just as the moose rose on its hind legs and struck. The boy jumped back, protecting himself with his bicycle much as an animal trainer uses a chair. The moose stepped close and pressed its nose against Neal's pant leg; neither moved. Then the animal beat the air with its forefeet and Neal jumped backward again.

Neal's father and Paul, my husband, sailed out our kitchen door and into a car. They sped round our circle road but slowed down as they neared the scene, hoping they wouldn't cause the moose to trample the boy. They opened the back door of the car and, when the chance came, young Neal leaped in. It was a lesson in moose behavior for us all.

At Grand Teton each of the four seasons has its own special quality. March and April—which mean spring so many other places across the nation—are here only anticipatory. In March the winter snow finally settles and fence posts look like a procession of submerged beasts rising for air. Early in April, we still have 40 to 50 inches of snow, but robins and killdeers are here and we listen to them sing or complain—whichever it is they do.

Snow That Stays Too Long

Once a plowman said to Paul, "I'm so darned sick of snow I could just die." By mid-April, the rest of us agree. The snow is dirty and unwanted; a hindrance to busy plans. But at last, in May, the honeycombed hummocks collapse in the sunshine, and winter falls apart.

Mid-June may be summer elsewhere, but here it is still spring—for the first tourists to enjoy. Buttercups are everywhere, as though the sun had burst upon the ground. Next wild strawberry vines blossom, then the scarlet Gilia and balsamroot brighten the earth. Next silvery lupine and creamy buckwheat take their place.

Now comes the real influx of tourists. Practically all the men on the staff are trained in forest-fire protection. All equipment is gone over. Fire packs are completely outfitted with three-meal rations, water bag, area map, pocket compass, headband flashlight, shovel and Pulaski (a combination ax and grub hoe). Tested methods of fire fighting have been reviewed and new methods discussed at the fire school held each spring at headquarters.

Lookouts stationed on mountains with a sweeping view communicate with headquarters at least three times daily by telephone or radio. They report anything that resembles smoke, for it is better to be mistaken than sorry. Sometimes mist takes on the appearance of smoke, and once the pawing of a bull sent up a thin column of dust that brought a ranger rushing to the spot with fire-fighting equipment.

Our summer-season fire guards and lookouts include green college students and veterans of the woods. I remember Armand Singer, an assistant professor of romance languages at the University of West Virginia, who was a solitary lookout one summer. When his hours dragged, he would phone me. We would talk of everything from climbing in The Himalaya, which he had done, to rearing children and cooking rice at 7,000 feet, which he had not yet done. Once when a high wind was swinging the lookout tower he called so I could listen to the clatter. "The wind is about to blow the tower over," he reported.

I was baking for a tea; tarts were due to come out of the oven; and while I stood at the phone, a pine squirrel ran into the house and up onto the table where pastel teacakes were drying. "Have you checked the bolts for safety?" I asked Armand. "No," he said, "I was afraid I might find them loose. Now, listen to the wind." The tower clattered and banged and I hung on to the phone anxiously.

Garrett Price

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Fortunately, my older boy, Jim, came in, removed the tarts from the oven, and shooed away the squirrel. Later Armand confessed that just as I was about to listen to the violence of the wind it had suddenly died, so he had laid down the telephone receiver and shaken the tower with both hands so as not to disappoint me.

Before we realize it, fall is upon us. For a few days the weather is cross, then cold rains come and a little snow. Lookouts and fire guards are pulled in, tourists disappear—and we heave a sigh of relief. The summer has been crammed—we womenfolk do all our own cooking, canning, entertaining, everything—and we are ready for the more leisurely weeks ahead.

There are warm days in late October, an afterglow of summer. But suddenly grass, trees, river and clouds all move with the wind, carrying everything into winter. Most of us welcome it. We watch the snow rise around our houses, white and magnificent.

Some of us women shovel snow for exercise. I have been foolish enough to try to get rid of five or six feet of snow from under our clotheslines, but a blizzard always comes along and defeats me. Most of us accept our fate. We just drape the wet clothes all through the house and keep ourselves from being depressed over the mess by playing peekaboo with the kids.

What the Women Talk About

Once a week in winter we women get together to sew, talk over the last dance and the one coming up, eat delicious food and just laugh; laughter comes easy in high country. There is knitting and crocheting and embroidery work always in progress. And we exchange recipes. A friend once said to me, "There are two kinds of women in the world, those with sex appeal and those who exchange recipes." I guess that statement pigeonholes us!

Neighbor helps neighbor. One day last winter, when Paul and I were suddenly called away for a few hours, I left my sink full of dirty dishes. When we returned, they had all been washed and put away. In time I found out who had been so obliging. Two men from a nearby ranch had dropped in to use our telephone and, while waiting on a call back, had set to "just for the heck of it," as one of them put it.

There is no group in the park service any more integrated than ours at Grand Teton. Once in a while there is dissension, yes, because we're human, but all in all we have a wonderful time. And in emergencies, we pull together in complete teamwork—our major disaster is an example.

One late November evening in 1950 Paul and I heard a plane overhead. We knew no plane should be flying around the valley in winter, so we stepped out into the darkness and the snow. We looked up at the swirling clouds and felt the vibration of the engines.

Within a few minutes, the plane crashed in flames against the granite face of Mount Moran, 15 miles north of us and high above timber line. The plane, a privately owned DC-3, was carrying a group of missionaries—21 men, women and children. Twenty-one! Why, that would be like having half our little community wiped out in a single blow!

We expect accidents in summer, but not in winter. Yet quick order grew out of the initial chaos. Through the first night my husband and Blake VandeWater, then the ranger in charge of all rescue work for the park, discussed every possible approach to the plane. What would be the best route? Should the party go on skis and skirt Leigh and Jackson Lakes, or cross Jackson Lake by motorboat? The land route was picked for the first try, and Blake and a three-man reconaissance crew left at daylight.

Paul, Neal Guse, our chief clerk, and Larna North, our personnel clerk, went to their desks and stayed there. We brought in their meals and interminable cups of coffee. Carl Jepson, our ranger-naturalist, was glued to his assigned post in the little short-wave radio room; at any time, one of the reconnaissance crew might try to contact him via walkie-talkie.

Soon there came an influx to headquarters of men from up and down the valley, members of the Civil Air Patrol and the Forest Service to help in any way possible. Then newsmen and photographers arrived.

Word came from our regional office in Omaha that an Army rescue crew would be flown in from Tacoma to take charge.

When the soldiers arrived, a shock awaited us. They knew nothing about this type of rescue; they weren't trained and had no equipment. Even their clothing was inadequate. But they were willing. One boy said: "I'll try to make it up that mountain if I'm told to go, but I don't want to."

At one point that first morning I took a cup of coffee into Paul's office. He was on the telephone, as he had been for almost 12 hours. This time it was a newspaper calling. I heard Paul say wearily: "The plane may not be reached for days. This is tough country. Mount Moran rises to a height of 12,594 feet. It's difficult to scale even when conditions are ideal. What? Could one of your reporters make it up if he brought a pair of overshoes?" Paul paused for a long while. "No, no. It takes hardy, skilled men . . ."

Suddenly our spirits soared. Paul Petzoldt telephoned from his ranch at Riverton that he would come, if needed, and climb to the scene of the disaster. Petzoldt, who with Glenn Exum operates a mountain-climbing school each summer in the park, is a world-renowned climber who was with a Himalayan expedition in 1938. He arrived that night, and he, Blake VandeWater and Paul made plans in our living room.

Blake had had a discouraging day. He and his party had got hardly beyond the base of the mountain; they were forced back by driving snow and deep drifts. It was decided that only Petzoldt and VandeWater would make the climb above the timber line.

Grim Battle With the Elements

A base camp was established next day on the "saddle" above the timber line at 10,000 feet on Mount Moran. Three members of the Army rescue crew maintained the camp and kept in contact with Chuck Smith, at the Moran Bay Snow-Shoe Cabin, by walkie-talkie. Meanwhile, Petzoldt and VandeWater, roped together, were making their dangerous way up gullies and *couloirs,* over ledges and snow fields. They had to be continuously alert for the sound of falling rock, moving snow, shattering ice. They advanced with muscles and nerves; they worked hours with knowing caution to move a yard or two, and fought the deafening wind and blinding snow. Darkness each night found them back at base camp; daylight found them off again and up, to work a little farther.

The radio reported that "mountain dwellers" had spotted the crash. Our younger son, Ned, was outraged; he could just see us peering from our caves. Mountain dwellers, indeed!

The DC-3 crashed Tuesday evening; Petzoldt and VandeWater reached the wreckage around midday Saturday. Heavy snows blanketed the scene. Over all lay an air of serenity. Early afternoon found the two men on their slow, labored move down, to report that all aboard the plane were dead. Because of the unjustifiable risk involved, it was decided that no attempt would be made to bring down the bodies.

The outside world turned its attention to more immediate tragedies. We in the park were left to catch up on our sleep; we were all completely exhausted. It would take time to move back into our pleasant winter routine.

Had we ever believed that our peaceful valley could be insulated against the world beyond, the crash would have disabused us of any such notion, and another incident last winter re-emphasized it even more forcefully.

A Shooting Is Reported

About one thirty in the morning last January, our phone rang urgently. An excited voice said: “This is Pete Muchmore. Elt's been shot. I'm starting for the hospital with him, and I've called Dr. MacLeod to meet us. I've also called the sheriff. The kid that shot Elt is driving a stolen Texas car, with two other kids—one a girl. They escaped in your direction.”

While Paul hurried into his clothes, I contacted three other men who live on our road, Chuck Smith, Douglas McLaren and Bob Kranenberg, and also phoned the sheriff's office in Jackson. We learned that the sheriff and highway patrolmen were putting a barrier across the road just north of town.

Paul and the others decided to place a snowplow as a barrier across the highway at the headquarters entrance. If the fugitive car had already passed there, it would be stopped by the Jackson barrier—provided it got that far: the road was a sheet of ice.

Eliot Davis, the ranger who had been shot, and his wife, Kay, had been at home playing cards with Pete Muchmore, a state game warden, and his wife, when a blond youth appeared at their door around 1:00 A.M. He asked for help to get his car out of a snowbank. While the two men made ready to leave, Kay offered the boy coffee. He sat down in friendly fashion but his answers to Kay's simple questions were evasive. Elt sensed that something might be wrong and strapped on his revolver.

When he, Pete and the boy reached the stranded car, they found a girl wrapped in a blanket on the back seat and a dark-complexioned youth in front. By the time Elt and Pete got the car back on the road, they were sure it had been stolen. And when Elt sought to question the boys further, the dark youth shot him in the chest.

While my husband and the others were busy placing the plow barrier, they did not realize that they themselves were wide open to attack. The fugitives, guns loaded, were crawling on their bellies a few yards away through three-foot-deep snow. They had abandoned their car about 200 feet below the headquarters entrance and, having seen the lights of our settlement, had decided to pick up another car or barricade themselves in one of the buildings.

Suddenly car lights appeared both up and down the highway. Pete Muchmore was approaching our barrier from the north with Elt; Dr. MacLeod, followed by an ambulance, was approaching from the south.

The blond boy tossed away his loaded gun, got back onto the road and was picked up by Dr. MacLeod. “There's been a hell of a mess,” the boy told him, “but I didn't do the shooting.” The doctor brought him to the barrier and told the men there, “Put a gun on this fellow and search him,” then jumped into Pete's car, examined Elt quickly, and told Pete to drive on to Jackson. They didn't even transfer Elt to the ambulance; his condition was too serious.

Meanwhile, the two other fugitives had jumped back into their car and driven off. But they hadn't reckoned on Moose Hill, a mile below headquarters. The road down this hill is a short grade with a sharp left turn at the foot, and this night the grade was glass. The car turned a complete circle and landed in a snowbank near where Dewey VanWinkle, another park employee, just happened to be putting chains on his car to negotiate the ice. He and his wife, Doras, were returning to headquarters from Jackson with no knowledge whatever of what was going on.

The two young outlaws jumped from their car; the boy held Dewey at gun point. Just then Pete Muchmore came down the hill at the wheel of Elt's car, but he went right by—urged by Dr. MacLeod. “If we stop,” the doctor warned, “there'd only be more to take to the hospital.”

Next the empty ambulance came down the grade. It slid between Dewey and the gun brandisher and bashed into a fender of Dewey's car. The outlaw, apparently thinking the ambulance a loaded police car, jumped into Dewey's coupé and threatened Doras.

“I've just shot a man,” he said, “and I'm not above killing you. Yes, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!”

“All right,” Doras replied, composed and unamazed. “Go ahead. But it won't do you any good—only get you into more trouble.” She tried to calm the boy. “This car is stuck, too, like yours, so quit waving that gun around and tell me about the man you shot.”

When Reinforcements Arrived

At this point my husband drove down the hill. Also in the car were the blond boy and Chuck Smith, guarding him. Dewey came up and said: “A crazy kid pulled a gun on me. Give me a gun and I'll shoot him.” Paul handed him a .45. Chuck jumped out with his gun, and he and Dewey advanced on the youth in the VanWinkle car, which was somewhat shielded by the ambulance.

“Get out with your hands up or I'll shoot,” called Chuck.

“Watch out,” Dewey warned. “My wife's in the car, too.”

Doras meanwhile was talking calmly to the fugitive. “You'd better get out, and with your hands high. Be sure to keep your hands high.”

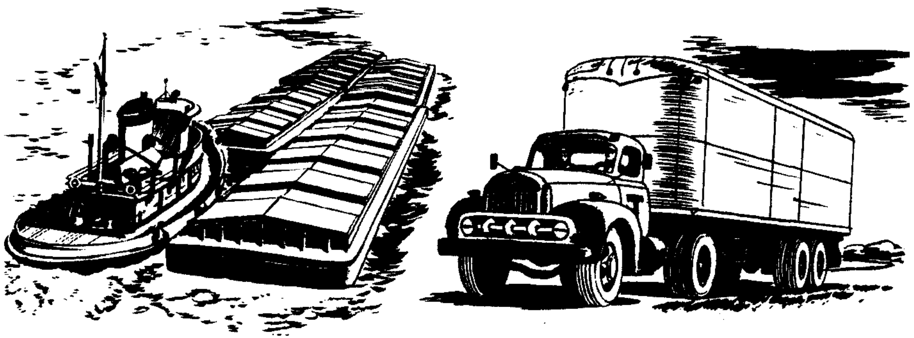
Fortunately he took her advice. After the youth had been disarmed, Dewey began looking for the girl. He found her curled in the trunk of his car, a loaded rifle beside her.

By daylight all three teen-agers were in the county jail at Jackson, awaiting the FBI, and Elt had received his first blood transfusion. Fear caught up with Doras VanWinkle belatedly, and she shook for two days.

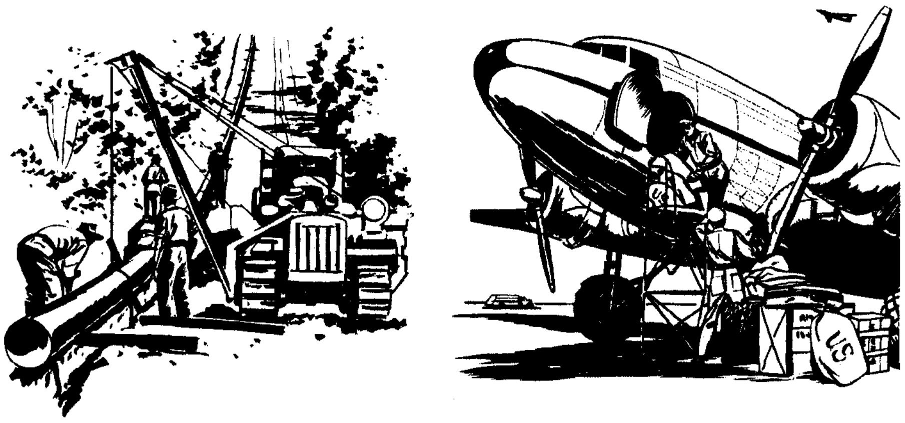
In spite of this experience, we at Grand Teton will go right on trusting people, and we'll continue to find 99 per cent of them honest.

Unexpected trouble will come, of course, and we won't be ready for it. Who ever is? ▲▲▲

All the other forms of transportation combined



do not carry as many tons of freight as many miles



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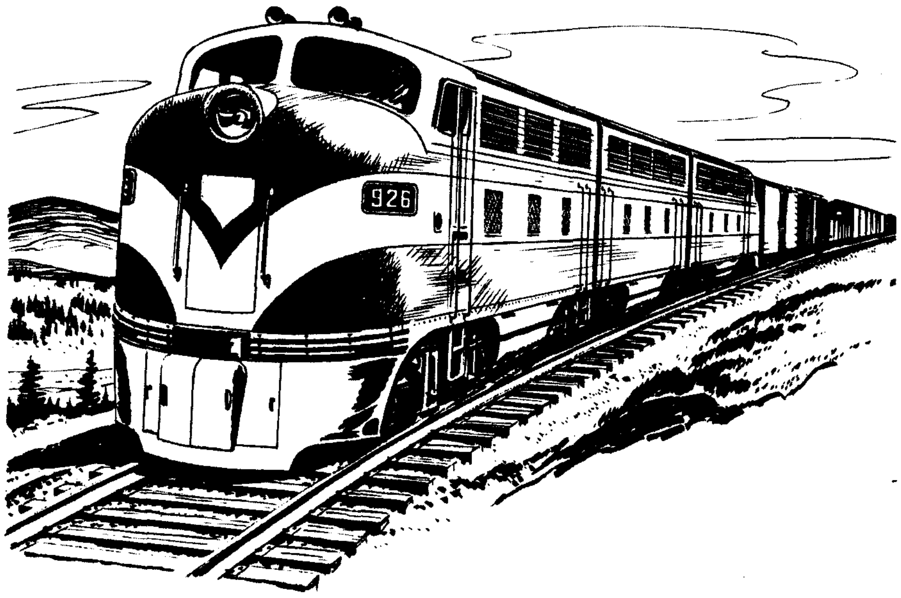

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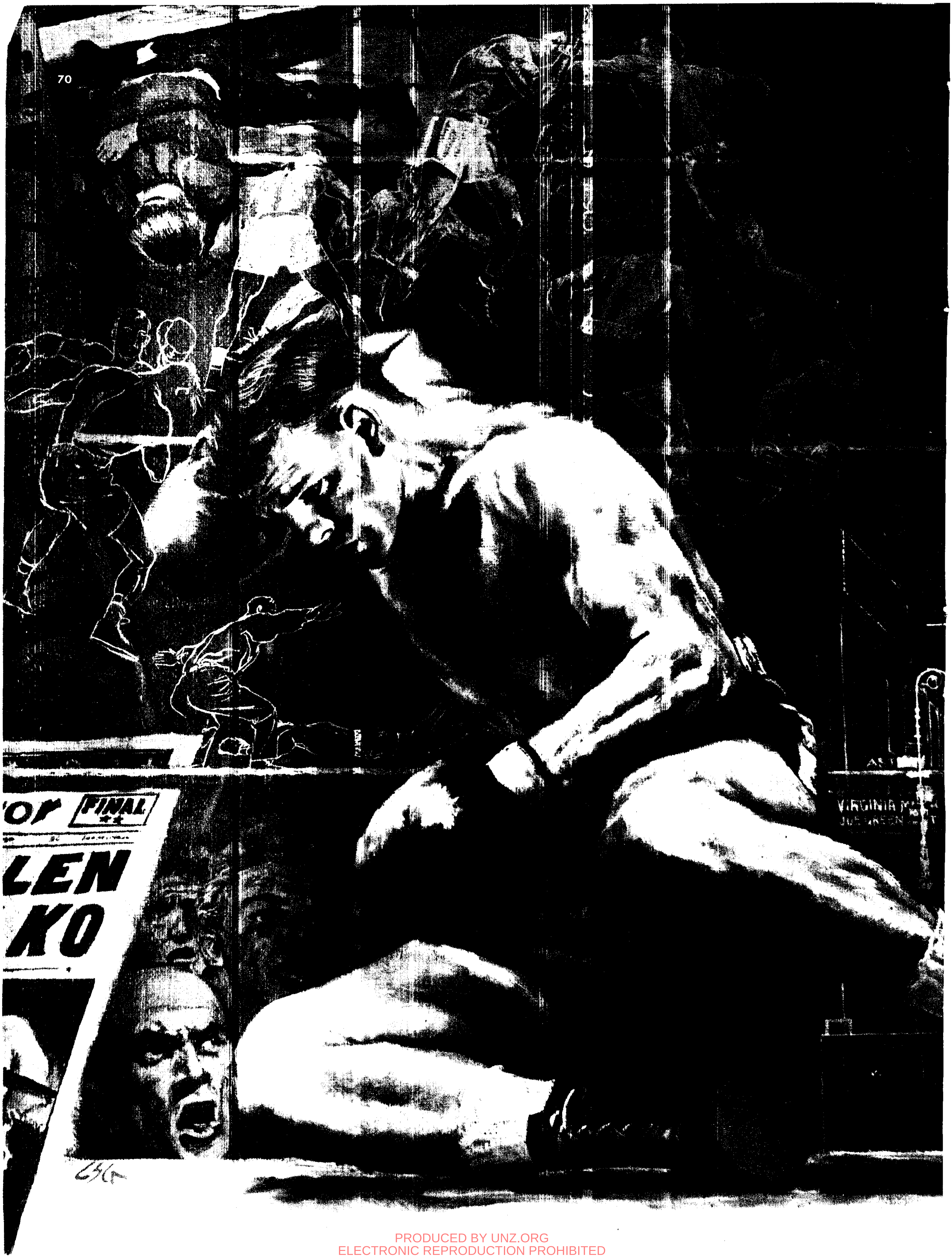
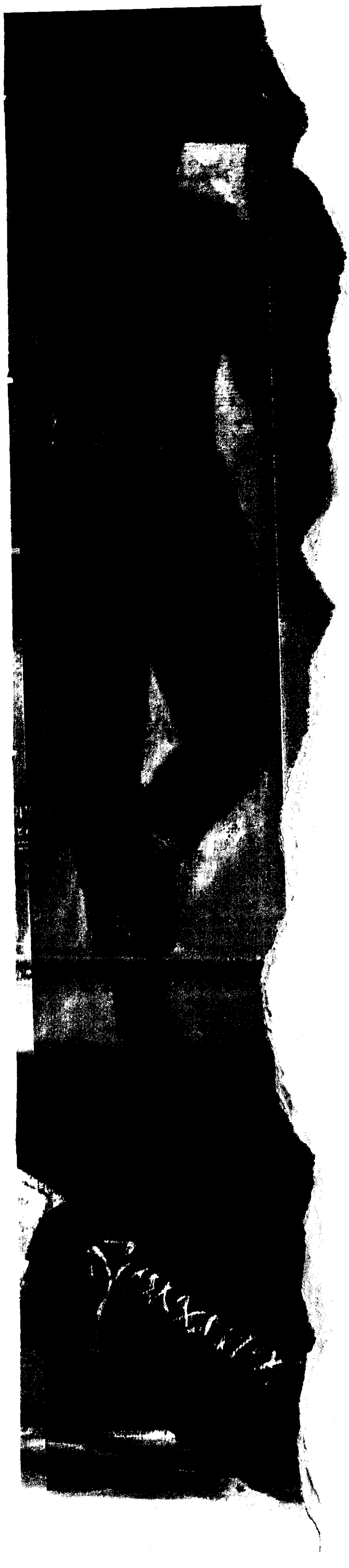

FINAL
LEN
KO
VIRGINIA
JOE GREEN

LOSER TAKE ALL

By FRANK ROONEY

The kid knew where he stood with the crowd—they hated him, and they loved the champ. But it would be different tomorrow; he'd be the champ himself



Arlen took two more rights to the head and fell against the ropes. His ears roared, as if two huge hands were squeezing his temples

IT WAS at the weighing-in ceremonies the day before the fight. The champion, posing for pictures, wore the diamond-studded belt given him by a boxing magazine, and the kid said, "The belt goes with the title, right?"

"If it fits," the champion said.

"I can have it taken in." The kid smiled. "I've got a small waist."

"Wear it around your head," one of the newspapermen said. "Then you won't have to have it taken in."

"You've already got it won, is that it?" someone else said.

"Next question," the kid said.

The kid's real name was Arlington, shortened to Arlen by his manager, Tim Stone. At twenty-three, after a professional career of only five years, Arlen was getting his first shot at the welterweight title. As one sports writer said, Arlen was the only man in his memory who had talked himself into a championship fight. "It's a case," the writer had said, "where the tongue is bigger than the wagon."

Arlen was good copy and got a lot of publicity, but he was hardly popular with newspapermen. One of them had written:

If it was true that every man kills the thing he loves, Arlen would have committed suicide in the cradle.

Arlen was sensitive to articles describing him as an egotist and a loudmouth, especially if the articles were humorous. He did not like candid pictures of himself, either, and became enraged when New York papers refused to print the expensive, carefully posed pictures he sent them. He could not understand why they printed pictures of him sprawled on the canvas after a knockdown or staggering ludicrously from a punch to the jaw. "According to the papers," Arlen said, "people must think I never won a fight in my life. Why do they do that to me?"

The morning of the fight when he saw the newspaper pictures of the weighing in and read what the champion had said to him, Arlen shook with anger.

"I'll kill him," he said to Stone. Pacing about his hotel room a few blocks from Madison Square Garden, he developed his grievance against reporters. "Don't they ever tell the truth? Why didn't they print what I said? 'If it fits,' meaning I'm not big enough to wear the belt. They printed that, didn't they? Where the hell is what *I* said?"

"Calm down," Stone said. Stone, short and fat, tough but quiet, was one of the few people Arlen respected. "You've got a fight on your hands. A big one. Fifteen rounds."

"Four. I give the guy four rounds. *If it fits!* I'll take the belt all right. I'll take it and wrap it around his neck."

"I was saving this for after the fight," Stone said, "but I might as well give it to you now. You'll win. He's thirty-one. You've got eight years on him. You can move and you can hit. You're clean too. You don't drink and you don't chase women. All the guy's got left is his heart. You stay away from him in the early rounds and you ought to win."

"I'll win. I trained for this fight, Tim. I started training for it five, six, seven years ago. All my life. I want that title. I want to be the best. That's all."

"Listen," Tim said, "I can tell you how to fight but I can't tell you how to act. All I can say is this—you don't take a man's title from him by knocking him out. You think all you have to do to become a champion of the world is beat a guy with your fists. It isn't that easy, kid. What did the guys who beat Joe Louis get out of it? Nothing."

"A lot of money," Arlen said. "When is a lot of money nothing?"

"Louis is still a champ, isn't he?" Stone argued. "He got beat and he's still a champ."

"If I beat the best, that makes me the best."

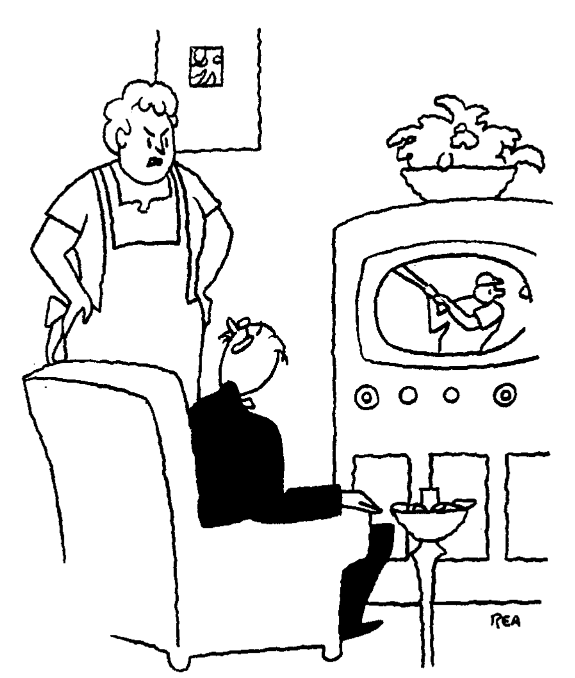
"That's it then. You do the talking. But remember, the guys who beat Louis got nothing. You'll be all right as long as you want nothing. When you start wanting it all and won't take less"—Stone put his forefinger to his temple and cocked his thumb—"bang-bang."

ARLEN was never nervous or afraid in the dressing room before a fight. It was a sellout, Stone had said. That was the important thing. Who cared whether or not people liked him so long as they paid to see him fight.

Hands taped, wearing the green bathrobe with his name on the back of it in yellow letters, Arlen moved happily around the dressing room limbering up. After tonight—in an hour or less—he would be champion of the world. He knew that. He was absolutely confident of his strength and skill. What a racket, he thought. In business you hate a guy and all you do is take his money. In this racket you hate a guy and you beat the hell out of

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

him. You hammer his brains out and you get paid for it.



"Football, basketball, hockey, boxing—sometimes I wish that I'd never married an athlete!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Arlen hated the champion for a very simple reason. The champion was popular both with the public and with the press. Reading articles in the papers about the skill and dignity of the champion infuriated Arlen, He could not understand the champion's popularity. "You'd think the guy was dead the way they write about him," Arlen said once. "You'd think he was a saint."

Arlen ignored the booing of the crowd when he climbed into the ring. He was used to it. He had got used to it a long time ago, when he was eight, nine, ten years old, picking fights on street corners and winning them. Born in Boston, he liked to tell people he was a native New Yorker. He liked the bigness of New York, and he liked to walk through Times Square knowing that, if he wanted to, he could whip anyone in the crowd. It's my town, he thought. And someday I'll jam it down their throats.

Standing in his corner, he heard the ovation given the champion as the man came down the aisle toward the ring. And he saw the champion's quiet and confident response to it, the easy humility and friendliness, the attitude of a man who was liked and respected not only for what he had done but for what he was. Let him have it, Arlen thought. He won't have it long—fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes and then nothing.

Then the bell rang for the first round, and Arlen, obeying Stone's instructions, kept away from the champion. Arlen respected Stone's knowledge of fighting. He knew too that if he lost this fight he would have to wait years for another chance at the title. He would no longer be the number one challenger but a defeated challenger, and he would have to begin again the long, slow, brutal business of fighting to the top. He had to win now, when he was at his peak and could cash in on the championship.

BOXING carefully, working on the champ's body, trying an occasional right to the head, Arlen got through six rounds of what he knew was a dull fight. The crowd was after him too, and some of the remarks were getting through to him. This was no boxing-club fight. This was the championship of the world.

"How about it?" he said to Stone just before the bell for the seventh round.

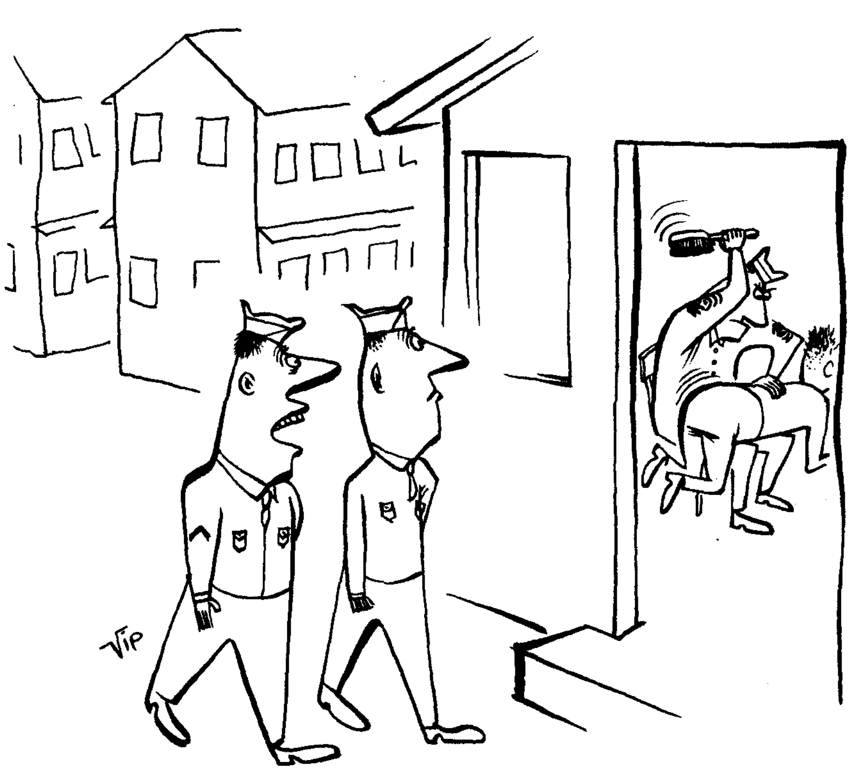
"Lay off," Stone said. "His legs are shot. All you've got to do is outlast him."

In the ninth round the champion caught Arlen with a right to the jaw and Arlen, trying to hold, took two more rights to the head—high—and fell against the ropes. He was not badly hurt. His legs were shaky but his head was clear. What bothered him most was the terrible roaring in his ears, a sound that was like two giant hands squeezing his temples. When he got to his feet at the count of eight the sound was even worse. It was all around him, pressing against his back, beating at his face, pushing up from the floor, flying at his head. It was a storm, a human storm, thousands of people yelling and hammering the arms of their seats. And only Arlen was being battered by it. The storm was directed at him.

The referee grabbed his gloves and wiped them on the white shirt and then vanished. The champion appeared quickly, coming from behind the referee, and Arlen, responding to years of training, put up his hands and maneuvered to his right. He was being hit and he hit back, moving, grabbing, holding, breaking, doing what he had been taught to do and had done many times before.

His handlers worked on him, sponging his face, jamming the bottle of smelling salts under his nose, loosening his trunks and rubbing his belly. Stone yelled at him too, but Arlen hardly heard him. Arlen was remembering his first main event, the sudden enormous responsibility of being a headliner, the feeling of being watched, judged, graded, the feeling of having to pass a test and the terrible fear of flunking out. That was what made a champion—the ability to pass a test not once but many times, but not with a pencil and sheet of paper or a chance to look over someone's shoulder and copy the answers.

VIP'S WAR



"Sgt. Fisk is more of a father to his men than a top-kick"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

ARLEN came out of his corner fast for the tenth round. The hell with it, he thought. One of us has got to win, one of us has got to lose, and the hell with what those people out there think. I've got eight years on the guy and that's what counts. He crowded the champ, working the body, keeping his chin down, not conscious of technique, just using his hands. He forgot the crowd.

In the eleventh round he shook the champion with a right to the head and, pushing him into the ropes, used both hands to the head. The champion tied Arlen up, and after the referee broke them Arlen dropped the champion with a left hook, a punch he had not used very often during the fight. It was a clean knockdown, and Arlen, trying to follow it up, missed with a right and fell down. Up again quickly, too quickly, he took a right to the heart, missed a counter and went down again.

He did not remember the rest of the round. It was a windmill of gloves, of ropes against his back, of arms, elbows, shoulders, of brightness and darkness and the bitter taste of blood. He remembered being pushed off his stool and someone shouting, "Twelve-twelve." And then it was "Thirteen-thirteen," and the referee shoving him to a neutral corner and the white arm rising and falling over a man pushing himself up with his hands, getting to one knee, standing finally with the referee rubbing the gloves on the white shirt and looking closely at the man's face.

Arlen's head cleared suddenly in the last minute of the thirteenth round, suddenly but also with maddening slowness—as though one part of his mind were awake and kicking at the other part, which woke slowly, sluggishly, unwillingly. The champion was down again and Arlen, standing in a neutral corner, watched the agony of the clumsy body thrashing on the floor, the twist and pull of the champion's muscles as he rose on his hands and knees, his drunken torso swaying. The face, abruptly revealed, was almost serene in its numbness. Finally, as the referee raised his arm to count ten, the champion got up.

Arlen moved in quickly and the champion staggered against the ropes without being hit. The referee tried to get between them. The champion shoved the referee away and lifted his gloves to Arlen, a gesture not of defense but of command, a command to finish him—if Arlen could. It had the simple arrogance and grace of a man unafraid of failure, a man proud of his privilege to be counted out.

Arlen saw the referee's hesitation, his acknowledgment of the champion's privilege but also his realization that if the fight were not stopped it might end with the champion seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. Arlen drove the champion through the ropes with a straight right to the jaw.

ARLEN dressed mechanically, unconscious of the two-hundred-dollar suit, the fifty-dollar shoes, the thirty-dollar necktie. The reporters and photographers had come and had got their answers and their pictures and had left. Stone was upstairs talking business, perhaps already signing a contract or committing Arlen to public appearances. Arlen was alone in the dressing room—or he might as well have been alone. His trainer was there, and his handlers, the few people who always attach themselves to a titleholder no matter who or what he is—like iron filings clinging to a magnet, and just as hard and cheap. Outside in the corridor, worrying the cops who guarded the passage, were hundreds of people waiting to get a look at the champion—the old champion.

Arlen walked to the dressing-room door and opened it. Beyond the two cops at the door were the people, the crowd, not pushing but moving slowly, swaying, waves on the ocean. They stared at the open door, saw him, stared at him, frowned and looked up the corridor toward the old champion's dressing room.

"I want to see the champ," Arlen said to one of the cops. "Can you get me through?"

The cop shrugged and moved gently into the crowd. Arlen followed him and waited at the champion's door while a message was taken inside. After a moment the champion's manager let him in and Arlen walked through another crowd—newspapermen, photographers, columnists—to the rubdown table where the champion lay. Raising himself on his elbows, the champion said, "You came after the belt. I'll get it."

Arlen watched while the champion, pushing aside his handlers, got off the table and went to his locker.

"I brought it with me," the champion said. "I always bring it with me." He handed the diamond-studded belt to Arlen. "It's yours. You won it."

Arlen was conscious of the people in the room watching him, working people with a deadline to meet, wasting time in a beaten fighter's dressing room because they liked and respected him and would take the trouble to listen to what he said and to print it exactly as he said.

"Thanks," Arlen said.

"What for?" the champion said. "You won it."

"The hell he did," someone said. "Two, three years ago he couldn't carry your glove."

"That was two, three years ago." The champion went over and stretched out on the table. "I feel like a mop," he said and laughed. "I guess I ought to feel like one. Somebody sure swabbed the deck with me."

Everyone laughed, and Arlen was being moved aside, and little by little was being forced toward the door. No one shoved or elbowed him. People simply moved past him and he had to step back to make room for them. He stood finally by the door—watching the people around the champion, wanting to yell at them, wanting to grab their arms and turn them to face him. But instead he walked out the door and through the crowd, the docile, quiet crowd in the corridor.

They did not appear to see him either. They waited and watched the door of the old champion's dressing room, and their bodies twisted to let Arlen pass but their eyes stayed on the door. On the corner of Forty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue a man slapped Arlen on the back and said, "Hi, champ, remember me?" And several people asked for his autograph, but that was all. A few people in the lobby of the hotel shook his hand and admired the belt which Arlen carried over his arm. The hotel clerk shook his hand too and said there had been a few calls.

Tim Stone came up to his room at midnight and appeared surprised to find Arlen alone. "I thought you'd be having a ball," Stone said. "Listen, the champ's talking about retiring. Says he wants to hang them up. For good. In that case we don't fight him again. Maybe we can get Brabarro. He might draw."

Hardly a sentimental man, Stone had memories of incidents in the ring that he never talked about except with those he regarded as his equals. Now he was remembering the champion, propped on the ropes and undoubtedly out on his feet, pushing the referee away and gesturing Arlen to come after him. That was something, wasn't it? The champion was a man who had it and would always have it. That was why he was the champion.

"How do you feel?" Stone asked. He stood with his hand on the knob of the door watching Arlen, who now sat staring at the floor, with his elbows on his knees. It was a posture so spectacularly opposite to his usual cocky swagger that Stone was not only surprised but moved by it. What the hell, Stone thought. He's only a kid. Twenty-three. Clean too. And he had to get up off the floor to win tonight. And it's not the first time he's done it either. The trouble with Arlen is that mouth of his. Except for the mouth—

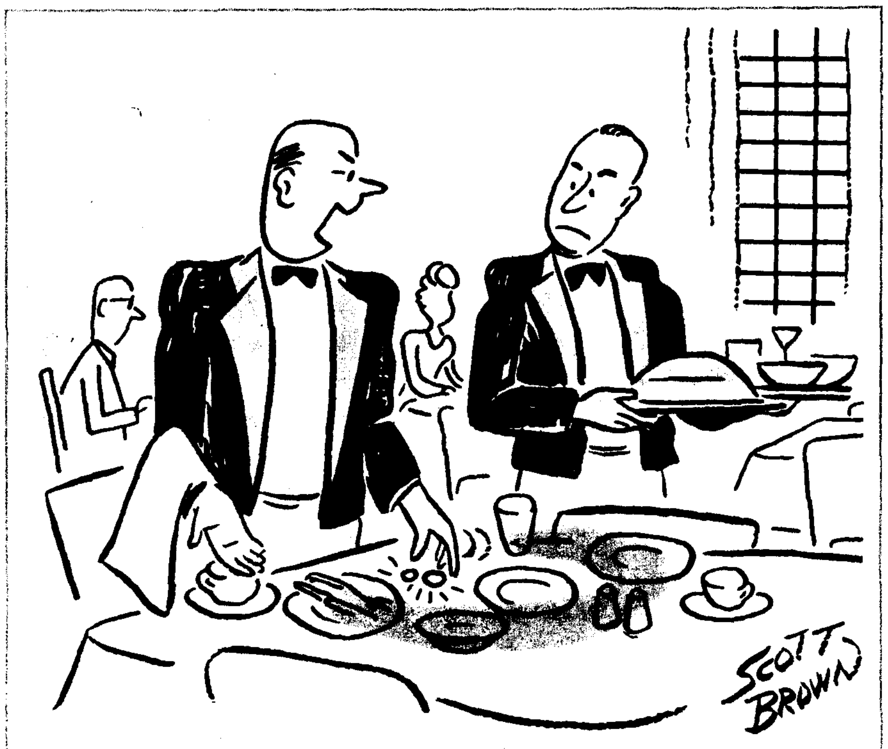
Seeing the diamond belt lying on the rug in the middle of the room, Stone picked it up and after a moment's hesitation dropped it across Arlen's knees.

"Here," Stone said. "Maybe it isn't a perfect fit but then maybe it's not supposed to be. It's something you have to grow into—like your old man's pants. You had a hard time wearing them the first time you put them on, didn't you?"

I guess Arlen knows now, Stone thought as he walked down the corridor toward the elevators. He thought the title and the belt would make him the best, and now he knows they'll only make him look like the best. When you're the best, all you need is yourself—what's inside you. It really shows up when you lose the fancy trappings—the title, the belt—and have to stand on what you are.

That's when you see the difference between a man who needs a title and a belt to look like a champion and a man who doesn't, Tim Stone thought. In four or five years—if he lasts—Arlen's going to have to try to do what the champion did tonight. And Arlen knows it now. The only thing he doesn't know is whether or not he can do it.

Maybe he can, maybe he can't, Stone thought. But at least he's not talking about it. —FRANK ROONEY



COLLIER'S "Wasn't quite as bad as I first thought. There was a dime under the nickel" SCOTT BROWN

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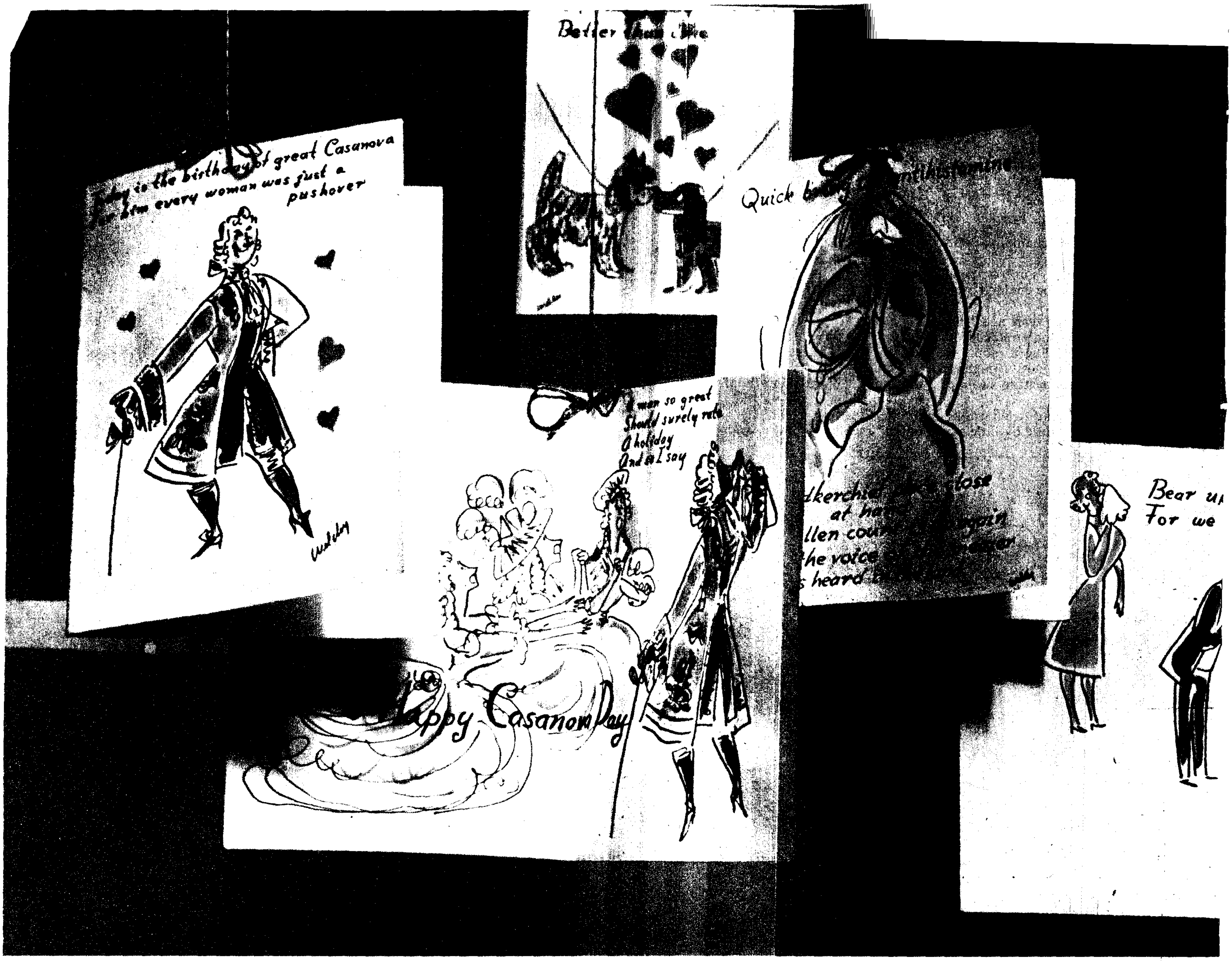


Let's Celebrate August

Collier's collaborates with designer Rosalind Welcher to give an underprivileged month

AUGUST is the calendar's stepchild: not one of its 31 sun-scorched days is a holiday. There is no officially observed historic event, no birthday of a founding father. It's even off season for private occasions: few who can put it off to another time ever seem to be engaged, married or—of course—graduated in August. But suspecting there might be something to cheer about in this benighted month, Collier's asked the help of Rosalind Welcher, a deceptively mild little woman of thirty, whose unconventional greeting cards are establishing her as a chronicler of our times.

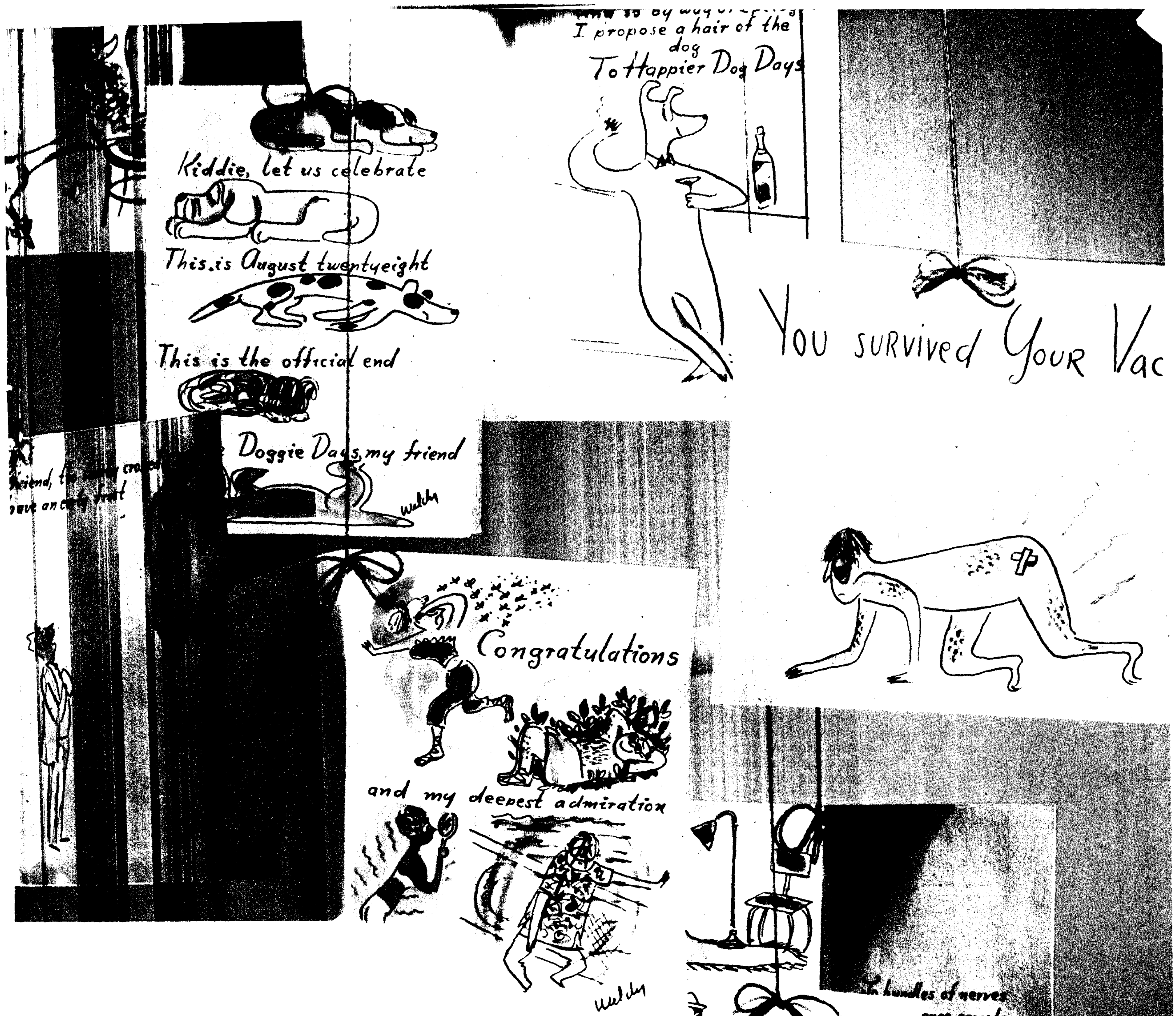
In the last six years her line of cards called Panda Prints, emphasizing art with a dash of sophistication, have driven a wedge into an industry firmly founded on sentiment. Card buyers who used to make do with birthday, anniversary and get-well greetings, now recklessly send Welcher-designed cards congratulating friends on having ulcers, telling Mother they love her though she's taken to the bottle, and accusing convalescents of enjoying their illness. As a result $1,000,000 of the estimated $230,000,000 Americans spend annually on greeting cards pours into the neat new Welcher factory in New York's Bronx. There some 10,000,000 cards are processed each year by a working staff of 20, directed by Fred Slavic, president of the firm and husband of its one-woman creative force.

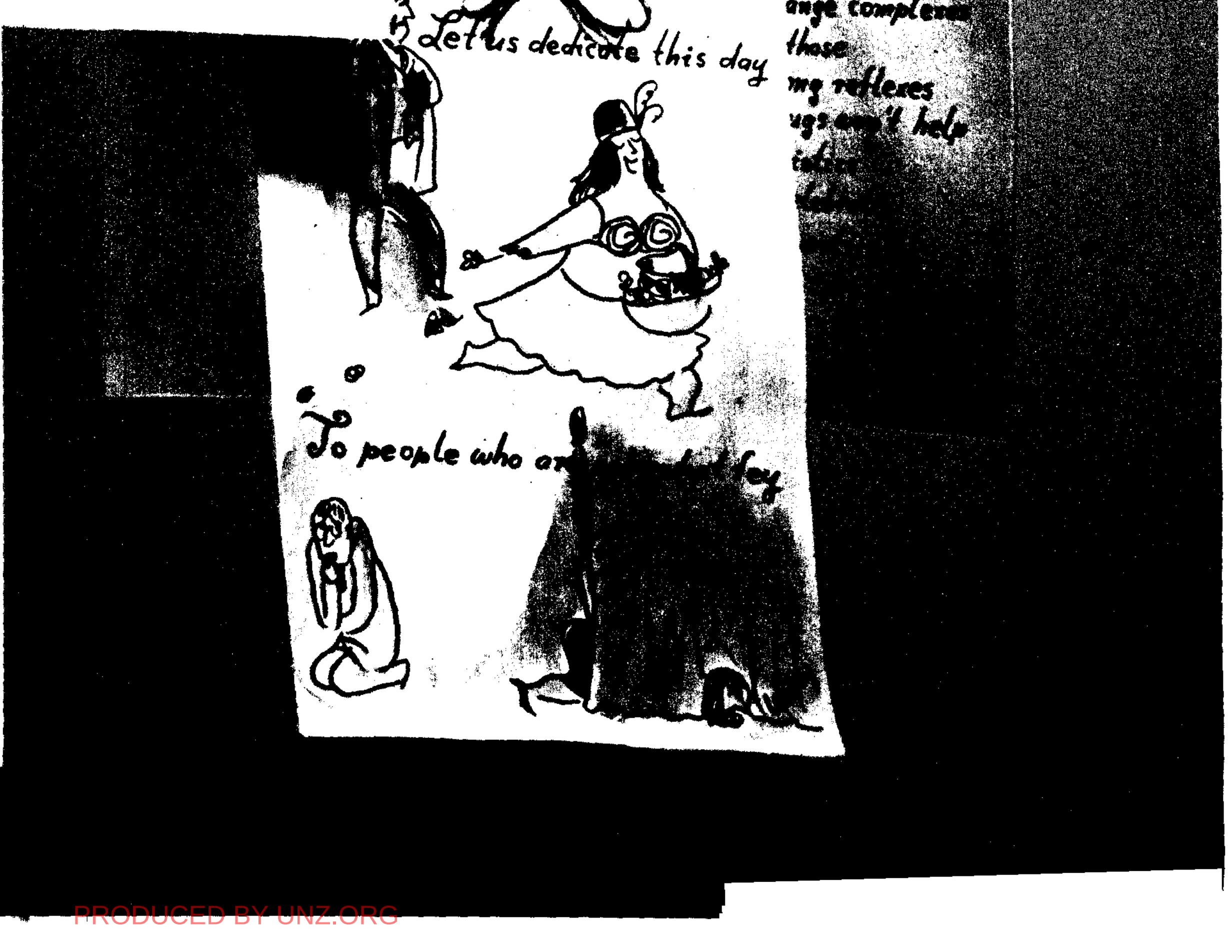
To Miss Welcher, August is fair game. It's a month in which desk-bound drudges indulge in daydreams and mad, private brain storms, while wives, children and seniors on the vacation list are out of town. From this unlikely material Rosalind has created the festive occasions illustrated on these pages. Her reasoning goes something like this:

By August, almost everyone has had a vacation or is about to pack up and go. If you haven't been bitten by mosquitoes, frustrated by traffic and sunburned to a smoldering crisp, you soon will be. It's not the vacation that deserves celebration, it's surviving it. So let's congratulate those who do.

And another point: Washington, Lincoln, Saint Patrick, Saint Valentine, and other heroes we don't hope to imitate, all get holidays of their own. But there's none for the man most men would like to be.

ANTON BRUEHL


I propose a hair of the dog
To Happier Dog Days
Kiddie, let us celebrate
This is August twentyeight
This is the official end
Doggie Days, my friend
welch
You survived Your Vac
Congratulations
and my deepest admiration
welch


Let us dedicate this day
To people who ar
bundles of nerves
ange complexes
those
ng reflexes
ugs can't help

By CAROLINE BIRD

few celebrations of its own

So, a time in August, the month of summer bachelors and lady-killers, seems an appropriate period to set aside a day honoring Casanova.

Finally, if Miss Welcher has her way, the hay-fever season will be dignified by formal expressions of sympathy. There will be ceremonial notice of August 28th, the date set by The Old Farmer's Almanac as the last of the dog days. And though fools have their April 1st, neurotics will not go unheralded; one day in this long blistering month will be set aside for them.

Will anyone really celebrate these wacky occasions? Six years ago when Rosalind and her husband, Fred, pooled her talent, his business sense and their savings of $5,000 and took a flier in the

Young card designer substitutes spice for sentimentality

Rosalind Welcher

greeting-card business, she would have said no. Although Welcher cards caught on the first year, really got going on a national scale a couple of years ago, and are now working their way from metropolitan areas on both coasts to the heart of the country, it was plain at the start that the public for Panda cards was as unpredictable as it was enthusiastic. So Rosalind's making no rash statements. But she has a sneaking faith in the result of Collier's let's-celebrate-August brain storm—the vacation, hay-fever and neurotics cards, which go on sale this month.

And well she might. In the wake of Rosalind's success—and that of other small independents—even the biggest manufacturers have accepted the fact that greeting-card tastes are shifting with the times. A few years ago, profit-conscious dealers, tempted by the sales appeal of greeting cards with a modern touch, started to slip them into the racks supplied by large manufacturers for their own prints. The battle of the racks began. And even though convinced that the hearts-and-flowers school of sentiment will outlast this and other generations, a number of top distributors finally succumbed last year and brought out "studio" lines of their own.

But possibly because Rosalind is a trail blazer in her field, possibly because her prints are the product of one woman's sharp eye, satirical brush and freewheeling imagination, Welcher cards are well ahead of other studio lines in the competitive race. Customers become a kind of informal cult. Welcher fans write, "Please do a card to congratulate a man on getting out of jail"; and pounce on new releases to see what possible excuse they can find for sending them.

College boys send the Welcher Father's Day card ("If you had become a monk, I would be sunk") to the old man as a fund-raising appeal. A platoon of soldiers in a camp in the Southwest sent her print of a beer-drinking walrus *("Ach, du Lieber, was ist los, you and I were once so close")* to a hated sergeant on the happy occasion of his transfer overseas. When she designed a card around a rabbit saying, "How clever of you, you've had a baby," she didn't expect it to go to owners of calving cows and to a collector who had found a miniature of his prize grandfather's clock. Or that "Allo Bebe—Salut"—a whimsical baby congratulation card—would be used by gay young blades as self-introduction to girls they'd like to date.

New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art thinks Miss Welcher's ear and eye for the social dilemmas of our times will interest future historians. They're stashing her cards away for posterity in their permanent print collection.

The wildest cards are the most popular. Among her most successful numbers is one brightly reviving the old couplet, "Oh, what delightful habits we share with the rabbits." Another best seller pictures an unkempt *Hausfrau* drinking herself under the kitchen table; the legend reads, "Stay as sweet as you are." Rosalind, who sticks to tea, doodled the boozy frowze some years ago while she was working on Mother's Day ideas. She thought it might possibly pass as a birthday card for a tolerant friend. But she's floored by the number of devoted children who send it to their mothers each year.

A veteran stationer was so appalled by the item when it came in that she sat down and tore up every card in the box for fear one of her more conventional customers would see it lying around the shop and cry scandal. Then she phoned her other store to have their consignment destroyed, too.

"You mean the card with the drunken woman under the table?" the word came back. "We got them this morning, but they're all sold."

There is some basis for the contention of dealers in traditional greeting cards that Welcher prints are too sophisticated for the regular market. The joker is that they have created a brand-new market among people who ordinarily wouldn't be caught dead sending a conventional greeting card.

On the other hand, Pandas and other studio cards appeal to millions of middle-brows who like to seem more sophisticated than they are. Somewhere west of the Rockies a very young lady mistook Rosalind's mother-to-be print, which used the word *enceinte*—French for pregnant—for a graduation card. Neither the saleswoman, the sender nor the sweet girl graduate who received it saw anything amiss.

Then there was the furtive man who asked for the "Panda wedding card" his wife said was kept under the counter. The flustered shop owner protested she didn't deal in that kind of material. "I mean the Panda sex card," he whispered hoarsely. Relieved, she fished a rabbit number with the legend "Sex has raised its lovely head" out of a consignment not yet put on display. The buyer said he wanted it for his wife, and maybe he did.

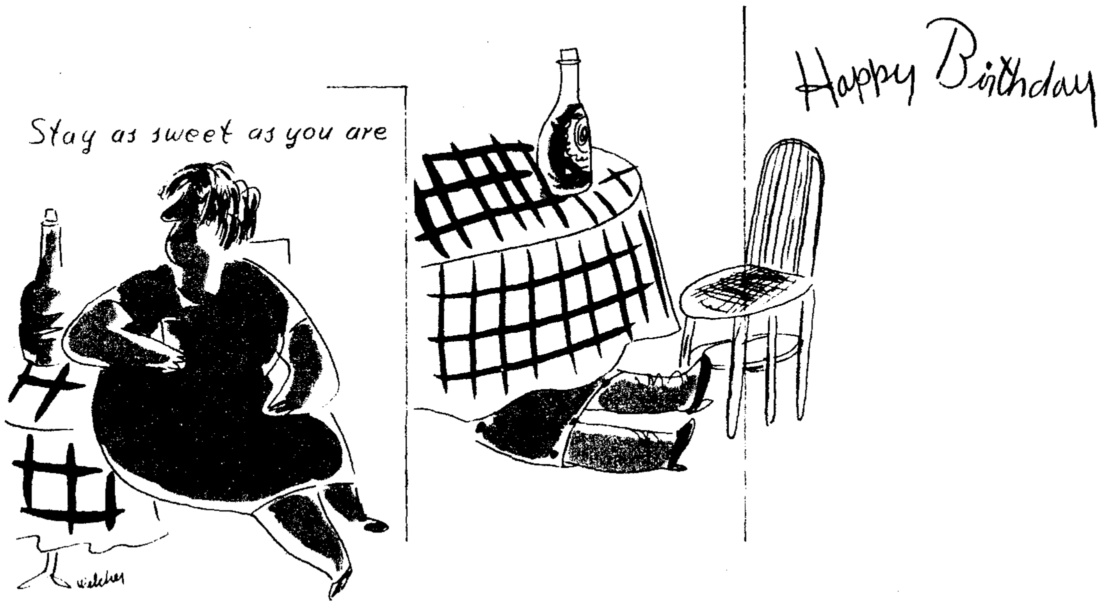
Fans ask for Welchers by name and want to know all about the artist. One misogynist can't believe she's a woman. "Takes a man to do that sort of thing," he grumbles. Others picture her as a svelte, black-satined siren tossing off a dry Martini with each witticism.

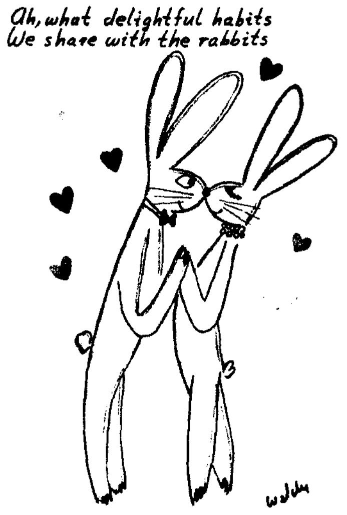
Well, she isn't. Taxi drivers take her for a nice-looking schoolteacher. She almost was. She dutifully majored in education at Hunter College because her parents didn't think she could make a living as an artist. But her talent was scheduled for success. She met Fred Slavic at a USO dance in 1945 and they began to collaborate professionally after their marriage. Now, when she's not making cards and making money, Rosalind sails on Long Island Sound with her husband in their 34-foot sloop Saraband.

Rosalind's greatest worry at present is that less responsible elements attempting to overexploit a good deal may ruin the whole trend. By stressing good taste, she manages to avoid censor trouble. The only serious protest so far has come from Greenwich Village. A starchy old stationer down there doesn't like her reference to the habits of rabbits.

"Obviously," he protested, "rabbits don't kiss." ▲▲▲

Hearts and flowers step aside for saltier sentiments in Welcher cards of boozy *Hausfrau* and lighthearted rabbits, below





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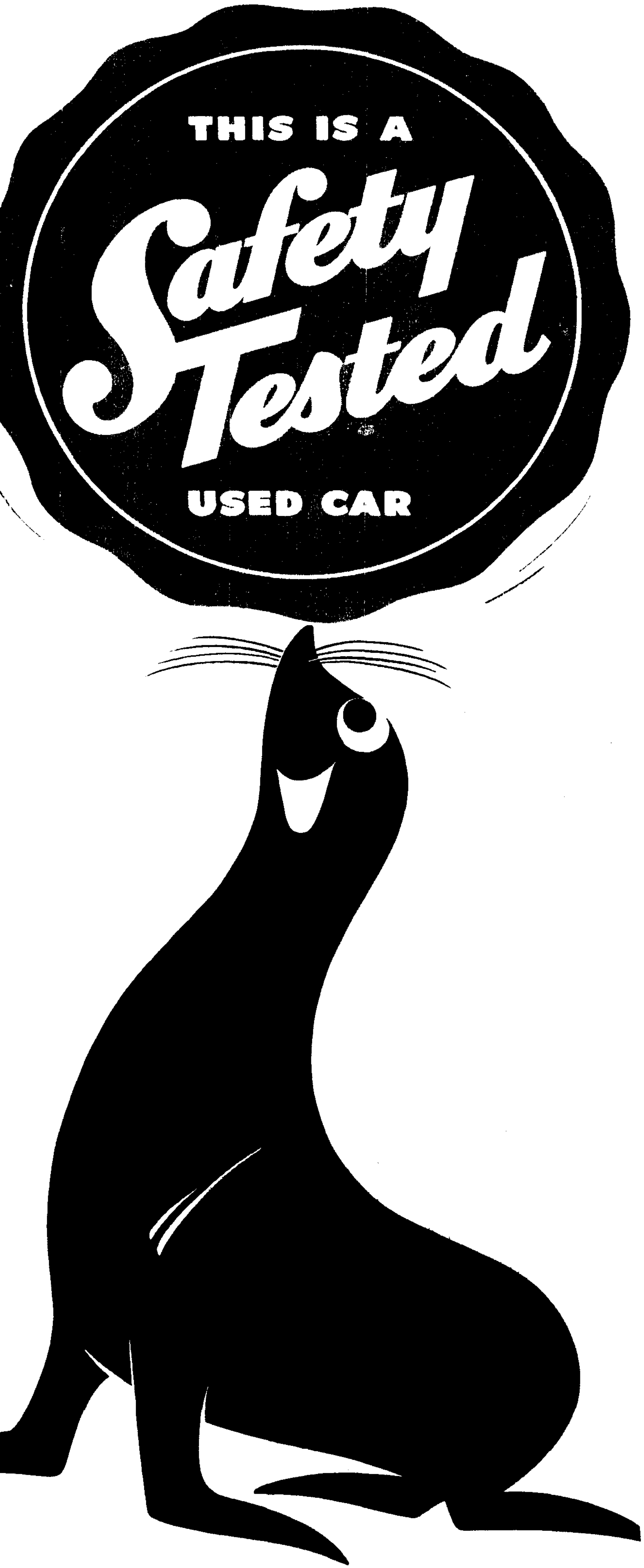

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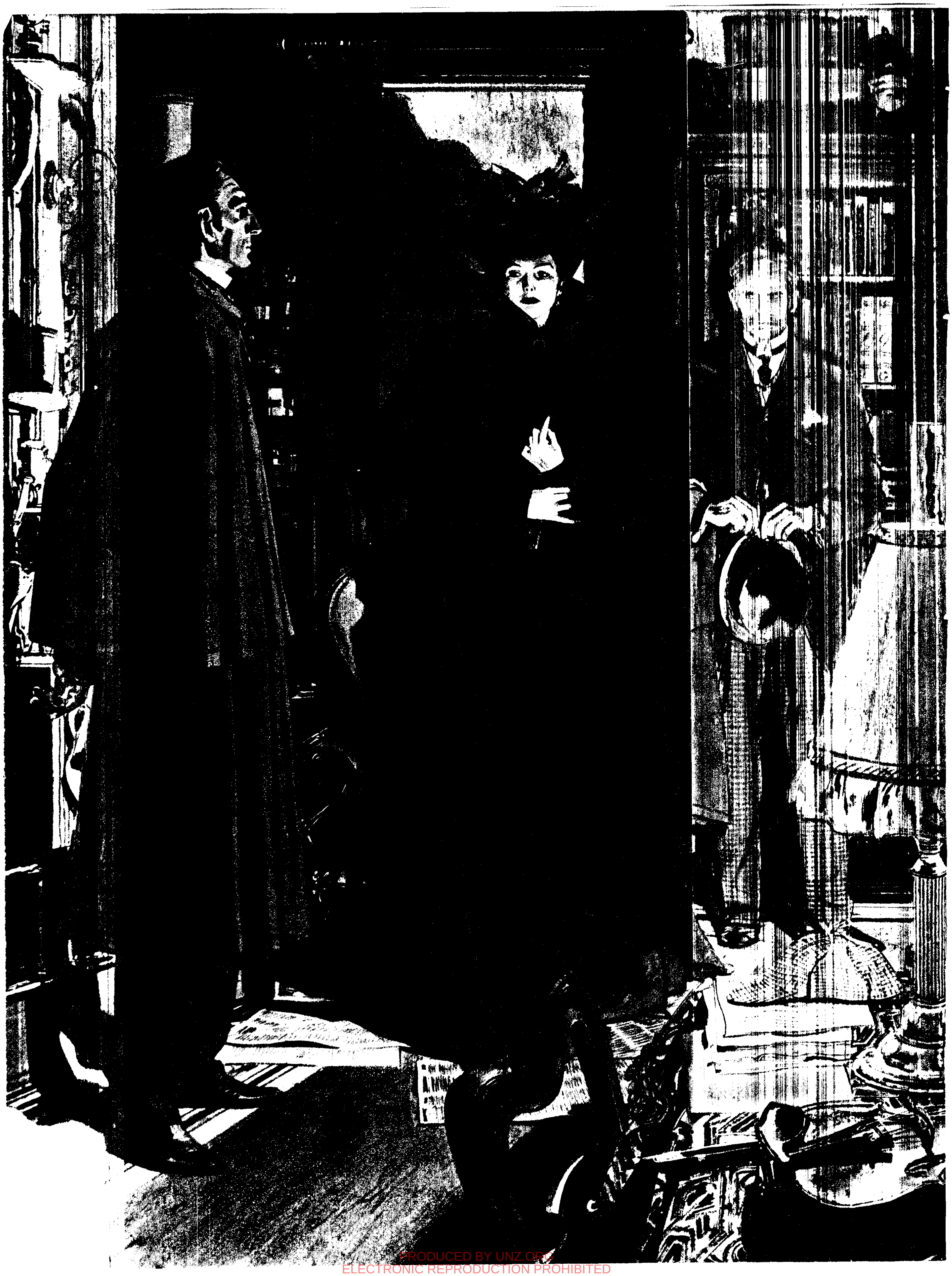


A haughty and beautiful woman boldly challenged Holmes's ability, and he was more determined than ever to clear the man against whom Scotland Yard had damning evidence

The Adventure of the ABBAS RUBY

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

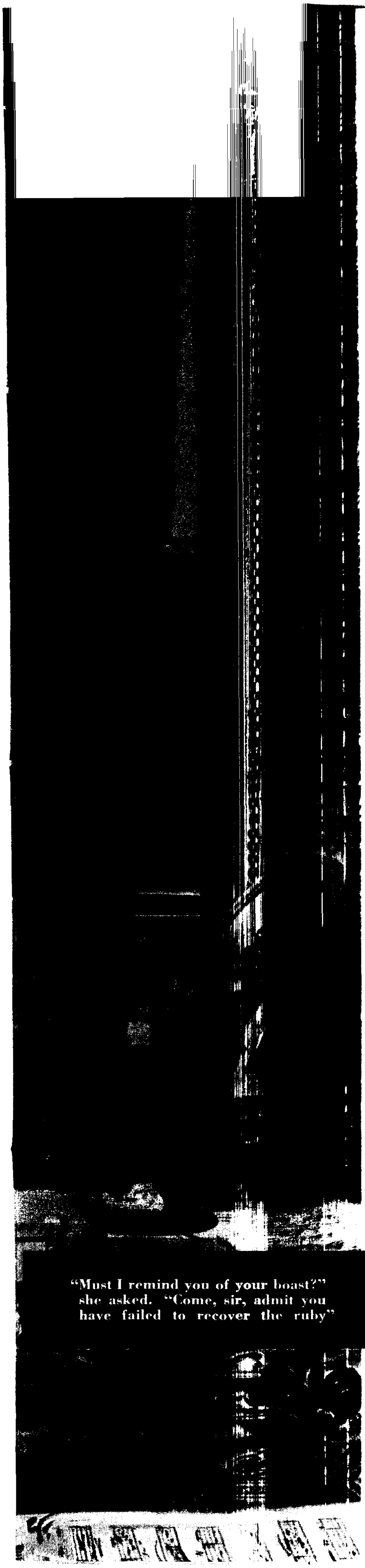
ON GLANCING through my notes, I find it recorded that the night of November 10th saw the first heavy blizzard of the winter of 1889. The day had been dark and cold with a bitter searching wind that moaned against the windows. As the early dusk deepened into night, the street lamps glimmering through the gloom of Baker Street disclosed the first flurries of snow and sleet swirling along the empty glistening pavements.

My friend Sherlock Holmes and I had returned but recently from Dartmoor on the conclusion of that singular case, the details of which I have recorded elsewhere under the name of The Hound of the Baskervilles. Though several inquiries had been brought to my friend's notice since our return, none were of a nature either to appeal to his love of the bizarre or to challenge that unique combination of logic and deduction which depended for its inspiration upon the intricacies of the problem laid before it.

A merry fire was crackling in the grate and, as I leaned back in my chair and let my eyes wander about the untidy coziness of our sitting room, I had to admit that the wildness of the night and the rattle of the sleet upon the windowpanes served merely to increase my own sense of contentment. On the far side of the fireplace, Sherlock Holmes was sitting in his armchair, languidly turning over the pages of a black index book marked "B," in which he had just completed certain entries under Baskerville. He gave vent to occasional chuckles and ejaculations as his eyes wandered over the names and notes covering every page of the volume. I had flung down The Lancet with some idea of encouraging my friend to touch upon one or two of the names which were strange to me when, beneath the sobbing of the wind, my ears caught the faint sound of the doorbell.

"You have a visitor," I said.

"Surely a client, Watson," Holmes replied, laying aside his book. "And on urgent business," he added, with a glance at the rattling windowpanes. "These inclement nights are invariably the herald of—" His words were interrupted by a rush of footsteps on the staircase, the door was flung



"Must I remind you of your boast?" she asked. "Come, sir, admit you have failed to recover the ruby"

Another New Sherlock Holmes Story

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ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

open, and our visitor stumbled into the room.

He was a short stout man, wrapped up in a dripping mackintosh and wearing a bowler hat that was held on his head by a woolen muffler tied under his chin. Holmes had tilted the lamp shade so that the light shone toward the door; for a moment the man remained motionless, staring at us across the room, while the moisture from his sodden garment dripped in dark stains upon the carpet. He would have been a comical figure, with his tubbiness and with his fat face framed in its encircling muffler, were it not for the impression of helpless misery in the man's brown eyes and in the shaking hands with which he plucked at the absurd knot beneath his chin.

"Take off your cape and come to the fire," said Holmes kindly.

"I must indeed apologize, gentlemen, for my untoward intrusion," he began, "but I fear that circumstances have arisen which threaten—"

"Quick, Watson!"

BUT I was too late. There was a thud and a groan, and there lay our visitor, senseless upon the carpet.

Seizing a bottle of brandy from the sideboard, I ran to force some between his lips while Mr. Holmes, who had loosened the man's muffler, craned over my shoulder. "What do you make of him, Watson?" he asked.

"He has had a severe shock," I replied. "From his appearance he seems a comfortable, respectable person of the grocer class, and doubtless we will find out more about him when he has recovered."

"Tut, I think that we might venture a little further," he said thoughtfully. "When the butler from some wealthy household rushes on the spur of the moment through a snowstorm in order to fall senseless on my humble carpet, I am tempted to visualize some affair of greater moment than a broken till."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I would stake a guinea that there is a livery beneath that cape. Ah, did I not say so!" he said as the visitor's cloak fell open.

"Even so, I do not see how you surmised it, nor the wealthy household."

Holmes picked up the limp hands. "You will observe that the pads of both thumbs are darkened, Watson. In a man of sedentary type, I know of only one occupation that will account for this equality of discoloration. The man polishes silver with his thumbs."

"Surely, Holmes, a leather would be more usual," I protested.

"On ordinary silver, yes. Very fine silver is finished, however, with the thumbs, and hence my conjecture of a well-to-do household. As for his sudden departure, the man has rushed into the night in patent-leather pumps despite that it has been snowing since six o'clock. There, now, you are feeling better," he added kindly, as our visitor opened his eyes. "Dr. Watson and I will help you into this chair, and after you have rested a while—"

The man clapped his hands to his head. "Rested a while!" he cried wildly. "Sir, they must be after me already!"

"Who must be after you?"

"The police, Sir John, all of them! The Abbas ruby has been stolen!" His words rose almost to a shriek. My friend leaned forward and placed his long thin fingers on the other's wrist. On previous occasions I have noted Holmes's almost magnetic power for asserting a sense of peace and comfort over the minds of those in distress. It was so in this case, and the wild panic-stricken gleam left the man's eyes.

"Come now, give me the facts," Sherlock Holmes said after a moment.

"My name is Andrew Joliffe," began our visitor more calmly, "and for the past two years I have been employed as butler to Sir John and Lady Doverton at Manchester Square."

"Sir John Doverton, the horticulturist?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed, there's them that say that his flowers, and specially his famous red camellias, mean more to Sir John than even the Abbas ruby and all his other family treasures. I take it you know about the ruby, sir?"

"I know of its existence. But tell me in your own words."

"Well, it makes one frightened just to look at it. Like a big drop of blood it is, with a touch of devil's fire smoldering in its heart. In two years I had seen it only once, for Sir John keeps it in the safe in his bedroom, locked up like some deadly poisonous creature that shouldn't even know the light of day. Tonight, however, I saw it for the second time. It was just after dinner, when one of our guests, Captain Masterman, suggested to Sir John that he should show them the Abbas ruby—"

"Their names?" interposed Holmes.

"Names, sir? Ah, you mean the guests. Well, there were Captain Masterman, who is her ladyship's brother, Lord and Lady Brackminster, Mrs. Dunbar, the Right Honorable William Radford, our Member of Parliament, and Mrs. Fitzsimmons-Leming."

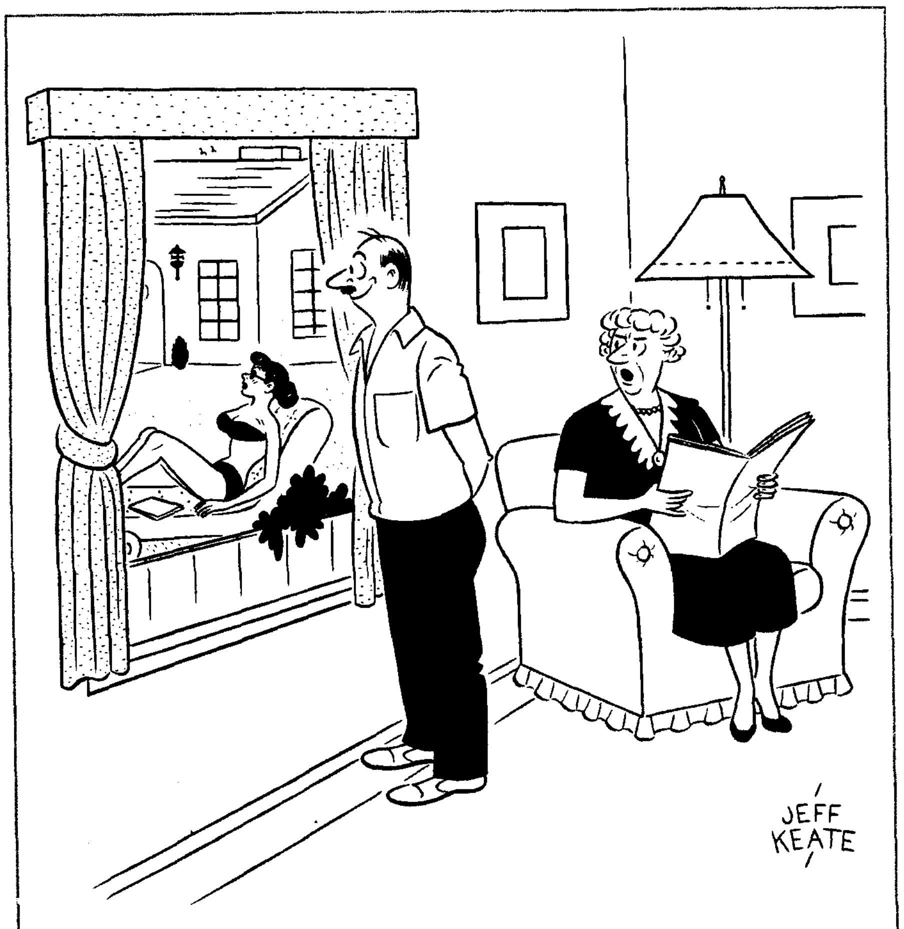
Holmes scribbled a word on his cuff. "Pray continue," said he.

"I was serving coffee in the library when the captain made his suggestion, and all the ladies began to clamor to see the gem. 'I would prefer to show you the red camellias in the conservatory,' says Sir John. 'The specimen that my wife is wearing on her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel box, as you can judge for yourselves.'

"'Then let us judge for ourselves!' smiles Mrs. Dunbar, and Sir John went upstairs and brought down the jewel case. As he opened it on the table and they all crowded round, her ladyship told me to light the lamps in the conservatory, as they would be coming shortly to see the red camellias. But there were no red camellias."

"I fail to understand," said Holmes.

"They'd gone, sir! Gone, every single one of them," cried our visitor hoarsely. "When I entered the conservatory, I just stood there holding the lamp above my head and wondering if I was stark mad. There was the famous shrub all right, but of the dozen great blossoms which I had admired on it this very afternoon, not a petal remained."



"How long is it going to take you to get over your surprise at the way the little girl next door has grown?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Sherlock Holmes stretched out a long arm for his pipe. "Dear, dear," said he. "This is most gratifying. Do continue."

"I ran back to the library to tell them. 'But it is impossible!' cried her ladyship. 'I saw the flowers myself when I plucked one for my dress just before dinner.' 'The man's been at the port!' said Sir John, and then, thrusting the jewel case into the table drawer, he rushed for the conservatory with all the rest of them at his heels. But the camellias had gone."

"One moment," interrupted Holmes. "When were they seen last?"

"I saw them at four, and as her ladyship picked one shortly before dinner, they were there about eight o'clock. But the flowers are of no matter, Mr. Holmes. It's the ruby!"

"Ah!"

Our visitor leaned forward in his chair. "The library was empty for only a few minutes," he continued almost in a whisper. "But when Sir John, fair demented over the mystery of his flowers, returned and opened the drawer, the Abbas ruby, together with its jewel case, had vanished too."

For a moment we sat in a silence broken only by the sound of burning embers falling in the grate.

"Joliffe," mused Holmes dreamily. "Andrew Joliffe—the Catterton diamond robbery, was it not?"

The man buried his face in his hands. "I'm glad you know, sir," he muttered at last. "But as God is my judge, I've kept straight since I came out three years ago. Captain Masterman was very good to me and got me this job with his brother-in-law, and from that day to this I've never let him down. I've been content to keep my wages, hoping that eventually I might save enough to buy my own cigar shop."

"Go on with your story," said Mr. Holmes.

"Well, sir, I was in the hall, having sent the stableboy for the police, when I heard Captain Masterman's voice through the half-opened door of the library. 'Damn it, John, I wanted to give a lame dog a chance,' said he, 'but I blame myself now that I did not tell you his past history. He must have slipped in here while everyone was in the conservatory and—' I waited for no more, sir. I told Rogers the footman that if anybody wanted me, they would find me with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and then I ran here through the snow, believing from all I've heard that you will not think it beneath you to save from injustice one who has already paid his debt to society. You are my only hope, sir, and—ah, I knew it!"

THE door had flown open, and a tall fair-haired man, wrapped to the ears in a snow-powdered cape, strode into the room. Holmes said, "Ah, Gregson, we were expecting you."

"No doubt, Mr. Holmes," replied Inspector Gregson dryly. "Well, this is our man and so we'll be getting along."

Our wretched client leaped to his feet. "No! I never touched it!" he wailed.

The police agent smiled sourly, and, drawing from his pocket a flat box, he shook it under his prisoner's nose.

"God save us, it's the jewel case!" gasped Joliffe.

"There, he admits it!" Gregson said. "Where was it found, you say? It was found where you put it, my man, under your mattress."

Joliffe's face had turned the color of ashes. "But I never touched it," he repeated dully.

"One moment, Gregson," interposed Holmes. "Am I to understand that you have the Abbas ruby?"

"No, the case was empty. But the ruby cannot be far, and Sir John is offering a reward of five thousand pounds."

"May I see the case? Thank you. Dear me, what a sorry sight—the lock unbroken but the hinges smashed. Flesh-colored velvet. But surely—" Whipping out his lens, Holmes laid the jewel case beneath the reading lamp and examined it closely. "Most interesting," he said at length. "By the way, Joliffe, was the ruby mounted?"

"It was set in a carved gold locket and chain. But, oh, Mr. Holmes—"

"Rest assured I will do my best for you. Well, Gregson, we will detain you no longer."

The Scotland Yard man snapped a pair of handcuffs on our unhappy visitor, and in a moment they were gone.

For a while Holmes smoked thoughtfully. He had drawn his chair up to the blaze and, with his chin cupped in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees, he stared broodingly into the fire while the ruddy light flickered on his keen aquiline features. "Have you ever heard of the Nonpareil Club, Watson?" he asked suddenly.

"The name is unfamiliar to me," I confessed.

"It is the most exclusive gambling club in London," he continued. "The members' list, which is privately printed, reads like Debrett's with a spicing of the Almanach de Gotha. I have had my eye upon it for some time past."

"Good heavens, Holmes, why?"

"Where there is wealth, follows crime, Watson. It is the one fixed principle that has governed man's wickedness through all his history."

"But what has this club to do with the Abbas ruby?" I asked.

"Perhaps, nothing—or again, everything. Kindly hand me down the biographical index marked 'M' from the shelf above the pipe rack. Dear me, it is remarkable that one letter of the alphabet can embrace so many notorious names. You would find it profitable to study this list, Watson. But here is our man, I think. Mappins; Marston, the poisoner; Masterman. Captain the Honorable Bruce Masterman, born 1856, educated at—hum. Ha!—suspected of implication in the Hilliers Deerborn inheritance forgery; secretary of Nonpareil Club; member of—quite so." My friend flung the book on the couch. "Well, Watson, are you game for a nocturnal excursion?"

"By all means, Holmes. But where?"

"Circumstances will guide us."

THE wind had fallen, and as we emerged into the white, silent street, the distant chimes of Big Ben struck the hour of eleven. It was so bitterly cold that I welcomed the need of a brisk walk to Marylebone Road before we could hail a hansom.

"It will do no harm to call at Manchester Square," remarked Holmes, as we tucked the rug around us, and then we jingled away through the snow-covered streets. A short drive brought us to our destination and as we alighted before the portico of an imposing Georgian house, Holmes pointed to the ground. "The guests have gone already," said he, "for you will observe that these wheel marks were made after the snow ceased to fall."

The footman who had opened the door to us took our cards, and a moment later we were ushered across the hall into a handsome library where a tall thin man with graying hair and a most melancholy countenance was warming his coattails before a blazing fire. As we entered, a woman, who was reclining on a chaise longue, rose to her feet and turned to look at us.

Though the leading artist of our day has immortalized Lady Doverton, I venture to think that no portrait will ever do full justice to this imperious and beautiful woman. She wore a gown of white satin with a single scarlet flower flaming on her bodice, and the golden glow of the candles shone on her pale, perfectly chiseled face and drew sparkles of fire from the diamonds that crowned her rich auburn hair. Her companion advanced on us eagerly.

"Really, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, this is most gratifying!" he cried. "That you should face the inclemency of the night in order to fasten upon the perpetrator of this outrage speaks highly for your public spirit, sir! Most highly!"

Holmes bowed. "The Abbas ruby is a famous stone, Sir John," he said.

"Ah, the ruby. Yes, yes, of course. Most lamentable," replied Sir John Doverton. And then he said with enthusiasm, "Fortunately, there are buds. Your knowledge of flowers will tell you—"

He broke off as his wife laid her hand on his arm. "As the matter is already in the hands of the police," she said haughtily, "I do not understand why we should be honored by this visit from Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"I shall take up very little of your time, Lady Doverton," replied my friend. "A few minutes in your conservatory should suffice."

"With what object, sir? What possible connection can there be between the conservatory and the missing jewel?"

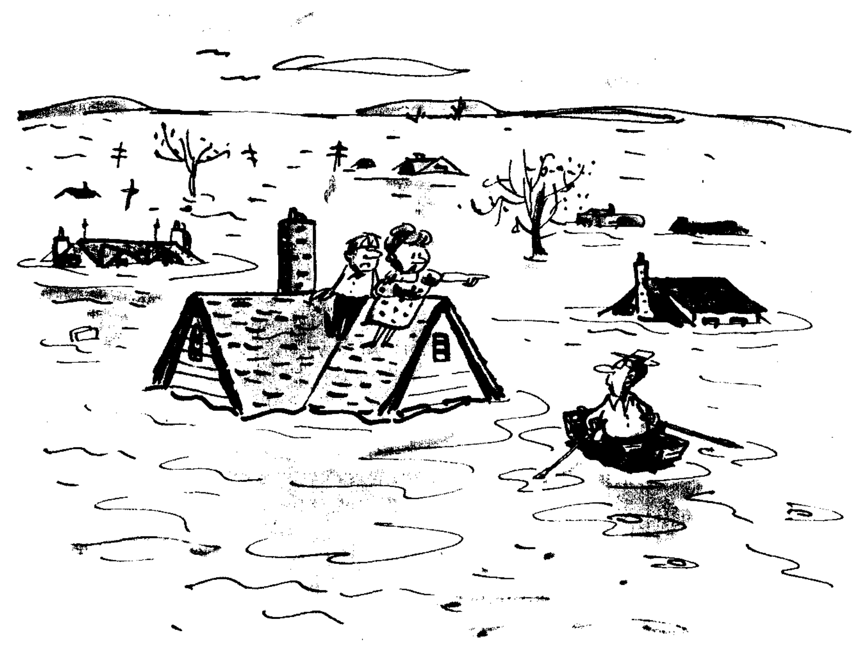
"It is that which I wish to determine."

Lady Doverton smiled coldly. "In the meantime, the police will have arrested the thief."

"I think not," said Holmes.

"Absurd! The man who fled was a convicted jewel robber. The conclusion is obvious."

"Perhaps too obvious, madam! Does it not strike you as somewhat singular that an ex-convict, though aware that his record was known already to your



COLLIER'S

"No, this is *432* Elm Street. 434 is about a mile downstream"

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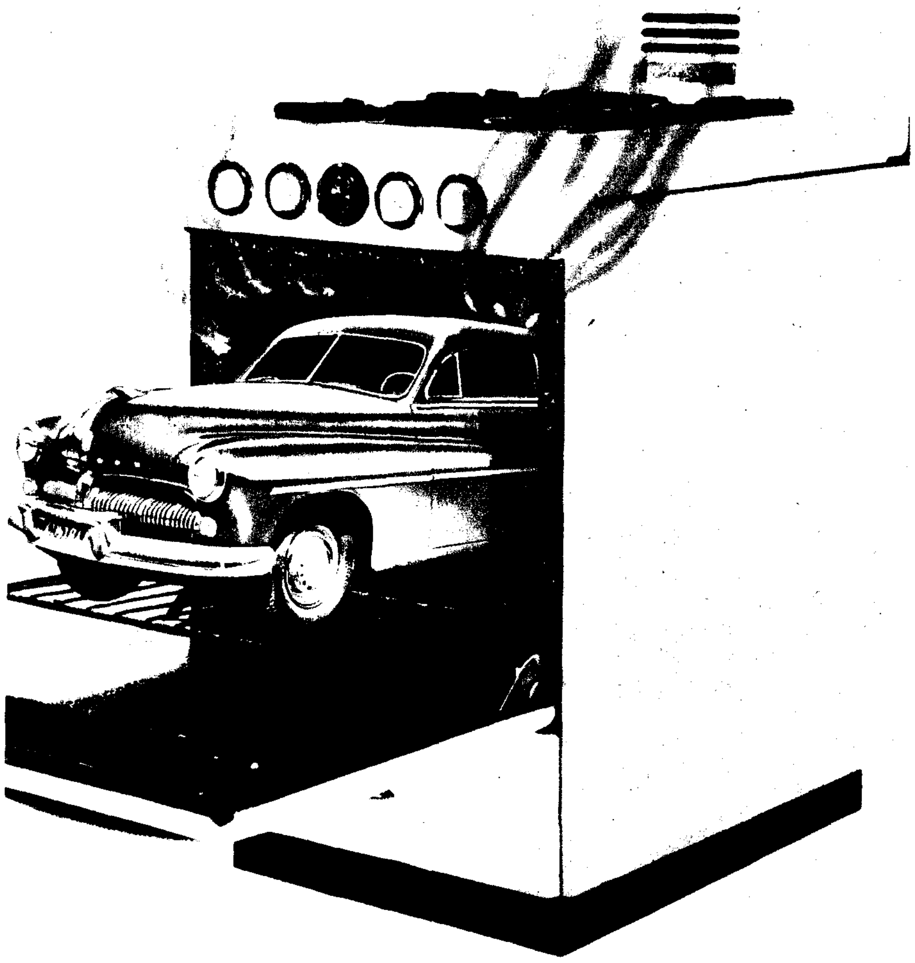

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brother, should steal a famous stone from his own employer and then conveniently condemn himself by secreting the jewel box under his mattress, where even Scotland Yard men would surely search?"

Lady Doverton put a hand to her bosom. "I had not considered the matter in that light," she said.

"Naturally," said Holmes. "But, dear me, what a beautiful blossom! I take it that this is the red camellia which you plucked this afternoon?"

"This evening, sir, just before dinner."

"Spes ultima gentis!" observed Sir John gloomily. "Until the next crop."

"Just so. It would interest me to see your conservatory."

WE FOLLOWED Sir John along a short passage which, opening from the library, terminated with the glass door of a hothouse. While the famous horticulturist and I waited at the entrance, Holmes commenced a slow tour through the warm, stifling darkness, the lighted candle which he carried in his hand appearing and disappearing like some great glowworm amid the weird shapes of cacti and curious tropical shrubs. Holding the light close to the camellia bush, he studied it through his lens.

"The victim of a vandal's knife," groaned Sir John.

"No, they were snipped with a small pair of curved nail scissors," Holmes remarked. "You will observe that there is no shredding of the stalks, such as a knife would cause, and furthermore, the small cut on this leaf shows that the scissor points overreached the stem of the flower. Well, I think that there is nothing more to be learned here."

We were retracing our steps when Holmes paused at a small window in the passage and, opening the catch, struck a match and looked out.

"It overlooks a path used by the tradesmen," volunteered Sir John.

I leaned over my friend's shoulder. Below, the snow lay in a long smooth drift from the house wall to the edge of a narrow pathway. Holmes said nothing, but as he turned away I noticed that there was something of surprise, almost of chagrin, in his expression.

Lady Doverton was awaiting us in the library. "I fear that your reputation is overrated, Mr. Holmes," she said, with a gleam of amusement in her fine blue eyes. "I expected you to return with all the missing flowers, and perhaps even the Abbas ruby itself!"

"At least I have every hope of returning you the latter, madam," said Holmes coldly.

"A dangerous boast, Mr. Holmes."

"Others will tell you that boasting is not among my habits. And now, as Dr. Watson and I are already somewhat overdue at the Nonpareil Club—dear me, Lady Doverton, I fear that you have broken your fan—it only remains for me to express our regret for this intrusion and to wish you a very good night."

We had driven as far as Oxford Street when Holmes, who had sat in complete silence with his chin upon his breast, suddenly sprang to his feet, pushed up the trap and shouted an order to our driver.

"What a fool!" he cried, clapping a hand to his forehead as our hansom turned in its tracks. "What mental aberration!"

"What—when?"

"Watson, if I ever show signs of self-satisfaction, kindly whisper the word 'camellias' in my ear."

A few minutes later we alighted again before the portico of Sir John Doverton's mansion. "There is no need to disturb the household," muttered Holmes. "I imagine that this is the gate into the tradesmen's entrance."

My friend swiftly led the way along the path skirting the wall of the house until we found ourselves under a window which I recognized as the one opening from the passage. Then, throwing himself on his knees, he commenced carefully to scoop away the snow with his bare hands. After a few moments, he straightened himself. I saw that he had cleared a large dark patch.

"Let us risk a match, Watson," he said.

I lighted one and there, on the black earth exposed by Holmes's scooping away of the snow, lay a reddish-brown heap of frozen flowers.

"The camellias!" I exclaimed. "My dear fellow, what does this mean?"

My friend's face was very stern as he rose to his feet. "Villainy, Watson!" said he. "Clever, calculated villainy."

He picked up one of the dead flowers and stood for a while silently contemplating the dark, withered petals in the palm of his hand. "It is as well for Andrew Joliffe that he reached Baker Street before Gregson reached him," he observed thoughtfully.

"Shall I raise the house?" I asked.

"Ever the man of action, Watson," he replied, with a dry chuckle. "No, my dear fellow, I think that we would be better employed in making our way quietly back to our hansom and then on to the purlieus of St. James's."

In the events of the evening I had lost all sense of time, and it came as something of a shock when, as we wheeled from Piccadilly into St. James's Street and stopped before the door of an elegant, well-lighted house, I saw from the clock above Palace Yard that it was not far short of midnight.

"When its competitors go to bed the Nonpareil Club comes into its own," remarked Holmes, ringing the bell. He scribbled a note on his calling card, and, handing it to the manservant at the door, he led the way into the hall.

As we followed the servant to a marble staircase leading to the floor above, I caught a glimpse of lofty and luxurious rooms in which small groups of men, clad in evening dress, were sitting about and reading papers or gathered around rosewood card tables.

Our guide knocked at a door, and a moment later we found ourselves in a small, comfortably furnished room hung with sporting prints and smelling strongly of cigar smoke. A tall, soldierly-looking man with a close-cropped mustache and thick auburn hair, who was lounging in a chair before the fireplace, made no attempt to rise at our entrance, but, holding Holmes's card between his fingers, surveyed us coldly through a pair of blue eyes that reminded me forcibly of Lady Doverton.

"You choose a strange time to call, gentlemen," he said with a trace of hostility in his voice. "It's cursed late."

"And getting later," my friend observed. "No, Captain Masterman, a chair is unnecessary. I prefer to stand."

"Stand then. What do you want?"

"The Abbas ruby," said Holmes.

I STARTED and gripped my stick. There was a moment of silence while Masterman stared up at Holmes from the depth of his chair. Then, throwing back his head, he laughed heartily. "My dear sir, you must really excuse me!" he cried at length, his handsome face all a grin. "But your demand is a little excessive. The Nonpareil Club does not number absconding servants among its members. You must seek elsewhere for Joliffe."

"I have already spoken with Joliffe."

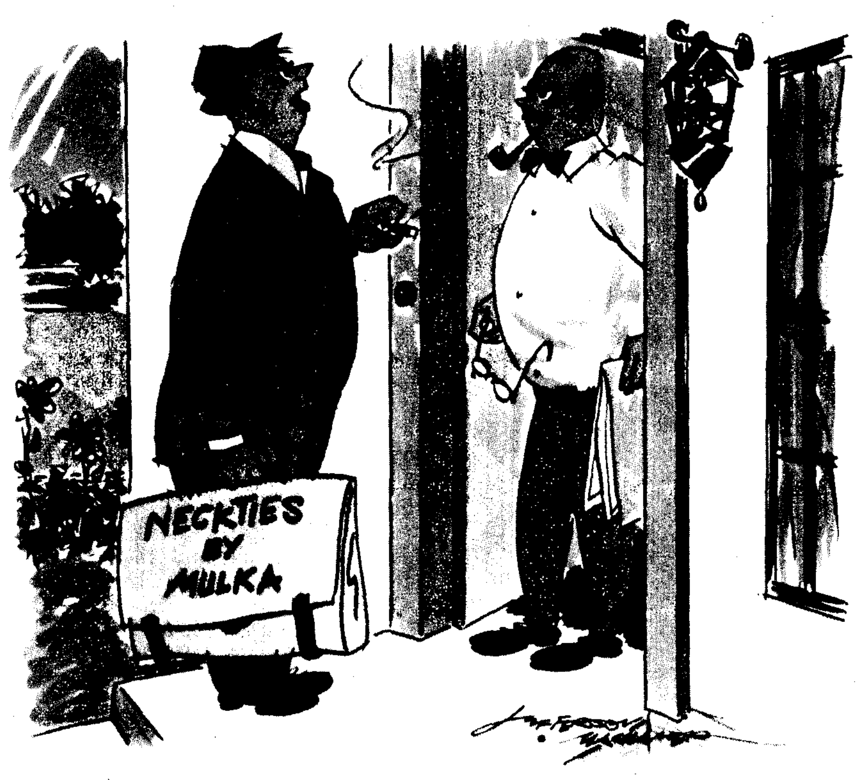
"Ah, I see," he sneered; "then you represent the interests of the butler."

"No, I represent the interests of justice," replied Holmes sternly.

"Dear me, how very imposing. Well, Mr. Holmes, it is lucky for you that I have no witnesses to your demand or it would go hard with you in a court of law. A cool five thousand guineas' worth of slander, I should say."

Holmes strolled across to the fireplace and, drawing his watch from his pocket, compared it with the clock on the mantelpiece. "It is now five minutes after midnight," he remarked. "You have until nine o'clock in the morning to bring the jewel to me at Baker Street."

Masterman bounded from his chair.



COLLIER'S "Want to buy a couple or will I come back when your wife is here alone?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Now see here, damn you—" he snarled.

"It won't do, Captain Masterman, really it won't do. However, that you may realize that I am not bluffing, I will run over a few points for your edification. You knew Joliffe's past record and you got him the post with Sir John as an ostensible sinecure for the future."

"Prove it, you cursed busybody!"

"Later you needed money," continued Holmes imperturbably, "a great deal of money to judge from the value of the Abbas ruby. I have no doubt that an examination of your card losses would give us the figure. Thereupon you contrived—I regret to add, with your sister's help—a scheme that was as cunning in its conception as it was merciless in its execution.

"From Lady Doverton you obtained precise details of the jewel case containing the stone, and you caused a duplicate of this case to be constructed. The difficulty was to know when Sir John would withdraw the ruby from the safe, which he did but rarely. Then a dinner party at which you were to be one of the guests suggested a very simple solution. Relying on the natural interest of the ladies, you would ask your brother-in-law to bring down the jewel. But how to ensure that he and the others would leave the room while the jewel was there? I fear that here we come upon the subtle traces of the feminine mind. There could be no surer way than to play upon Sir John's pride in his famous red camellias. It worked out exactly as you foresaw.

"When Joliffe returned with the news that the bush had been stripped, Sir John instantly thrust the jewel case into the nearest receptacle and, followed by his guests, rushed to the conservatory. You slipped back, pocketed the case and, when the robbery had been discovered, volunteered the perfectly true information that his wretched butler was a convicted jewel thief. However, though the scheme was cleverly planned and boldly executed, you made two cardinal errors.

"The first was that the duplicate jewel case, which had been rather amateurishly smashed and then planted under the mattress of Joliffe's bed, probably some hours in advance, was lined in pale velvet. My lens disclosed that this delicate surface showed not the slightest trace of wear such as would inevitably occur from the mounting of a pendant jewel.

"THE second error was fatal. Your sister stated that she had plucked the blossom she wore on her gown immediately prior to dinner and, such being the case, the flowers must have been there at eight o'clock. I asked myself what I should do if I wished to dispose of a dozen blossoms as swiftly as possible. The answer was: the nearest window—in this instance, the one in the passage.

"But the snow, which lay in a deep drift below, disclosed no traces whatever of the blossoms. This, I confess, caused me some perplexity until, as Dr. Watson can testify, the obvious solution dawned on me. I rushed back and, proceeding very carefully to remove the snowdrift under the window, I came upon the remains of the missing camellias lying on the frozen earth. As the covering snow had been undisturbed, they must have been flung there before the snowfall commenced at six o'clock. Lady Doverton's story was therefore a fabrication, and in those withered flowers lay the answer."

During my friend's exposition, I had

watched the angry flush on Captain Masterman's face fade into an ugly pallor, and now as Holmes ceased he crossed swiftly to a desk in the corner.

"I wouldn't," said Holmes pleasantly.

Masterman paused with his hand on a drawer. "What are you going to do?"

"Providing that the Abbas ruby is brought to me before nine o'clock, I shall make no public exposure, and doubtless Sir John Doverton will forbear further inquiries at my request. I am protecting his wife's name. Were it otherwise, you would feel the full weight of my hand upon you, Captain Masterman, for when I consider your inveiglement of your sister and your foul plot to ensnare an innocent man, I am hard put to it to recall a more blackguardly villain."

"But the scandal, curse you!" cried Masterman. "What of the scandal in the Nonpareil Club? I'm over my ears in card debts, and if I give up the ruby—" He paused and shot us a swift, furtive glance. "Look here, Holmes, what about a sporting proposition—"

My friend turned toward the door. "You have until nine o'clock," he said coldly. "Come, Watson."

THE snow began to fall again as we waited in St. James's Street while the porter whistled for a cab. "My dear fellow, I'm afraid that you must be very tired," Holmes remarked.

"On the contrary, I am always invigorated by your company," I answered.

"Well, you deserve a few hours' rest. Our adventures are over for tonight."

But my friend spoke too soon. A belated hansom had carried us to Baker Street, and I was in the act of opening the front door with my latchkey when our attention was arrested by the lamps of a carriage approaching swiftly from the direction of Marylebone Road. The vehicle, a closed four-wheeler, came to a halt a few yards down the street, and an instant later the muffled figure of a woman hurried toward us. Though her features were hidden under a heavy veil, there was something vaguely familiar in her tall graceful form and the queenly poise of her head as she drew near.

"I wish to speak with you, Mr. Holmes," she cried imperiously.

My friend raised his eyebrows. "Perhaps you would go ahead, Watson, and light a lamp," he said quietly.

In the years of my association with my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have seen many beautiful women cross our threshold, but I cannot recall one whose beauty surpassed that of the woman who now entered our modest quarters.

She had thrown back her veil, and the lamplight illumined with a pale radiance her perfect face and the brilliance of her long-lashed blue eyes which met and challenged Holmes's stern and uncompromising glance. "I had not expected this late visit, Lady Doverton," he said austerely.

"I thought that you were omniscient, Mr. Holmes," she replied with a faint mockery ringing in her voice. "But perhaps you know nothing about women."

"I fail to see—"

"Must I remind you of your boast? The loss of the Abbas ruby is a disaster, and I could not rest in my anxiety to know whether or not you have fulfilled your promise. Come, sir, admit that you have failed."

"On the contrary, I have succeeded."

Our visitor stepped forward, her eyes glittering. "This is an ill jest, Mr. Holmes," she cried haughtily.

I have remarked elsewhere that, despite his profound distrust of the opposite sex, it was my friend's nature to be chivalrous. But now, for the first time, as he faced Lady Doverton, I saw his face harden ominously in the presence of a woman. "The hour is a trifle late for tiresome pretenses, madam," said he. "I have visited the Nonpareil Club and taken some pains to explain to your brother both the manner in which he acquired the Abbas ruby and the part which you—"

"No!"

"—which you, I say, played in the matter. I beg that you will spare me my illusion that you played that part unwillingly."

For an instant the beautiful, imperious creature faced Holmes in the circle of lamplight; then, with a low moaning cry, she fell on her knees, her hands clutching at his coat. Holmes stooped and raised her swiftly. "Kneel to your husband, Lady Doverton, and not to me," he said quietly. "Indeed, you have much to answer for."

"I swear to you—"

"Hush, I know all. Not a word shall pass my lips."

"You mean that you will not tell him?" she gasped.

"I see nothing to be gained thereby. Joliffe will be released in the morning, of course, and the affair of the Abbas ruby brought to a close."

"God reward you for your mercy," she whispered brokenly. "I will do my best to make amends. But my unfortunate brother—his losses at cards—"

"Ah, yes, Captain Masterman. I do not think, Lady Doverton, that you have cause to worry too deeply over that young man. Captain Masterman's bankruptcy and the resultant scandal in the Nonpareil Club may have the result of starting him upon a more honorable path than that which he has pursued up to now. Indeed, once the scandal has become a thing of the past, Sir John might be persuaded to arrange a commission for him in some overseas military service. From what I have seen of that young man's enterprise and address, I have no doubt that he would do very well on the North-West Frontier of India."

EVIDENTLY, I was more fatigued by the events of the night than I had supposed, for I did not awake until nearly ten o'clock. When I entered our sitting room, I found Sherlock Holmes had already finished his breakfast and was lounging in front of the fire in his old red dressing gown, his feet stretched out to the blaze and the air heavy with the smoke of his after-breakfast pipe. I rang for Mrs. Hudson and ordered a pot of coffee and some rashers and eggs.

"I'm glad that you're in time, Watson," he said, shooting an amused glance at me.

"Mrs. Hudson's capability to produce breakfast at any hour is not least among her virtues," I replied.

"Quite so. But I was not referring to your breakfast. I am expecting Sir John Doverton."

"In that case, Holmes, as it is a delicate affair, it would be better perhaps that I leave you alone," said I, and started to get up.

Holmes waved me back to my seat, saying, "My dear fellow, I shall be glad of your presence. And here, I think, is our visitor, a few minutes before his time."

There came a knock on the door, and the tall stooped figure of the well-known horticulturist entered the room. "You have news for me, Mr. Holmes!" he cried impetuously. "Speak out, sir!"

"Yes, I have news for you," Holmes replied with a slight smile.

Sir John stepped forward. "Then the camellias—" he began.

"Well, well. Perhaps we would be wise to forget the red camellias. I noticed a goodly crop of buds on the bush."

"I thank God that is true," said our visitor devoutly, "and I am glad to perceive, Mr. Holmes, that you place a high value on the aesthetic rarities of nature. Nevertheless, there still remains the dreadful loss of the Abbas ruby. Have you any hope of recovering the jewel?"

"There is every hope. But before we discuss the matter any further, I beg that you will join me in a glass of port."

Sir John raised his eyebrows. "At this hour, Mr. Holmes?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, come now," smiled Sherlock Holmes, filling three glasses at the sideboard and handing one to our visitor. "It is a chill morning and I can heartily recommend this vintage."

With a slight frown of disapproval, Sir John Doverton lifted the glass to his lips. The moment of silence that followed was broken by a sudden startled cry. Our visitor, his face as white as the piece of linen which he had put to his mouth, stared wildly from Holmes to the flaming, flashing crystal which had fallen from his lips into his handkerchief. "The Abbas ruby!" he gasped.

SHERLOCK HOLMES broke into a hearty laugh and clapped his hands together. "Really you must forgive me!" he cried. "My friend Dr. Watson will tell you that I can never resist these somewhat dramatic touches."

Sir John Doverton gazed thunderstruck at the great jewel, smoldering and winking against its background of white linen. "Good heavens, I can scarcely credit my own eyes," he said in a shaking voice. "But how on earth did you recover it?"

"Ah, there I must crave your indulgence. Suffice to say that your butler, Joliffe, who was a sorely wronged man, was released this morning and that the jewel is now returned safely to its rightful owner," replied Holmes kindly. "Here is the locket from which I took the liberty of removing the stone, in order that I might play my little trick of concealing the ruby in your port wine. I beg that you will press the matter no further."

"It shall be as you wish, Mr. Holmes," said Sir John earnestly. "Indeed I have cause to place every confidence in your judgment. But how can I express—"

"Well, I am far from a rich man and I shall leave it to you whether or not I have deserved your five-thousand-pound reward."

"Many times over, Mr. Holmes," cried Sir John Doverton, drawing a checkbook from his pocket. "Furthermore, I shall send you a cutting from my red camellias."

Holmes bowed gravely. "I shall place it in the special charge of Watson," he said. "By the way, Sir John, I will be glad if you would make out two separate checks. One for two thousand five hundred pounds in favor of Sherlock Holmes, Esquire, and the other for a similar amount in favor of Andrew Joliffe. I fear that from this time forward you might find your former butler a trifle nervous in his domestic duties, and this sum of money should be ample to set him up in the cigar business, thus fulfilling the secret ambition of his life. Thank you, my dear sir. And now I think that for once we might really break our morning habits and, by partaking a glass of port, modestly celebrate the successful conclusion of the case of the Abbas ruby."

—ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

In Collier's Next Issue

Sherlock Holmes

in

The Adventure of the

TWO WOMEN

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

A blackmail scheme threatened not only the reputation of one of England's honored families, but the safety of the Empire

SOLO

A Novelette

By WALT GROVE

The story of Al, a runaway who held his own in a world of hard-living fliers, but who couldn't make sense of tangled, grown-up emotions

A SPECIAL FICTION FEATURE

Dr. Frank Fessler, New York chemist and one of the developers of the new compound, in a lab where he tests effect on the color of fabrics

Is Germfree Living

Before long, you may be buying clothes, toothbrushes and other articles which, thanks to treatment with a new chemical, will stay sterile throughout normal use. Tests indicate it will kill more germs than any of the wonder drugs

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

SILVER, long one of the most useful of metals, is about to play a new role in your life—as the base of a germicide which promises to be the most effective weapon against bacteria ever developed. Science has known for half a century that silver has great germ-killing powers, and for years men have been trying to find a way to mobilize those powers effectively. Now a group of researchers have succeeded, and a new silver complex compound which they have created will soon be available to the public in the form of products treated with it.

The compound, called Permachem (pronounced *per-ma-kem*), will not only sterilize cloth, paper, powder, bristles and cosmetics, but in turn will give these products the power to kill many forms of bacteria on contact.

Up to now scientists have been unable to do much more than temporarily sterilize such objects; upon exposure to air they lost their surgical cleanliness. Under the new treatment, laboratory evidence indicates, common articles of use will stay sterile during the entire period of normal use.

Yet the compound doesn't affect the feel, color or odor of products treated with it. It can't be detected in a material except by chemical test. Fabrics containing it have been washed and dry-cleaned as many as 25 times, subjected to heat and ironing, and still remained self-sterilizing. Like other germicides, Permachem can be overwhelmed by a large concentration of bacteria, so that a bandage treated with it and applied to an infection would certainly no longer be sterile once it was removed. But the chemists who developed the compound are confident that any item treated with it will stay permanently self-sterilizing throughout normal use.

If the new germicide fully lives up to its promise, the medical potentialities alone will be immense. Among the more obvious would be its use in bandages, dressings, surgical gowns and masks, and all hospital and sickroom linens. It would also have quite a wide range of possibilities for everyday use—in clothes, handkerchiefs, diapers, cleansing tissues, toilet paper, dentifrices, articles of feminine hygiene and baby toys.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

Dr. Frank Fessler, one of the developers of the germicide and an officer of the Permachem Corporation, which owns it, describes Permachem as a process as well as a substance. The actual silver complex compound is a colorless solution of chemicals combined with another chemical manufactured by the company. However, the compound is of little value without the process. Objects to be treated are not only treated by the silver solution but are also passed through other solutions that protect them from discoloration and bind in the germicidal property.

Years of Work for Chemists

The treatment chemically fastens minute particles of germicide into the material's molecules without changing the color. This method of binding silver to various materials to make them deadly to germs was discovered in Europe but developed here. Chemists worked for 15 years to produce the Permachem formula and process.

Paper, textile and drug manufacturers are now testing the process and analyzing marketing problems with a view to negotiating rights with the Permachem Corporation to use it in consumer products. Treated commodities may be available in stores within six months. Only the treated products, not the compound, will be available to consumers.

How much they will cost the consumer is now being mulled over by interested manufacturers, but in any event the prices will vary; obviously, it will cost more to treat a large blanket than a small toy. The compound is cheap to make because of the minute quantities of silver used, and its addition to any item should not add materially to the cost.

The claims made for Permachem are large. They should be viewed with some of the skepticism that the medical profession will certainly manifest. When the writer described the company's experiments and expectations to a public-health authority, an expert on germicides, he commented: "I am frankly dubious. There appears to be little clinical evidence of the product's purported powers, there is insufficient assurance that it will be harmless to humans, and there is doubtful need for it in many of the forms in which people will surely want to use it."

Although this doctor had never had any experience with Permachem, his was the typically guarded reaction of medical men, who have learned to go slow concerning new discoveries. As wonder drugs have piled up in the great research surge of recent years, many have failed to live up to early promise. Only studied use over a long period of time can prove the effectiveness and safety of any medical discovery. And no germicide is 100 per cent effective. One reason is that germs develop resistance to lethal environments.

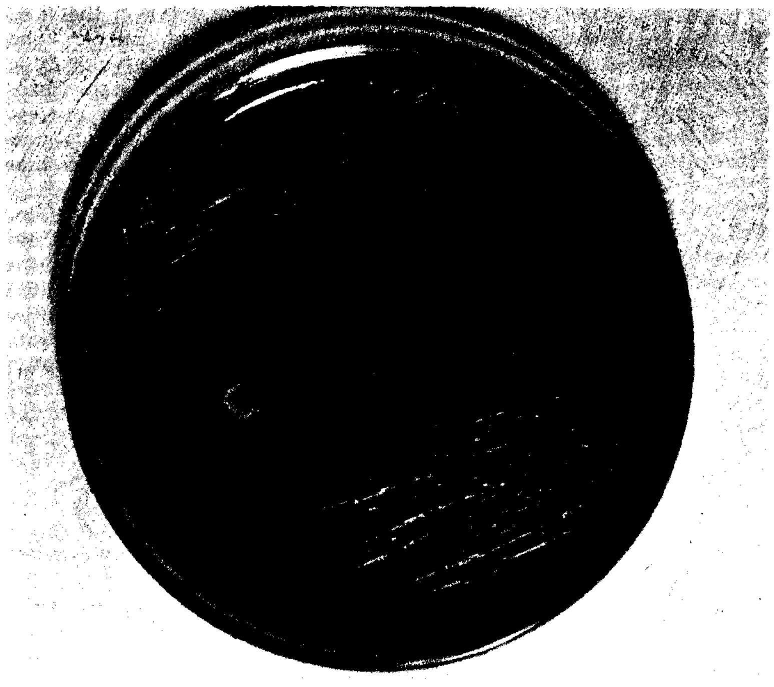
More Clinical Testing Needed

Nobody can foretell, therefore, whether or how they might resist the killing power of silver until it comes into popular use as a germicide. And since the new formula is comparatively untried, no one can say with absolute certainty what it will accomplish or what its limitations may be. Much wider clinical testing will be needed before Permachem meets the standards of the medical profession.

At this stage, laboratory tests are the chief gauge of Permachem's effectiveness. After its own successful experiments, the company turned over textiles and powders it had processed to independent laboratories for study. Reports from private laboratories indicate that the Permachem-treated substances overwhelmed a greater variety of bacteria than did penicillin or any other anti-

Next?

Three pieces of paper toweling were put over a dish containing Staphylococcus aureus, the germ causing boils. Two (marked 6 and 7) were Permachem-treated. Darkening shows the bacteria in them were destroyed. The third (marked C) was not treated



ENJOY SUMMER'S COOLEST DRINK...

GIN AND Quinac

EASY TO MAKE...EASY TO TAKE

DELICIOUSLY DRY...

DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT

You couldn't be cooler. You couldn't feel more refreshed. You couldn't find a better thirst-quencher than Gin-and-Quinac if you covered the whole world.

See that glacier-blue color? That's the Quinac color. For Quinac *looks* as delightfully different as it *tastes.* And that's saying a mouthful of the finest flavor you've ever enjoyed! Have a Gin-and-Quinac today!

Make GIN and QUINAC in seconds, like this

Put 1½ ounces of gin in a tall glass. Plenty of ice. Thin slice of lemon or lime. Fill with Quinac.

ENJOY CANADA DRY Quinac AS A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE

For a different kind of dry, cool refreshment, try Quinac by itself in a glass with ice and a slice of lemon or lime.

P. S. LIKE RUM OR VODKA?

You'll like 'em even better in a Rum-and-Quinac or Vodka-and-Quinac.

GET THE KNACK... DRINK

GIN AND Quinac QUININE WATER

biotic. These reports were not endorsements of the product, but simply routine accounts of test results.

In addition, the company permitted this writer to submit samples of treated powders and fabrics to the bacteriological labs of a leading Midwestern university—one which must go unnamed because of a university ban on publication of its name in connection with such experiments. The university tested three separate samples of both powder and fabric against four common and dangerous germs: staphylococcus, which is present in practically all sinus, nose and throat infections and produces boils, abscesses, carbuncles and impetigo; streptococcus, the general cause of so-called "blood poisoning"; colon bacillus, which is found in peritonitis, diseases of the genitourinary tract and female pelvis, and sometimes meningitis; and Neisseria catarrhalis, which causes inflammation of the mucous membrane and is believed to be one of the germs that may be involved in the cold.

The university technicians heavily inoculated glass plates with the living bacteria, then put small quantities of the Permachem-treated powders and textiles on them. Within 24 hours, the samples were free of bacteria. So was an area around them.

The other independent laboratory tests have indicated that the formula is effective against fungi, molds and mildews as well as disease germs. A fungus that it destroyed was trichophyton gypseum, one of the fungi which cause athlete's foot. In the opinion of Permachem's developers, it is possible that the hosiery you wear in the future may protect you from athlete's foot, and that active cases of the disease could be treated with a combination of the powder and processed hosiery.

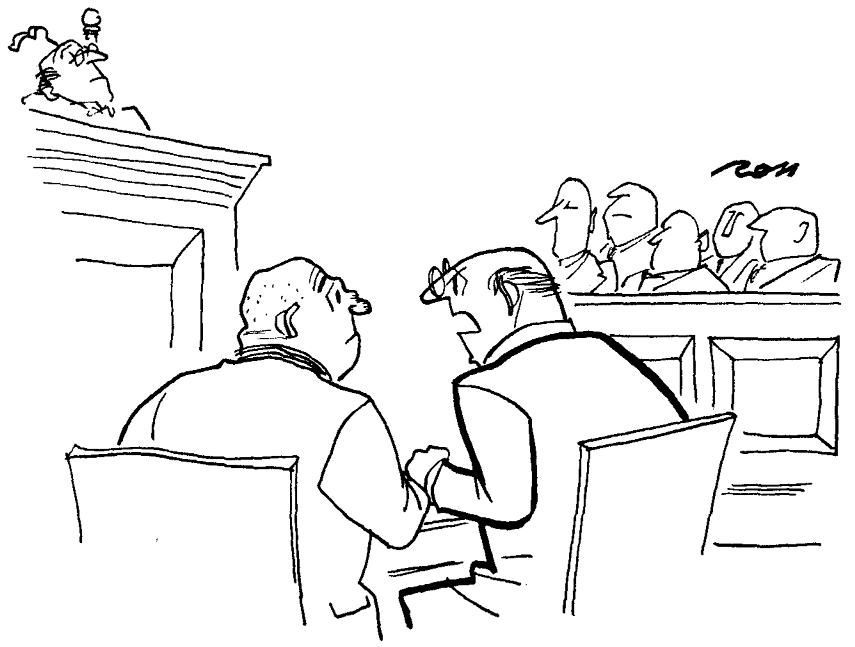
Old Fungus Infection Cured

A Liberian diplomat, a friend of one of the doctors working with Permachem, had a fungus infection of the hand that had resisted treatment for many years. The doctor allowed him to sprinkle the new powder over the infections, and the diplomat came back 24 hours later showing every evidence of a cure.

Another physician gave his patients 100 toothbrushes with Permachem-treated bristles. He instructed them to use the brushes at least twice a day and bring them back after a month. On examining the returned toothbrushes in his laboratory, he reported that all were free of bacteria.

Another prospect advanced by Permachem's sponsors is the use of the process in hairbrushes. Some barber and beauty shops steam-sterilize brushes every time they are used, but many do not, and if the latter group would employ Permachem-treated articles, a suspected major cause of scalp infections probably would be eliminated.

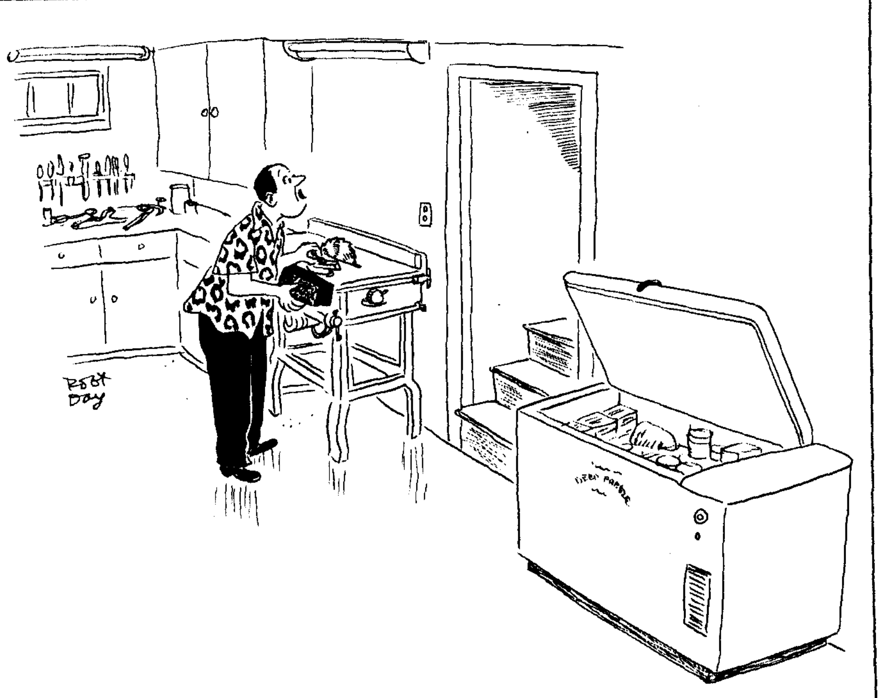
Chemists in the New York laboratory of the Permachem Corporation also have combined the silver with liquid soap and laundry starch, raising the possibility that household linens and wearing apparel may someday be treated at home. While this treatment should give the materials a germicidal property, the effect would be only temporary, and tests have revealed that it might not be deadly to fungi. The researchers are now trying to introduce Permachem into a solid soap.



COLLIER'S "What makes this case so tough is your pleading 'Not guilty'!" AL ROSS

An officer of the Permachem Corporation points out that germicidal laundering has a special interest for travelers, who sleep between laundered sheets. Hotels and Pullmans could achieve the last word in sanitation with self-sterilizing blankets and mattresses.

Only a fraction of the items that might be treated with Permachem have been tested to date. Company technicians hope to combine it with floor wax, rugs, plastics and cement. Theoretically, at least, there appears little reason why these could not be made germicidal, too. Thus far, the only common substance the researchers have found that usually nullifies the germ-killing power of the silver is glue; the chemical structure of glue is such that the germicide rarely can penetrate it.



COLLIER'S "How *many* hamburger patties, Etta?" ROBERT DAY

Experiments at a medical college showed Permachem to be effective against 14 organisms, including one of the organisms which is said to cause dandruff and another generally blamed for tooth decay. The company's own labs have already produced an experimental tooth powder, and lotions that can be applied to the skin or scalp, all containing the compound.

Independent laboratory studies provided evidence that the formula has some effect against the bacillus of TB, and that it inhibits one of the viruses that cause influenza. These findings, Permachem officials believe, make their product particularly promising for use in handkerchiefs and for sanitary measures in sanatoriums.

Even if Permachem should live up to all its discoverers' hopes, Dr. D. K. Kitchen, an officer of the Permachem Corporation, points out, it would be able only to reduce disease, certainly not to eliminate it.

Besides, Permachem researchers are sure they will encounter strains of bacteria against which the silver preparation is ineffectual. The company doesn't offer the process as a complete substitute for the present steam-sterilizing of surgical dressings, but as a supplemental measure to maintain their sterility.

Wartime uses for any method that would make cloth self-sterilizing would be innumerable. One of the gravest problems connected with our defense against atomic attack is that there could be a dire shortage of dressings available to treat the burns and wounds of casualties. But if every bedsheet could be sterile, that problem would be considerably smaller.

For Defense in Germ Warfare

The silver compound has been pitted against one of the bacteria that could be expected in germ warfare, and reported effective. Permachem technicians are planning a new study to determine whether it can be incorporated into paints and air-conditioning units to cut down the possibilities of infection in shelters.

Another wartime role for the germicide may lie in the protection of equipment. During and after the last war, millions of dollars of military supplies were destroyed by mold and mildew, particularly in the tropics. While researchers have not determined how many kinds of fungi the silver compound will eradicate, they are convinced that coverings of Permachem-treated paper and cloth can preserve much material for the armed forces and industry as well.

The researches that culminated in the new process were begun in 1893, when a Swiss botanist named Carl Nägeli discovered that traces of certain metals kill bacteria. Scientists soon recognized that silver was best suited for the job because it was least harmful to human life.

But for a long time, they were unable to find a satisfactory way of using it. The nearest approach was the common antiseptic, silver nitrate, a salt of silver that is highly inflammatory to human tissues.

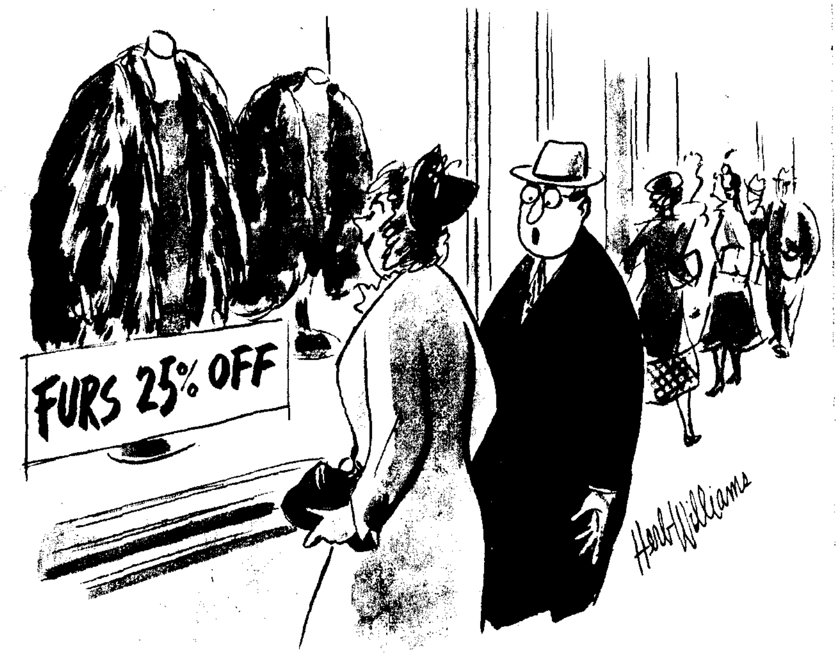
Several years ago a German scientist, A. G. Krause, developed a method of sterilizing water by forcing it over substances like sand and gravel that had been impregnated with silver. The method, known as the Katadyn process, is widely used in Europe. Other European researchers adapted the process to preserve fruit juices. They found that the metal killed the organisms that ferment fruit juices.

Then Samuel Rosenzweig, a Viennese chemist and pharmacist, discovered a way of using silver to make bristles and natural sponges germicidal. Brushes with Permachem-treated bristles and sponges actually went on sale in Austria and France before the war. Their popularity suffered because the silver treatment turned the bristles and sponges a disagreeable black in color.

Rosenzweig was still troubled by this blackening problem when he fled the Nazis and came to America with his secret. In New York he met and interested Dr. Walter M. Fuchs, a German scientist. Fuchs helped develop the process of impregnating textiles with the silver complex compound and patented it.

It remained for Dr. Frank Fessler, a New York chemist, to achieve the final improvement. Rosenzweig told him: "Here is what amounts to a dyeing process. We have found that it will give germicidal properties to materials at the same time that it changes the color. Your job is to stop it from changing the color, yet combine it with the material as before so that the germicidal properties remain."

Scientists who specialize in developing dyes have never discovered the exact means by which a good dye locks itself into the molecules of a material to remain there for life. All Fessler knew was that the silver complex compound acted in approximately the same way as a dye.



"But it's hardly worth while when you consider the work involved in digging up the other 75%"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

When he finally succeeded in eliminating the discoloration without destroying the germicidal properties, he exposed his treated fabrics to sunlight for four months and to ultraviolet rays for 80 hours. There was no darkening.

Chemist Tried It in Candy

The researchers' conviction that the metal in certain states can be deadly to germs while remaining safe for humans was partly confirmed by studies of the American Silver Producers Research Project of the U.S. Bureau of Standards, published in 1940. The experimental uses of Permachem on humans and animals have brought no reports of irritating effects. Although the compound is not intended for internal use, Fessler even put some of it in candy and ate it.

"It tasted awful," he reported, "but it had no harmful results. After all, we've been using silver table utensils for centuries without being poisoned. Even the surgeons of early times found they could safely insert silver plates in the body to replace bone fragments."

If Permachem formula lives up to its experimental promise of potential, a typical day in your future might shape up like this:

You brush your teeth in the morning with a sterile tooth brush and germicidal dentifrice, then use antiseptic shaving preparations or make-up (including lipstick).

You sit down to a breakfast starting with fruit juice which the manufacturer has treated to prevent spoilage. Next comes cereal poured from a germproof wrapping.

You grab a germfree strap on the bus and go to work in a room with air filtered free of bacteria. The working surface under your hands is also treated. In the lavatory you use a self-sterilizing toilet seat, wash your hands with germicidal soap and dry them on sterilizing towels.

You blow your nose into germ-killing handkerchiefs or tissues. At the restaurant after lunch you wipe your mouth on a germicidal napkin.

Your baby, meanwhile, is playing on a sterilized floor in a sanitary diaper, sucking safely on an uncontaminated calico cat. When he gets a little older, he may study out of treated textbooks that can carry no infection from one child to another.

You'll wash the supper dishes with germicidal soap, and after you've read the old-fashioned germ-ridden newspaper and put out the carefree cat with all his bacteria, the whole family can turn in for a night's sleep on sterilized bedding. You might even wear germicidal night clothes.

Not that Permachem promises a wholly antiseptic existence in the future. Germfree living is probably not only impossible to bring about, but it's almost certainly undesirable. If some bacteria kill us, others make it possible for us to live. The new silver germicide may give us a golden chance to strike a better balance in Nature. ▲▲▲

Yes...MIRACLES Happened at Fatima!

You may not agree with the Catholic belief in miracles.

Perhaps you don't believe in miracles at all... and especially not in miracles attributed to the prayer of the Blessed Virgin.

But if God does look with special favor upon Mary... and does wondrous things at her request... is it not of vast importance to you to find out? Is it not worth the few minutes required to examine the evidence?

What, for example, did God's angel mean when he said:

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women..."?

Was she to be "full of grace" only temporarily—and "blessed amongst women" only during her life on earth?

This is not reasonable in view of Mary's unique role as the earthly mother of the Son of God. Nor can we discard and forget Mary if we believe Holy Scripture, for there we find Mary's words (Luke 1:48); "...henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Where, excepting among Catholics, does anyone honor Mary as did God Himself?

"But," you may insist, "show me a miracle! And prove that the Blessed Virgin had anything to do with it."

We might, of course, recall that Christ's mother appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes in France, and that scientifically-authenticated cures have been occurring there ever since. Or we might cite similar apparitions to the three children at Fatima, Portugal, and the subsequent awesome spectacle of the sun spinning and dancing on its axis and then seeming to plunge toward the earth ... a spectacle witnessed by 70,000 persons. And we could mention Mary's prophecies concerning the conditions under which Russia would be converted.

But Catholics don't require earth-shaking supernatural demonstrations to attest Mary's love, nor to prove her influence at the throne of God. It's the little "miracles" that take place in their daily lives when... in faith and trust ... they pray: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee...."

Catholics pray for one another. They also ask the saints in Heaven to join them in prayer. "I believe," says the Apostles' creed, "in the communion of saints." And Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is in Catholic hearts the greatest of the saints. So we ask her to intercede for us with God... and God has often performed miracles in answer to her prayer.

An exciting pamphlet on Fatima... containing prophecies by the Blessed Mother concerning the conversion of Russia and a peace plan from Heaven will be sent in a plain wrapper at your request. And nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. C-41.

FREE
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes.. MIRACLES happened at Fatima

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.
Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "Yes . . . Miracles Happened at Fatima!" C-41

NAME__________

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SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

Personal
To Women With
Nagging Backache

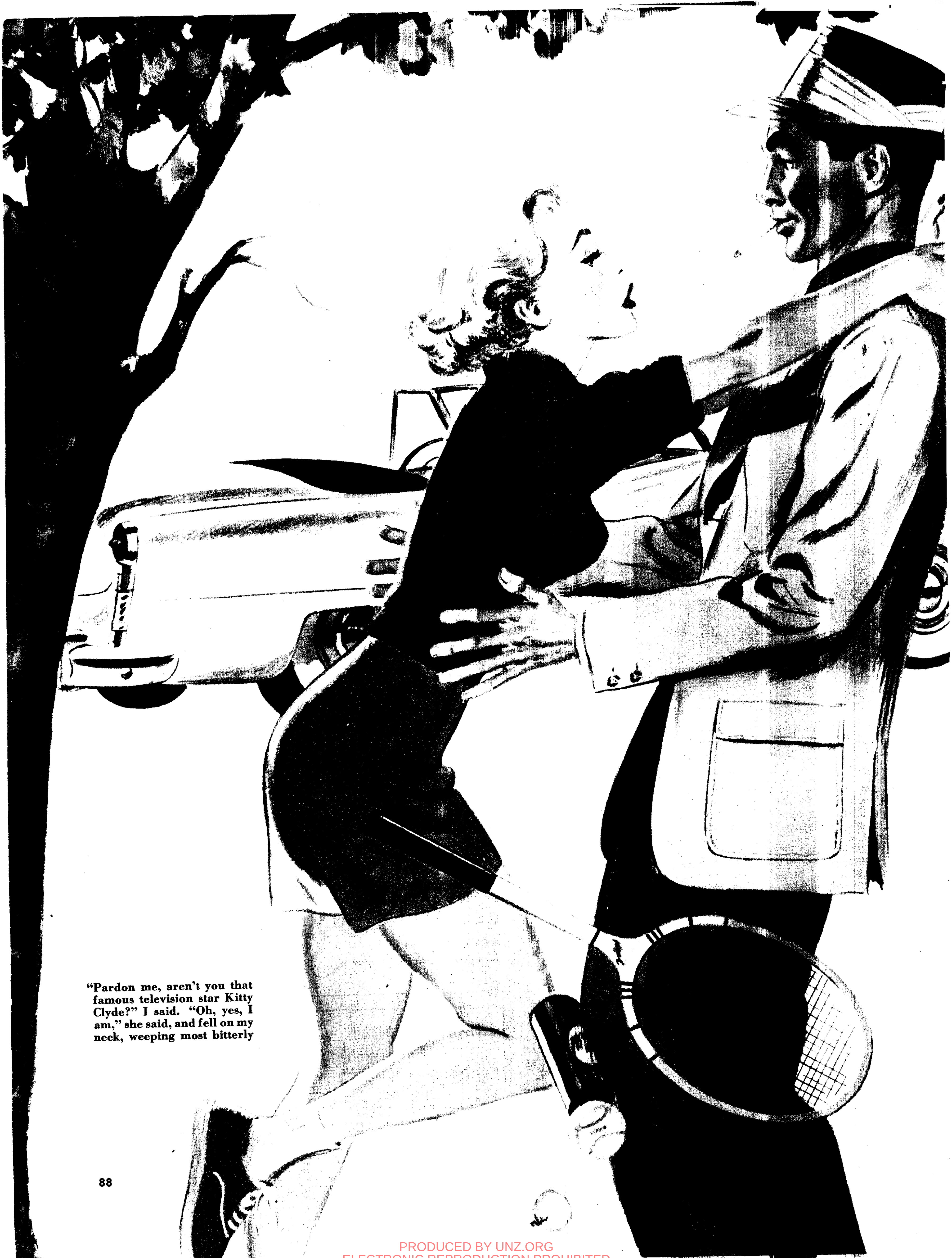
Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

DON'T LET BRONCHIAL ASTHMA GET YOU DOWN!

MEDICAL science is constantly striving for a "wonder drug" to cure bronchial asthma. Meanwhile — try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR for soothing relief. Just inhale the aromatic, medicated fumes from powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. So convenient — so easy — so economical. At all drug stores in U. S. or Canada.

USE ASTHMADOR



"Pardon me, aren't you that famous television star Kitty Clyde?" I said. "Oh, yes, I am," she said, and fell on my neck, weeping most bitterly

the Devilish DIMENSION

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
May 9, 1953
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Atlanta Biltmore
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear George:

George, old boy, drop everything, and tune in carefully with both heads. Something has come up of the utmost importance. This one, lad, is one you must not miss on. So pay me great heed.

As you of course know, if you can read at all, the current hot news in Hollywood is all this new three-dimension thing, or as it is by now known to one and all, 3-D. People have been experimenting with it since the year one, naturally, with no interest from us, but now all of a sudden 3-D has this whole town by the ears, like two truant officers with Runaway Sam.

The reason being that it finally became apparent even to us that we had to do something to get back in the ball game. Not enough people seemed to believe us when we said that we were making movies better—I can't imagine why—so we decided to make them bigger. That we could do. We would take the old stereopticon, blow it up on a screen big enough to shroud a battleship, set it to galloping, and hit the audience right in the eye with an hour and a half of thrown tomahawks, interspersed with flaming arrows, severe train wrecks, and giraffes leaning out of the screen to help eat your popcorn. A dandy time for all.

Anyway, for a while at least, we figure we can lure the folks back past the box office with sheer mechanical novelty. Which is why every studio in this town suddenly has its own 3-D system, and is slaving away at it like beavers.

Except us, George, except us. Because the horrible fact is that in this great advance of science our own studio has been caught with its pants down like a man trying to change his breeches in golf shoes. George, we just don't have any 3-D system. I know—you've read all about the wonders that are taking place in that locked building out on our back lot, but the fact is that there's nothing taking place in that locked building whatever. The few employees permitted to enter are checked in and out by armed guards, but once they enter, all they do is play cards for an hour or two and then come out again, looking victorious.

Not that we aren't really working at it. We of course are. The phony locked building is just to keep the columnists off our necks. Over in the regular laboratory Lou Bentley has practically the whole staff slaving away night and day actually trying to work out something, and every ten minutes he roars through the place with a bull whip. But so far nobody's been able to come up with anything faintly resembling 3-D, or even 2½-D; at least nothing sufficiently different to keep us from having to pay hideous royalties to one or more of the other studios. Which would be a shattering blow, because even on this 3-D bonanza the fight for all available pennies will be like eight bobcats in a bear pit.

Just yesterday morning Lou Bentley called a highly secret meeting of all the top brass around here, and said did *anybody* have any idea what we could do: anything at all in the way of a new projector, a new type of screen, anything? I spoke up, thinking to ease the tension a little, and said that I'd always thought it might be an improvement to put the

Dear George didn't need a pair of 3-D glasses to know a con game when he saw one, but, as usual, the studio wasn't paying him to think

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

screen in the back of the theater. But let me tell you, they were in no mood for humor. It wouldn't be going too far to say that I was glared at.

And actually, of course, not without reason. Because the hard fact is that something has to be done around here, and done fast, or I'm telling you we could suddenly be the dog's tail around this town. We could end up with nothing but a nice big inventory of "flat" pictures—as regular movies are now called—with no exhibitor in the country interested in paying over thirty cents for them. Which could put us out like a dropped flashlight.

All of which makes the situation as full of opportunity as it is of hazard. If you're agile, the very best time to get free ice is during a hailstorm. And, George, with our whole future depending on somebody getting an idea around here, it follows as night follows the day that whoever gets it will be showered with gold and precious gems, and even some cash. For years and years he will do nothing in this world but sit on a silk pillow, and with just one day of really earnest co-operation on your part, I have every confidence that I can get us a pillow built for two.

Because, George, old boy, Uncle Dick has found the handle. All due to my mighty memory, plus the eye of an eagle. This morning in the Hollywood Reporter there was an insignificant ad.

Wanted—Furnished house in Hollywood for two months, by Eastern executor coming out to dispose of effects of former motion-picture experimenter Henry Clyde. Box 82.

Now, George, to any normal human being that ad would be of interest only if you had a furnished house to rent. And right there is the difference between a normal human being and me. Because whereas I have no house whatever to rent, that tiny ad interested me as a bit of fish interests a trained seal. Because, George, I remember every detail about Henry Clyde.

Henry was a guy who blew through town here back around 1938. He was a very pleasant old guy, a retired physics professor or something, and what he had spent years experimenting on was nothing in this world but the most astounding system of three-dimensional movies you or anyone else has ever seen! Henry would take a hunk of regular film, show it on this amazing-looking projector he had—and boom! 3-D! He gave a bunch of demonstrations of the thing around town for a while, to anybody he could get to watch, but in 1938 nobody in this town was interested in 3-D any more than they were interested in the common cold. We would certainly never need to go back to any such schoolboy nonsense as that!

So we gave Mr. Henry Clyde a bad time. We pooh-poohed him, and yes-yessed him, and shuffled him around from here to there till the poor old guy was about nuts, till finally he did the only thing he could possibly do. He told us all to go to hell, took his projector and left town. And that was the last that anybody saw of Mr. Henry Clyde and his magic lantern. He left no forwarding address, and nobody saw hide nor hair of him again. That boy was gone.

Till now. Till this wonderful little ad pops up, to ring the bell in my steel-trap memory. What has happened is of course simple. The poor old guy has finally kicked the bucket, and some hapless family retainer has come across Henry's projector, and no doubt several crates of drawings and stuff, and he has no idea what he's found. I can tell by the tone of the ad. He's just planning to come out here and try to peddle Henry's motion-picture experiments for whatever he can get out of them.

And, George, I intend to save him the trouble of the trip. Do you realize what that man has got hold of? Not only a completely different and workable 3-D system, but a system for third-dimensioning all the present films Hollywood has on hand! That's the thing that *nobody* has been able even to begin to accomplish. With either the glasses deal, or the big curved screens, we can now *make*-and-show 3-D pictures with varying degrees of seeming magic, but any time anybody tells you that they've got a system for giving the flat films already completed a 3-D kick in the pants, you just chuckle and walk on. Because nobody can do it. But if anybody could do it, George—wow!

"What! No dessert? You mean I've been eating for nothing?"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

Which I trust will explain my great interest in saving this deserving man this long and tiring trip. I have just called the Hollywood Reporter, pretending to be an old lady with a lovely furnished house to rent, and by talking rapidly in a quavery voice, I have managed to secure the name and address of the guy who put in the ad—a Mr. Ezekiel Dunn, of Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Well, need I say more? Hop up there as you have never hopped before, and by hook, crook, cash or bloodshed, collar everything you can find that once belonged to one Henry Clyde—naturally keeping your true identity an utter secret. Tell Ezekiel you represent some nameless Hollywood crate collector.

And hurry, George, I beg of you.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW. AM WORKING ON WONDERFUL NEW METHOD OF CURING 3-D WITH PENICILLIN. AND I'VE JUST ABOUT GOT IT. HASTY REGARDS. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ATLANTA BILTMORE
ATLANTA GA

GEORGE, JUST THIS ONCE THERE IS NO TIME FOR THE FUNNY STUFF. JUST GET UP THERE TO CONNECTICUT, AND CONNECT. THAT'S ALL I WANT FROM YOU. I HAVE MY OWN JOKE BOOKS. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK BOY, LISTEN. I SMELL A RAT IN THIS THING THAT WOULD DROWN THE PIED PIPER. THIS ONE IS TOO EASY. WHEN THEY'RE EASY, I WORRY. BESIDES, I HAVE A TOOL KIT. WHY DON'T I JUST GET BUSY ON A BRAND-NEW 3-D SYSTEM OF OUR OWN? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ATLANTA BILTMORE
ATLANTA GA

GEORGE!

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, SIR. LEAVING AT ONCE, SIR. ON TO ARMAGEDDON, CONNECTICUT. GEORGE

RIDGEFIELD INN
Ridgefield, Connecticut
May 12 ,1953
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here, I have seemingly completed the whole task in not over five minutes, and I have never been more worried in my life.

Dick, pardon me for being cynical, but I repeat that this thing is too easy. Any time I merely walk out into the back yard and stub my toe on what appears to be a large outcropping of pure gold, I am prone to look upon same with a jaundiced eye. I wouldn't bet over five cents on our coming out of this deal with enough skin left on us to cover a castanet.

Let me give you the seemingly glorious news. I got into New York last night shortly before midnight, had an excellent night's sleep, and bright and early this morning, rented a car and hastened up here to Ridgefield. And the man at the very first gas station where I stopped said, why, yes, Ezekiel Dunn lived a mile or so up the road there, the big old white frame place at the top of the hill.

And in two minutes more I was deep in conversation with Mr. Ezekiel Dunn, a tall, skinny old man who is just as friendly as can be, and a crook if I ever saw one. He said, well, now, that was real neighborly of us to save him all the trouble of that danged trip; he sure hadn't wanted to take it. His story is that all he knows about Henry Clyde is that back in September of 1938 he rented Henry a little furnished house out on Cape Cod. (How that man seems to love furnished houses!) Anyway, several years went by (fourteen to be exact) with Henry living out there on Cape Cod, seemingly doing nothing much of anything, but forwarding the rent every month right on the noggin. Old man Dunn stopped in to see him occasionally, usually finding him showing "funny-looking movies, sort of like the old stereopticon—jumped right out at you," on various sorts of old screens and with peculiar projectors.

Anyway, things sort of jogged along like that till a couple of months ago, when Henry suddenly wrote that he had to go South for his health. So Dunn drove up there, to find old Henry acting sort of confused, and seemingly broke. He rambled on about how if Dunn would only give him a thousand dollars, he'd give him a bill of sale for four big crates he had in the middle of the living room, which he said Hollywood would someday pay a lot of money for.

Well, Dunn said that he was obviously sick, and more or less out of the goodness of his heart—the goodness of that man's heart, hah!—he gave Henry his check for the thousand dollars and accepted his signed bill of sale for the stuff. He also stayed overnight with Henry, and the next morning wished him well as Henry loaded a couple of suitcases into his rather asthmatic car, and drove off for parts unknown.

And that's the last Dunn says he's seen of him. Dunn stayed around Cape Cod just long enough to arrange for a truck to bring Henry's crates down to Ridgefield.

And he's got them all right, right out in his ramshackle barn. I saw them: four large wooden crates, one of them big enough to hold not only any possible form of projector, but also a medium-sized elephant. They even seem—I hate to admit this—to be the very same crates that Henry evidently shipped his stuff back from Hollywood in. At least there are old and legitimate-looking shipping markings on the lids, from Henry Clyde in Hollywood to Henry Clyde at Cape Cod.

The only trouble is that those lids are just as stout as the rest of the crates, and seemingly nailed on to stay. Old Dunn absolutely refuses to open any of them. Henry told him all about Hollywood, he said, and there'll be none of this business of us fellows pawing over everything, copying down or stealing everything we want, and then leaving him holding the bag. He'd rather sell the lot of it for ten dollars, and be shut of it, than to start a lot of long-winded argument. All he actually wants out of it is to get back the thousand dollars he gave poor Mr. Clyde—he says.

However, he went on, if we're so anxious to get it, it must be worth more than he thought. So if we'll just set ourselves down and write out a check for five thousand dollars, the stuff's ours. Otherwise, good day.

I told him I would think it over, shook his hand and left.

Because, Dick, except on specific orders from you, I wouldn't give that old man forty cents for those crates without first having a look in them. He's got a completely plausible story, he's got the crates, and he's also got Henry's signed bill of sale, and the seemingly authentic canceled check he gave Henry for the thousand dollars.

But, Dick, if you have any regard for my advice, forget this deal. I don't know what is in those boxes, but I'll bet my right leg that there's nothing in them that would do you any good. I can smell crookedness when I see it, and there's something crooked going on around here. I wouldn't be surprised to find Henry in that biggest crate.

Anyway, my vote is certainly to hold everything till I can do a little more checking. Okay?

As ever,
George

P.S. If we get nothing else out of this, I do see one possible benefit. All this Clyde talk has suddenly reminded me of that Kitty Clyde, that girl with the astounding façade who was recently making such a splash on television back here. After some talk of a nervous breakdown, she's seemingly dropped from sight, but I could no doubt find her. And in 3-D, if we ever get one of ours going, that girl ought to be a sensation. Why don't I stop off in New York on the way back and sign her up?

GEORGE SEIBERT
RIDGEFIELD INN
RIDGEFIELD CONN

NOW HE'S A TALENT SCOUT! LOOK, WILL YOU JUST FOR ONCE DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD? WE TESTED THAT KITTY CLYDE THREE MONTHS AGO. THOSE WELL-DEVELOPED DAMES AREN'T WORTH A DIME ON 3-D; THEY'RE FRIGHTENING. SO WILL YOU PLEASE GET BACK TO THE JOB AT HAND? IF SOMEBODY OFFERED YOU A FREE DIAMOND MINE YOU'D WANT TO KNOW WHAT SIZE THE DIAMONDS WERE. GIVE HIM FIVE THOUSAND, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES. GIVE HIM YOUR PERSONAL CHECK ON A HOLLYWOOD BANK, AND WHILE HIS BANK IS SENDING THE CHECK OUT HERE FOR COLLECTION YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO GET THOSE CRATES TO SOMEWHERE, AND GET THEM OPEN. IF THERE'S ANYTHING RESEMBLING HENRY'S PROJECTOR IN THEM, WE'LL NATURALLY COVER YOUR CHECK. OTHERWISE, ALL HE CAN DO IS ARREST YOU. NUTS TO HIM. SOMETIME I'D LIKE TO HAVE AN ASSISTANT WITH VISION. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

I HAVE ENOUGH VISION TO KNOW THAT THAT GIMLET-EYED OLD MAN WOULD HAVE US ALL IN JAIL IN TWO MINUTES IF WE TRIED TO TRICK HIM. DO YOU WANT TO PAY HIM THE FIVE THOUSAND, OR DON'T YOU? PERSONALLY, I'D BE IN NO HURRY ABOUT IT. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
RIDGEFIELD INN
RIDGEFIELD CONN

YOU WOULDN'T BE IN A HURRY IF IT WAS RAINING FIFTY-DOLLAR BILLS. THERE ARE MILLIONS INVOLVED IN THIS, NOT A LOUSY FIVE THOUSAND. WIRING YOU THE FIVE THOUSAND AT ONCE OUT OF MY OWN ACCOUNT. IF THE JOURNEY DOESN'T FRIGHTEN YOU TOO MUCH, MOTOR UP THE ROAD WITH IT AND MAKE YOUR PURCHASE. BUT KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR RABBITS. THEY'RE VERY SAVAGE DURING THE MATING SEASON. AND NOW I WANT NO MORE TELEGRAMS, ABOUT ANYTHING. I WANT THOSE CRATES. IS THAT CLEAR? RICHARD L. REED

RIDGEFIELD INN
Ridgefield, Connecticut
May 14, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

Well, if you don't want any more telegrams, I'll have to resort to the mails to advise you of a slight new development here. Actually, I am happy to switch to the mails, because I need the intervening time to myself to think this one over. And I have of course ensured that the slight delay will in no way injure us—any more, that is.

Because the truth is, Dick, that the cast here is getting larger. There is a new boy on the scene. A shady-looking character who says he's representing some outfit called Acme Films. By the time I got your money order turned into a certified check in my name this morning, and hurried over to close the deal, old Dunn was out in the barn with this new character. The upshot being that the new boy has also now examined the booty, and has bid ten thousand!

But don't worry. He has no idea who I am, and I got Dunn to promise faithfully to hold everything till Saturday morning, in case you want to go any higher than ten thousand.

I still say the heck with it. As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
RIDGEFIELD INN
RIDGEFIELD CONN

YOU MISERABLE HALF-WIT. GET OVER THERE INSTANTLY AND OUTBID THAT GUY. THE FASTER YOU SETTLE IT THE LESS IT WILL COST US. HE ISN'T ANYBODY. I NEVER HEARD OF ANY ACME FILMS. SO RAM A BIGGER BID RIGHT DOWN HIS NECK, FAST, AND LET'S GET THIS THING SETTLED. BID WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO, USING THE FIVE THOUSAND CASH AS EARNEST MONEY. AND HURRY.
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

HE MAY NOT BE ANYBODY, BUT HE SURE SEEMS TO BE LOADED. WE ARE NOW UP TO NINETY THOUSAND, AND HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF WEAKENING. SHALL I GO ON? I STILL SAY FORGET IT. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
RIDGEFIELD INN
RIDGEFIELD CONN

HELP. HAVE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THAT GUY IS A NEW YORK LAWYER SECRETLY REPRESENTING OUR OWN STUDIO! BENTLEY MUST HAVE READ THE SAME AD! WHEW. IF THIS EVER CAME OUT I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME. STOP BIDDING AT ONCE, BURN ALL IDENTIFICATION, JUMP IN THE OCEAN, AND LET YOUR UNIDENTIFIED BODY BE WASHED UP ON THE BEACH. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

UNFORTUNATELY IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. BY NOW THE WORD HAS EVIDENTLY GOT AROUND, AND THERE ARE SUDDENLY REPRESENTATIVES MILLING AROUND THIS PLACE FROM PRACTICALLY EVERY STUDIO IN THE KNOWN WORLD. THE BIDDING IS ALREADY UP TO TWO HUNDRED AND

Check your Battery—before it checks you

MAKE this a "rule of thumb"—don't ever get caught with your battery down. The way to avoid it? Stop in at your Goodyear dealer's today—have your battery checked free with the portable, accurate, Goodyear All-Purpose Tester. The sure way to eliminate risk of battery failure. While there—ask about Goodyear Dry Proof Double Eagle Batteries, too.
Goodyear, Battery Dept., Akron 16, Ohio

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Double Eagle—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

BETTER THAN BEER?

Red Cap
12 oz
CARLING'S
Red Cap
RED CAP ALE

With an open bottle and an open mind
you can answer that question tonight!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them *more* pleasure than *any* beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide. They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

Tonight, why not try it yourself? See whether *you* are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!

BETTER THAN BEER? TRY CARLING'S RED CAP ALE AND SEE!

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Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or moneyback. Ask druggist for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

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Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

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GEORGE SEIBERT
RIDGEFIELD INN
RIDGEFIELD CONN

IF YOU ARE STILL THERE TEN MINUTES FROM NOW YOU WILL GET HIT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES WITH A GUIDED MISSILE. IT'S JUST PASSING CLEVELAND. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NOW DICK, DON'T GET UPSET. I KNOW YOU'VE HEARD THE LATEST NEWS. I KNOW THAT CULVER FILMS OUTBID US, AND I CAN ONLY ADMIT THAT IT WAS BECAUSE I HAD TALKED LOU BENTLEY'S MAN INTO DEPARTING THE SCENE ON A NEEDLESS ERRAND. BUT I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN LOCATING KITTY CLYDE AND SIGNING HER TO A FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT, WHICH BELIEVE ME, YOU WILL APPLAUD AS A BRILLIANT MANEUVER. AIR MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH DETAILS. GEORGE

RIDGEFIELD INN
Ridgefield, Connecticut
May 16, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it was the funniest thing. I mean how I found Kitty Clyde. I found her sitting on the mantelpiece in Mr. Dunn's den. When I got over to the bidding this morning, a little after nine, things at barnside were so feverish that I wandered into the house for a drink of cool water—actually, to take advantage of the opportunity to look about a bit. There must be a key to this thing here somewhere.

And on the mantel in the den I finally found it: a small framed snapshot of two well-sanded but highly mismatched citizens in ragtail bathing suits, and written neatly across it: *We love the house—Henry and Kitty*. Which would have meant nothing to any of the other bidders, even if they had seen it. To me it told all; because with my great knowledge of human nature, and the Cape Cod housing situation, I knew instantly that the tall, dignified old boy in the snapshot must be none other than Mr. Henry Clyde; and with even greater powers of deduction, I knew that the smiling skinny girl child of maybe eleven standing gawkily beside him, her bathing suit hanging on her like a cleaning cloth on a broom handle, must be today's curvaceous Kitty Clyde of TV fame! Such is the prankish humor of nature. Henry must be her uncle!

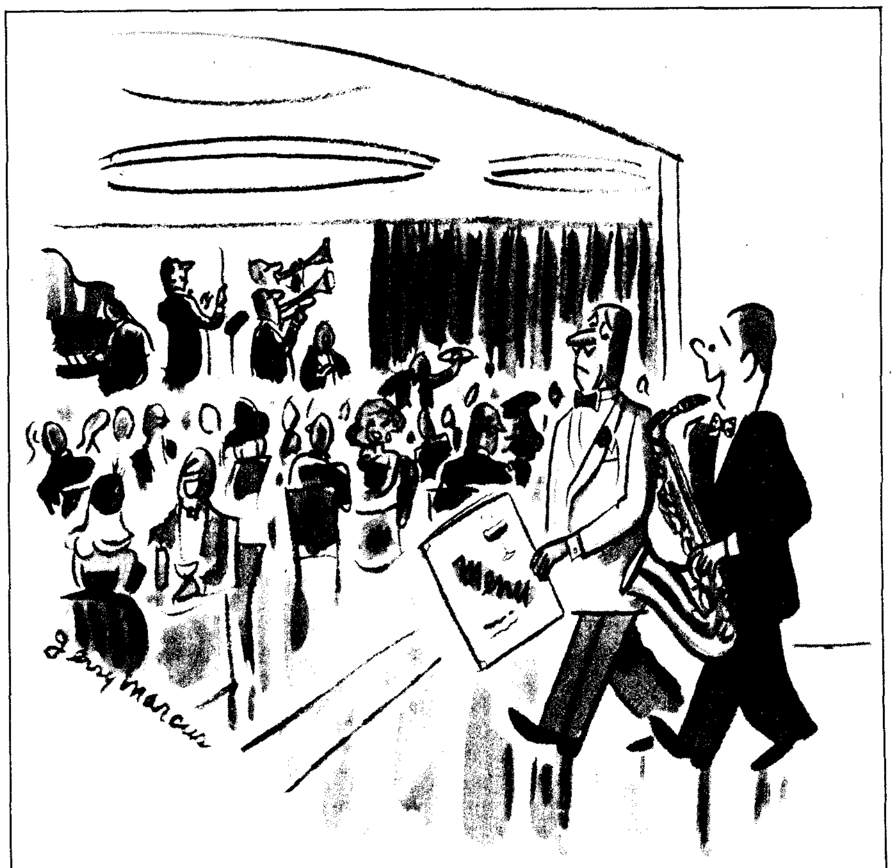
At any rate, it was worth a try. I sped out of there like a flushed pheasant, leaped into my hired speedster, and took off for New York. And in not over two hours I had located Miss Kitty Clyde. Or at least located an apartment house out on Long Island where she'd recently been seen. And as I drove up in front of the place, out she came—in shorts and a sweater, and carrying a tennis racket, evidently off to the local playground for a session of health-giving sport. She went down the street and I watched her like a panting spaniel. As soon as I could gather my forces, I jumped out of the car, and caught up with her.

"Pardon me," I said, "but aren't you Miss Kitty Clyde, television star?"

"Oh, yes, I am," she said, and fell on my neck, weeping bitterly.

"Gracious goodness, Miss Clyde," I said, patting her here and there in great sympathy, "has something happened to Uncle Henry?" It was a bull's-eye.

"Oh, no," she said, "Uncle Henry's fine. He's been down in Florida. The trouble is me."


COLLIER'S "A table near the orchestra, please" JERRY MARCUS

The "me" came out in an anguished little squeak. And in ten minutes more we were seated comfortably in her living room, and I had the whole story. It seems that several months ago not only us, but half the studios in Hollywood suddenly started giving her screen tests here in 3-D. And you must be right about it, because one after another, following their hurry-up tests, they each gave her the bad news that they were sorry, but the deal was off. Since she naturally had told everybody she knew that oh, boy, she was going to be a movie star, the letdown was a little shattering. Finally she just dropped everything, and rushed up to Cape Cod to cry on the shoulder of Uncle Henry who, due to one thing and another, had done much of the raising of her.

Henry was of course outraged. After his own treatment at the hands of Hollywood, to have them start making Kitty unhappy was the last straw. Never you mind, honey, he said, if it's the last thing I do I'll take care of those guys for you.

He hadn't been feeling too well, but in a matter of days he stopped off to see her in New York, on his way down to Florida, and with gleaming eye told her just to get a lot of fresh air and wait a little while; she would shortly hear a bleat of pain from Hollywood that would be music to her ears. Meaning what was in the crates. Because what was in them, just as I thought, and as we were all to find out quite shortly, was some rubber boots, several buckets of Cape Cod sand, a couple of old mackinaws, and the shell of Henry's projector, the casing having been scooped out clean as a clamshell.

Getting the thousand dollars from Dunn was just to set up the gag. Henry's not only an old eccentric, he's a rich old eccentric. And Mr. Dunn had been very nice to him through the years—and Henry knew that if Dunn actually had a thousand dollars invested in the crates he'd make an effort to get his money back. And when he did, the gag would flower like a tulip. In view of the present 3-D hysteria, and Henry's known background, Hollywood would come clustering around like moths to a candle, crisping themselves nicely. In the process giving nice old Mr. Dunn a dandy and completely legal profit for his innocent assistance in the gag. (Okay, I was wrong about Dunn, but I was sure right about something being haywire around here.)

You see, I used to spend quite a bit of time around the firehouse as a boy, and I can still smell rubber boots a mile away. And ever since I first sniffed around those crates, I'd been trying frantically to remember what that vague funny smell was. Night before last I even attempted to pay a social call upon Mr. Dunn's barn, with a felt-covered crowbar, to find out; I was apprehended, however, and driven off, by several large, savage dogs.

At any rate, at about five this morning, when I was pacing up and down my hotel room, I suddenly got it—rubber boots! Of course. I therefore called Bentley's man about seven thirty this morning, as soon as I figured he was up and lured him away from playing further hob with our stockholders' money by imitating Bentley's voice of thunder, and ordering him at once to a secret rendezvous in Memphis. To get anywhere in this world you have to have the courage of your convictions, but since I took this action on little more than a hunch, I am glad things turned out as they have, as otherwise I fear it might have gone hard with me.

But to proceed. Kitty of course knew nothing about the actual crate gag, but as soon as I had her testimony about Henry, I knew that something was certainly amiss at Mr. Dunn's; and in honor bound I had to make a phone call over there, to attempt to stop the bidding. But as I feared and, to be honest about it, even hoped, it was already too late. The lucky Culver Films man had succeeded in bidding in the prize, and had paid over a good hunk of the money; also, carefully locking the barn behind the departing horse, he had immediately started opening the crates. Even then, rubber boots, showers of sand, reporters and photographers, and harsh imprecations were erupting over Ridgefield like an atomic bomb dropped into Vesuvius.

Which left only one thing for me to do. As soon as I replaced the phone, I informed Miss Kitty Clyde that we were one studio that was interested solely in her acting ability, and not in her measurements, and I signed her to a five-year contract at once. And in truth I don't see why we can't make a fine journeyman actress out of her. She is a very pretty girl. We then both got on the phone and, as I thought we might, had a splendid talk with Henry down at Key West. He's just fine, thanks; that old sun has done him worlds of good. And since he's now had his little joke, and since I've been so nice to Kitty, he isn't mad, at least at us, any more at all. He's going to get his real projector out of storage and bring it along when he comes out with Kitty. They're coming out together. Isn't that nice? I shall see to it that they get on a plane somewhere en masse, including the machinery, and will wire you when to meet them. I told him I was sure that you could work out some equitable arrangement for the solo use of his magical projector. Oh, that would be no trouble, he said; the money wasn't important, now that he'd finally met some nice people from Hollywood. Meaning me.

Which leaves only one little problem. I hate to put you to any bother, but I'm afraid you'll have to find them a furnished house. Maybe you could put an ad in the Hollywood Reporter.

As ever,
George

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Two Samburu *moran* (warriors) armed with spears guard domestic herds on Seralippe lugger against any forays by wild animals who share dry oasis

Ruark Reports on A Curious Community in AFRICA

Ruark

It's a dry oasis—a lugger—where man and elephant and rhino live and fight for the precious water that lies beneath the sand

By ROBERT C. RUARK

THE Northern Frontier of Kenya is a fierce, frightening, awesome land, bone-dry and sparse for most of the year—and impassable and forbidden when the twice-yearly freshets come roaring down the dry river beds like the Mississippi in flood, carrying huge trees and dead animals before their force and sometimes rising 30 and 40 feet above their natural level. Then there is too much water, useless water.

In passing, the floods cut new riverways, twisting, turning, broad avenues of rock-strewn sand and tangled driftwood. Huge boulders stud the avenues. Along the banks the foliage is thick and green—thorn and myrrh and dwarf bamboo. Beyond, there are sparse dry hills of sand and rock, angry red mountains, angrier flats of ocher clay. And gray, twisted, stunted bush.

The gateway to this strange land is Isiolo, a tiny, shambling little town, with a few Indian and Goanese shops of tin and warped plank. Isiolo is on the main road north from Nairobi, only a couple of hours' drive beyond Nanyuki, the heart of Kenya's Mau-Mau belt of murder and strife. It is the seat of the British District. Here is the District Officer and the District Commissioner, the Game Department, the telegraph, the telephone and the jail: the tiny nucleus of the British raj, or what's left of it.

Here in the streets of Isiolo are slender, often beautiful Somali women in huge turbans and iridescent robes. Here are slim, handsome, hawk-faced Somali men, also brightly and hugely turbaned, each carrying his stave and somewhere a knife he is never timid to use. These Somalis are not Negroes, but an Abyssinian-Arab-Aryan tribe of nomads, cattle grazers, donkey raisers, sheepherders, goatherds, traders.

Here, too, are the Turkana, coal-black, fierce men, who are simply honest and magnificently ugly. The Turk wears a circular knife for a wristlet, and he can cut your head off with a swipe. He goes as nearly naked as possible, and even in the towns his women seldom wear more than a strip of cloth about the waist. He is a grand hunter, the Turkana, and a fine tracker, and his tribe is one of the two in Kenya that will eat elephant as a delicacy.

Here, too, in Isiolo are elephants. Wild elephants. In and out of the streets of the town, and stamping through gardens. And here one night I ran smack into the middle of a herd of zebras, feeding in the middle of the main drag. When a speeding jeep hits a zebra, it makes quite an impact.

Isiolo is where you bid the civilized world goodby. You cross a little palm-lined river, where the crocodiles snort and the monkeys play and the big blue pigeons swoop up and down the banks. You see a variety of direction signs: ARCHER'S POST, GARBA-TULLA—SHAFFA DIKKA, and a crossroads which says simply enough: SOMALILAND—ABYSSINIA, depending on which way you're headed.

But once you pass the majestic, beetling brow of huge old Ololokwe, the massive mountain, you begin to live on, and off, the luggers.

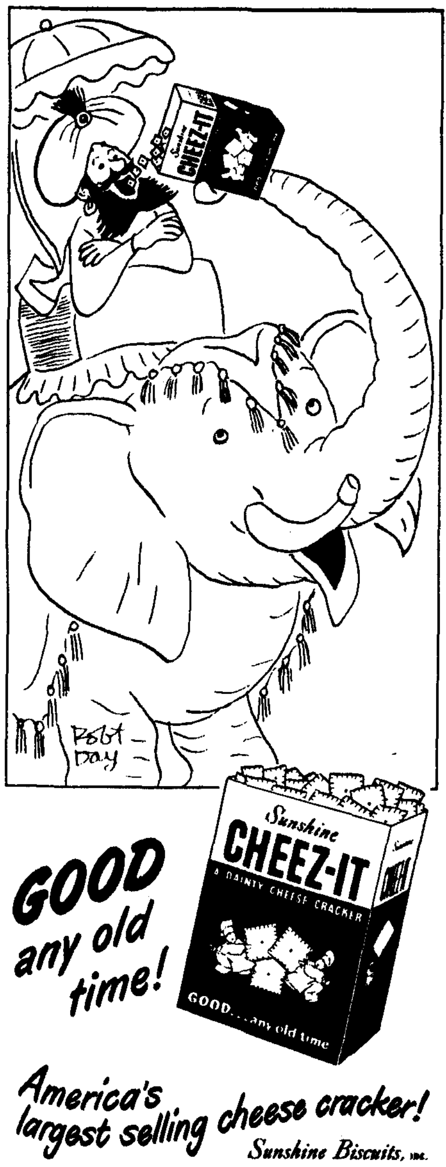
A lugger, or *luga*, or *raga*, is a sand river bed carved out of the landscape by the twice-yearly freshets. Around the luggers all life flourishes in the dry season, which is a good eight months a

Warriors are handsome, lazy and vain. They smear their faces and bodies with ocher mud

Tribesmen dig through the sandy bottom of an old river bed to reach water. Then they fill gourds and pass them up to be emptied into hollowed log troughs, where their cattle drink

Young Samburu shepherdess, with ornamental bracelets on arms and legs, tends her flock

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHESTER KRONFELD



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year. The main attraction is a chance for survival, for under the sand of the dry luggers is water. Awful, filthy, muddy, contaminated water. But water.

To me, this land of the dry oases is the most fascinating sector of the world—a place where man, beast, bird and reptile compete with one another constantly for water.

The luggers have lovely names. There is Kinya, and Sererua, Merille, Seralippe, Lasames and Koya. There is Kauro and UasoNyiro. Each is a community center. The peoples who live in and around and off the luggers—the Borran, expert cattlemen, the Samburu and Rendille, nomads today as they were nomads 5,000 years ago, the Turkana and the Somalis—take their camels and cattle and goats and sheep and donkeys from one dry oasis to another. The least anchored of the lot, the Masai offshoots called Samburu and Rendille, carry their entire wealth with them: their cattle and the few possessions they load in sort of wicker hampers fastened to the backs of camels and tiny donkeys.

These nomads of the Northern Frontier do not camp for long. They throw up temporary huts of skins stretched over slender flexible branches. When the time comes to leave, the Samburu and Rendille tribes just touch a torch to what's left of their village and move on, pitiful little clans, struggling over the vastnesses of desert in search of another dry river with water under its sand.

Some Arrogance Has Been Lost

In time I have grown fond of the Rendille-Samburu, who have managed to retain much of the quality of their cousins to the south, the Masai, and have lost some arrogance in the process. They are Masai in appearance. Their language is Masai. Their customs are Masai.

The men paint themselves in ocher mud, as the Masai do, and the young *moran*, the warriors, are just as lazy, spending most of their time making up their faces and tossing spears or running foot races and pursuing the opposite sex.

They circumcise their maidens as well as their young men. They smile a lot, and resist education entirely. They wear their tangible wealth on their backs, and live off blood, milk and an occasional goat. They also attract flies—billions of flies.

The ladies, when young, have fine torsos and good figures. If they forbore shaving their heads and washed oftener, you could call them pretty, because their grin is big, the teeth white, the skin light and features good.

Fancy Hair Styles for Men

The men have really beautiful features and wear their hair long in styles ranging from poodle-cut to page-boy bob. But there is no recorded case of homosexuality among the Rendille-Samburu. Their apparent femininity comes from centuries of loafing, of letting the women do the chores and of devoting their chief attention to their own adornment.

It takes an adult Samburu *moran* three hours of hard work, on the part of his wives, to make his face presentable for a day of chatting in the shade with his contemporaries. One top warrior, whom we called Gertrude, was as pretty a piece of flesh as ever you saw, male or female, and knew it full well. A tough boy, but a lazy cuss and very vain.

Let me try to describe life as we lived it at Seralippe lugger. There was a big Samburu *manyatta* (village) a mile out of our camp, and square miles around the lugger were black with the cattle, the goats, the woolless sheep, the donkeys and dogs of the tribesmen. Each day the people marched the herds down to drink. It took half a day.

The cattle drank from hollowed logs alongside wells painfully dug into the soggy sands. The water was handed up by naked men or women from seepage

Next in Collier's

September 4 Issue on sale August 21

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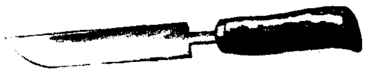

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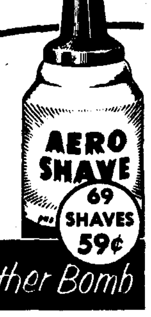

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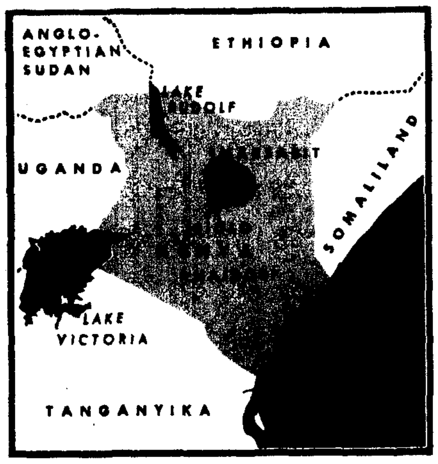

AL TARTER

Pink-shaded area represents Kenya Colony, British East Africa. Deep red section shows land of luggers

in the bottom. In a dry year it is not unusual to have six men or women in a hole, each standing on a niche carved in the side, passing the water up to the cattle that the owners will not sell, but only hope to increase. (In the Northern Frontier a man's wealth is measured by the size of his herd.)

The competition with nature is most severe. Man must literally fight his way through beasts in order to drink and allow his domestic animals to drink. It is dangerous work. The luggers are boiling with thousands of elephants and rhinos. Hundreds of leopards and cheetahs haunt the edges of the luggers, looking for a cheap and easy meal.

The tower of Babel never heard more assorted shouts, screams, grunts, squeals and moans than a lugger in the dry season. There are hornbills that squawk raucously. There are greater and lesser bustards, millions of noisy guinea fowl, and untold grousy-sort of birds called francolin. There are gray, blue and green lories, and there are moaning doves and weeping unidentifiables. There are insects with trumpets and cellos and bass drums, and a maddening little fly which crawls into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth, and will not move even when you swat him.

The baboons and the hyenas growl, roar, scream and complain. So do the leopards. The elephants trumpet, and the rhinos grunt, and the cattle low, and the donkeys (worst of all the noisemakers) utter the sounds that have earned them the name of "Somali canaries." The sheep and goats bleat piteously, and the natives sing. It sounds rather like an interesting preview of the sounds in hell.

On a Hunt for Sand Grouse

Hop into the jeep with Harry Selby, a professional hunter, and me, and we'll take a spin along the dubious road to Merille lugger to shoot some sand grouse, which for some reason drink there every day at exactly 8:12 A.M. The morning is still cool and fresh, but by noon the sun will be pounding with an unbelievable vindictiveness and your mouth will be blistered from thirst.

We bump along in the jeep over a road that is no road, pausing occasionally to let some elephants cross, or to shoo some giraffes or an ostrich off the road. We see herds of Grant's gazelles and a strange animal called gerenuk, which is actually an antelope but has a neck like a giraffe and stands erect to eat dried leaves from the myrrh tree.

Once we get to Merille, we have to scare three or four rhinos out of the track on the blinding white sand, rock-studded and treacherous, before we can pass. It's breeding time at the moment, and the cows are testy, the bulls formidable and stupid.

The grouse are beginning to fly in as we park the jeep and stand with shotguns behind a rock near the water hole. Harry and I each have a gunbearer to collect the dead birds and a minimum of 75 rounds of shotgun shells. We shoot the sand grouse to feed the camp, not for sport. We shoot guinea and francolin as well, because meat won't keep in this heat and you must feed 20 people on a day-to-day basis.

The birds come in by the massed thousands now, pintails and some few speckles and an imperial or so. As desert birds, they drink only once a day and you cannot frighten them off the water until they've had their sup. They are not large—a pound apiece, perhaps—and they fly as swiftly as teal in a hurry. As the birds dip and bunch over the pool, Harry and I loose off both barrels. I imagine 12 fell to my gun, the same, or more, to Harry's. They come again, balled into a mass, and again we loose off the shotguns. Another double dozen.

Meat from Another Safari

The camp is fed, now, when you remember the guinea fowl that our other professional hunter, Andy Holmberg, and Chester (Blackie) Kronfeld, our photographer, will undoubtedly collect on their morning safari. We take a few more shots for the sport of it, then have a drink out of the canvas water bag that hangs from the front of Jessica III, the patient jeep.

This day we must have seen a dozen elephants, half a dozen rhinos, a gross of lesser kudus and a couple of hundred other animals on Merille lugger alone. On the plains, of course, a thousand or more zebras and gerunuks, and several herds of oryxes, a donkeylike creature with long, straight horns on his head and a foolish black-and-white face.

We reach Seralippe again about 4:00 P.M., and the place is full of Samburu braves, throwing spears and running foot races and attracting flies. A herd of sheep, goats and cattle is being driven through the camp. It's a typical afternoon on the lugger.

Eventually the constant activity of the dry oases spurred somebody in our camp to wonder how Hollywood had missed it. We were not wondering idly. Very shortly thereafter a messenger came with word that M-G-M had decided to shoot the big battle sequence of the Clark Gable–Ava Gardner picture, Mogambo, in that area.

Trucks creaked and groaned down the roads. Airplanes flew in from Nairobi every morning. A huge camp was set up at Archer's Post, and another—a false Samburu village and District Commissioner's house—was built under the sheltering arms of my fine old mountain, Ololokwe.

The only swimming pool in the vast burning expanse of the Northern Frontier, in which we used to lose fatigue after a hard day of chasing rhinos, was suddenly full of starlets, ham actors and assistant directors. Scared the devil out of the animals, but entranced the natives, who performed as the wicked Injuns in the picture.

That was when we decided to leave, just before Clark and Ava and Grace Kelly came along to compete with the elephants. We felt that, for once, the dry oases, the luggers, had overmatched themselves in the attraction of wildlife.

▲▲▲

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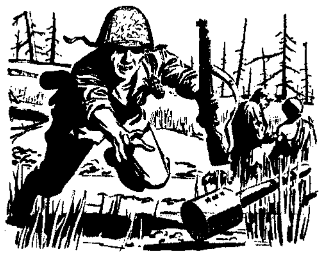
He Was the Last Man

Pfc. Hector A. Cafferata Jr.,
USMCR
Medal of Honor

IT WAS DURING the Chosin reservoir fighting. Against F Company's hill position, Reds were attacking in regimental strength. The last of Private Cafferata's fire team-mates had just become a casualty, leaving a gap in the defense line. If the enemy could exploit it, they could smash the entire perimeter.

Exposing himself to devastating fire, Private Cafferata maneuvered along the line. Alone, he killed fifteen Chinese, routed the rest, and held till reinforcements plugged the hole.



The Reds hit again. A grenade fell into a gully full of wounded. Private Cafferata hurled it back, saving the men but suffering severe wounds. Ignoring intense pain, he still fought on until a sniper got him.

"If we really want to protect ourselves from the Commies," says Private Cafferata, now retired because of wounds, "we've got to go all out. And one thing all of us at home can do—*should do*—is invest in our country's Defense Bonds. Sure, Bonds are our personal savings for a rainy day. But they're more—they're muscle behind our G.I.s' bayonets, too!"

* * *

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PANIC

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON?

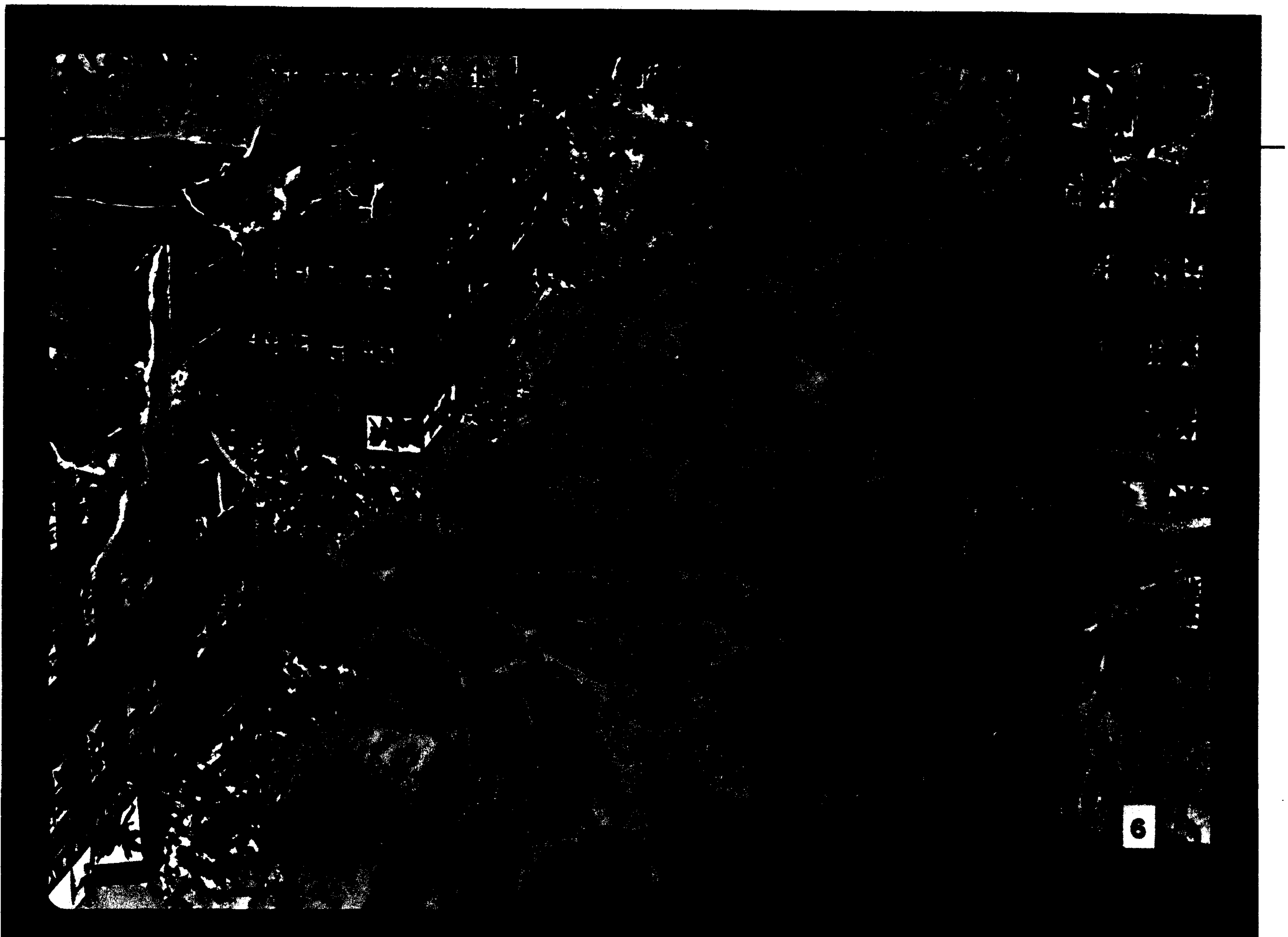
By VAL PETERSON

U.S. CIVIL DEFENSE ADMINISTRATOR

What will you do if one day an atomic bomb blasts your town? Will you take calm emergency action—or will you dash screaming into the ruined streets, a victim of your own terror? In a war, the whole country's survival could depend on your reaction to disaster . . . because mass panic may be far more devastating than the bomb itself. We must not let uncontrolled fear conquer us in an emergency—and the time to start taking precautions is right now

Federal Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson was named by President Eisenhower last March to head the nation's program to protect itself against enemy attack. For a short period before becoming civil defense administrator he was the President's administrative assistant; he took the White House post after serving three terms as governor of Nebraska (his home is in Elgin). He is a colonel in the Air Force Reserve and had firsthand experience watching the effect of war on civilian populations during World War II, when he was the plans and operations officer for the Northern Air Service Command in the China-Burma-India theater. The article which appears on the following pages was selected as the topic for discussion on the Du Mont television program, Washington Exclusive, for Sunday, August 9th (7:30 P.M., EDT)

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ⟶



Lecture slide used by CD officials shows what panic can mean: roads jammed by frantic survivors, blocking entry of rescue teams

PANIC THE ULTIMATE WEAPON?

YOU have just lived through the most terrifying experience of your life. An enemy A-bomb has burst 2,000 feet above Main Street. Everything around you that was familiar has vanished or changed. The heart of your community is a smoke-filled desolation rimmed by fires. Your own street is a clutter of rubble and collapsed buildings. Trapped in the ruins are the dead and the wounded—people you know, people close to you. Around you, other survivors are gathering, dazed, grief-stricken, frantic, bewildered.

What will you do—not later, but right then and there? On your actions may depend not only your life and the lives of countless others, but your country's victory or defeat, and the survival of everything you hold dear.

Ninety per cent of all emergency measures after an atomic blast will depend on the prevention of panic among the survivors in the first 90 seconds. Like the A-bomb, panic is fissionable. It can produce a chain reaction more deeply destructive than any explosive known.

If there is an ultimate weapon, it may well be mass panic—not the A-bomb. Mass panic—not the A-bomb—may well be the easiest way to win a battle, the cheapest way to win a war. That's why military leaders so strongly emphasize individual and group discipline. At the Battle of Marathon in 490 B.C., a small force of Athenians routed the powerful Persian army—after it panicked. In our own Civil War many battles were decided when inexperienced troops suddenly broke and fled. Hitler, in 1938, created a special staff to cope with this invisible but ever-threatening sixth column. In 1940, the shock wave of panic caused by Nazi *Panzer* blows and fifth-column activities hastened the collapse of France.

War is no longer confined to the battlefield. Every city is a potential battleground, every citizen a target. There are no safe rear areas. Panic on Main Street can be as decisive as panic in the front lines. Just as a single match can burn a dry forest, so a trivial incident can set off a monstrous disaster when the confusion and uneasiness of the population have reached tinder point.

On June 5, 1941, in Chungking, China, Japanese bombers returned unexpectedly while thousands of civilians were pouring out of the city's largest air-raid shelter. Frantically they fought their way back into the cave and guards slammed shut the gates. The ventilation was poor. The oil lamps went out in the foul air, and suddenly panic swept the shelter. People struggled in frenzy toward the air inlets, and succeeded only in blocking them. By the time the gates were reopened, nearly 1,000 men, women and children had died in one of the most horrible civilian panic episodes of modern times.

In 1943, during a Nazi night raid on London, a woman and her child tripped on the stairs leading into a large subway shelter. Hundreds of people behind her, frightened by the threat of a bombing and made frantic by their inability to get past her, began to push. Within moments, the long stairway was a mass of struggling, screaming fallen bodies. More than 170 died.

We truly live in an age of fear. Americans, who have enjoyed historic immunity from major attack on their home soil because of the surrounding oceans, know that these barriers of distance are now almost worthless. If Russia launched an initial airborne attack against us with 400 bombers, the Air Force says at least 70 per cent of them would get through to our major industrial centers. Russia is believed to have atomic bombs at least two and a half times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. Each such weapon could destroy buildings over an area of seven square miles and damage them over a far greater area.

That attack probably would be a grand-slam effort involving not only atomic bombs but deadly nerve gas, germ warfare and widespread sabotage. The damage to our cities would be grave —but graver still would be the danger of terror among the surviving population. Panic is the huge extra dividend of an attack. Knowing that, our enemy would do his utmost to create terror and exploit it—and the totalitarian, propaganda-run Soviet world is far more experienced than we in psychological warfare. Among the many devices used against us would be enemy-inspired rumors, leaflets and false radio broadcasts like those used so effectively by both sides during World War II.

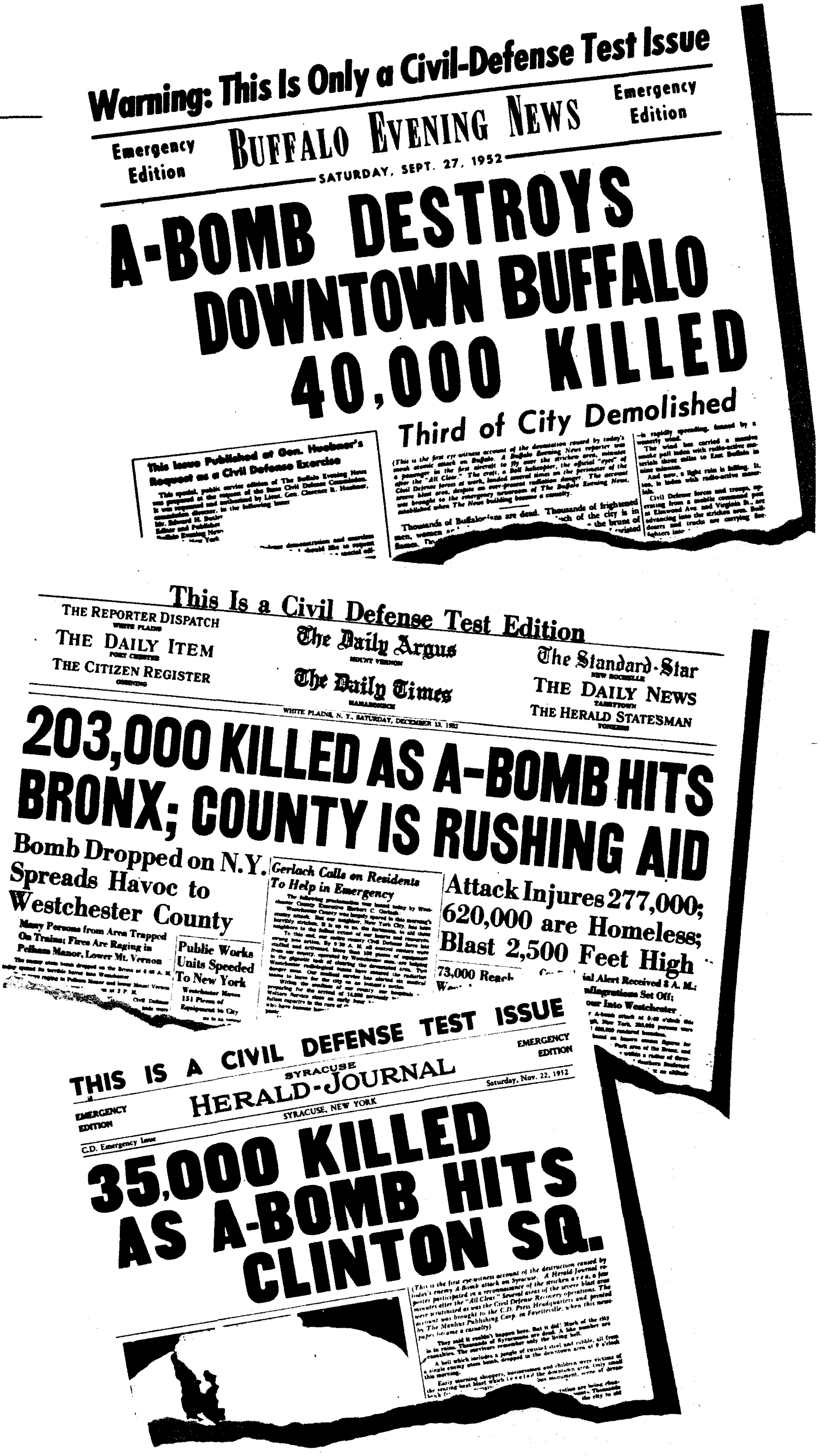
Preview of Disaster in Manhattan

Most strategic targets in the United States lie in heavily populated areas. The industrial and business centers of such cities are crowded by day and in some metropolitan areas only staggered lunch hours and working periods permit the orderly evacuation of buildings. If all the office buildings in the downtown financial district of Manhattan were emptied suddenly, as in a panic, some people estimate the narrow streets would be several feet deep in humanity.

Suppose such an emergency were compounded by enemy-inspired rumors. Word of possible safety in Battery Park could bring such a concentration of people to the tip of Manhattan Island that thousands would be pushed into the harbor to drown. At Hiroshima, 1,600 died when they took refuge in a park along the river and were forced into the water by new thousands crowding into the area.

The consequences of an uncontrolled mass stampede from such a population center as Manhattan are almost incalculable. Even if the four underwater traffic tunnels and the six major bridges leading from the island were left undamaged by an attack, disorganized traffic could soon bottle many of the avenues of escape. Those who did succeed in fleeing the island would pour into adjacent areas to become a hungry, pillaging mob—disrupting disaster relief, overwhelming local police and spreading panic in a widening arc. True, New York City presents a civil defense problem of unusual dimensions, but similar hazards face every city in the land under possible attack.

Americans are increasingly aware of their peril and vulnerability. In the last five years the use of the word *panic* in the public press has increased by 1,447 per cent; the use of the word *survival* has increased by 2,034 per cent. There are other symptoms of national uneasiness, too: the rising rate of



Warning: This Is Only a Civil-Defense Test Issue

Emergency Edition

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

Emergency Edition

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1952

A-BOMB DESTROYS DOWNTOWN BUFFALO 40,000 KILLED

Third of City Demolished

This Issue Published at Gen. Huebner's Request as a Civil Defense Exercise

This Is a Civil Defense Test Edition

THE REPORTER DISPATCH
WHITE PLAINS
THE DAILY ITEM
PORT CHESTER
THE CITIZEN REGISTER
OSSINING
The Daily Argus
MOUNT VERNON
The Daily Times
MAMARONECK
The Standard-Star
NEW ROCHELLE
THE DAILY NEWS
TARRYTOWN
THE HERALD STATESMAN
YONKERS

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1952

203,000 KILLED AS A-BOMB HITS BRONX; COUNTY IS RUSHING AID

Bomb Dropped on N.Y. Spreads Havoc to Westchester County

Many Persons from Area Trapped On Trains; Fires Are Raging in Pelham Manor, Lower Mt. Vernon

Public Works Units Speeded To New York

Westchester Moves 151 Pieces of Equipment to City

Gerlach Calls on Residents To Help in Emergency

Attack Injures 277,000; 620,000 are Homeless; Blast 2,500 Feet High

THIS IS A CIVIL DEFENSE TEST ISSUE

EMERGENCY EDITION

SYRACUSE HERALD-JOURNAL

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

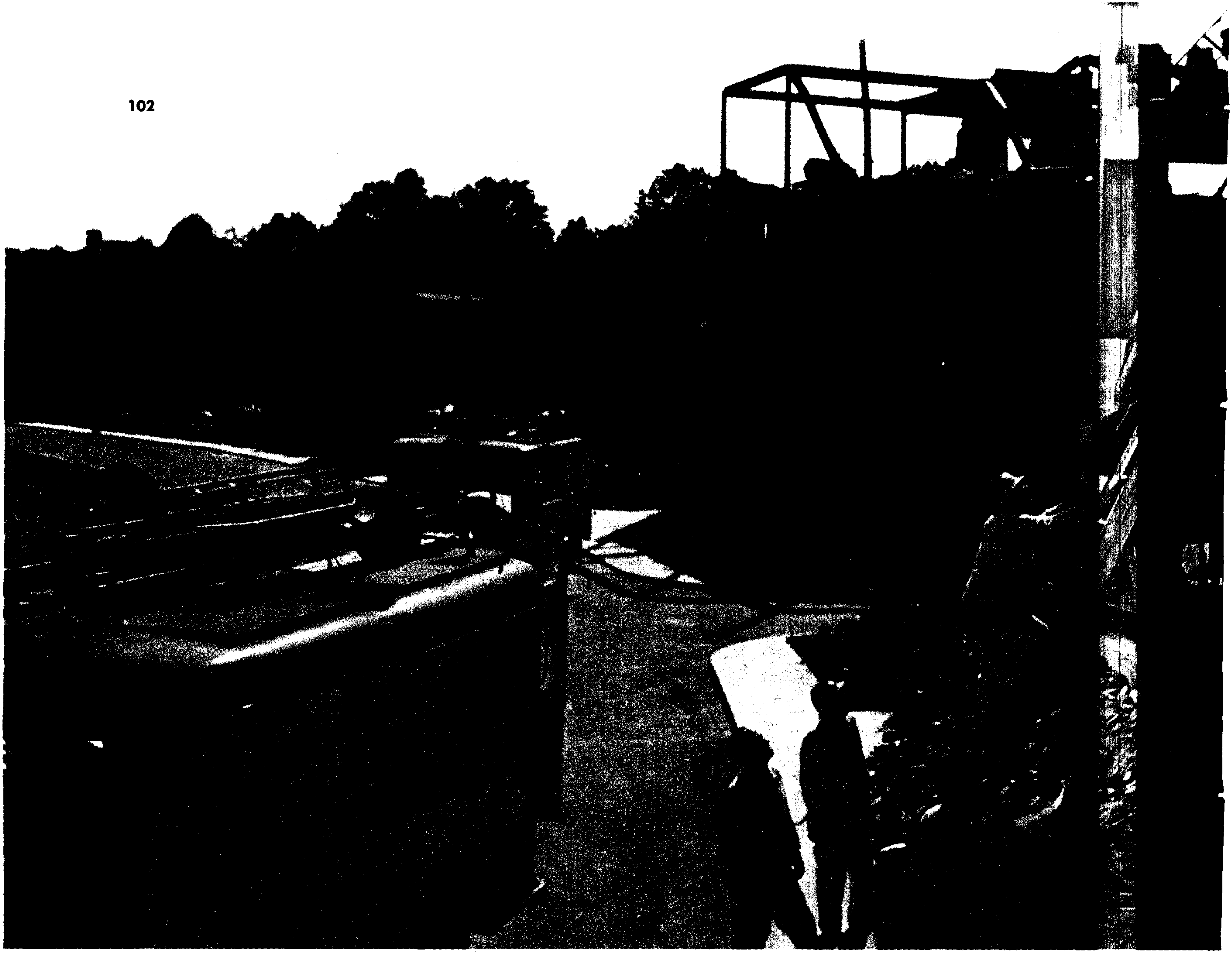
Saturday, Nov. 22, 1952

EMERGENCY EDITION

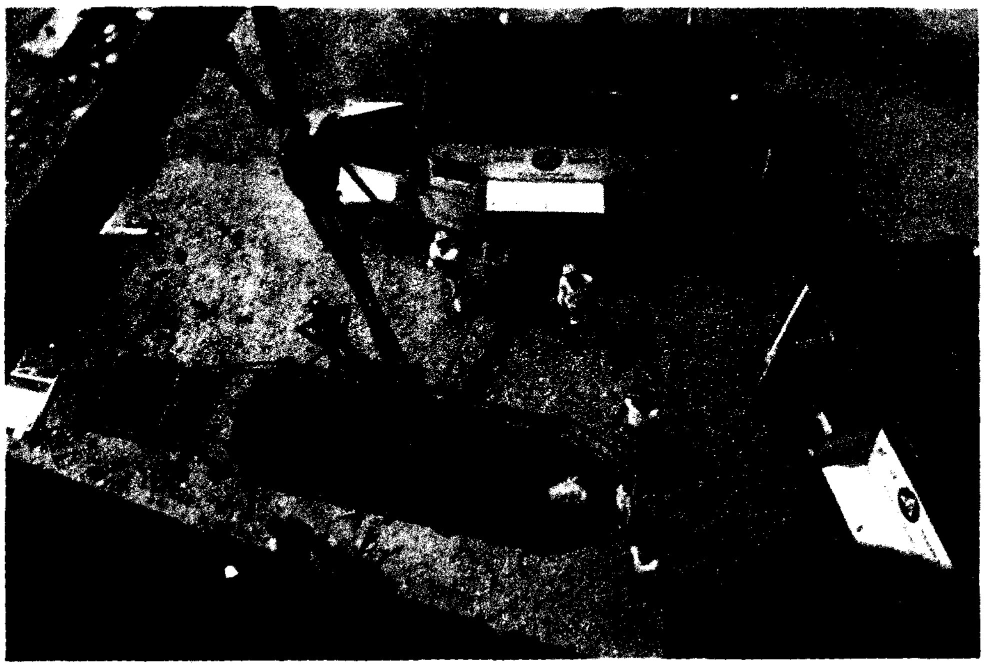
C.D. Emergency Issue

35,000 KILLED AS A-BOMB HITS CLINTON SQ.

Fast information can halt panic. Last fall newspapers in New York State used test editions to help Civil Defense exercises



Civil Defense training center, Olney, Md., uses simulated disaster area to train rescue workers, shown here lowering "casualty" on ladder



Capable, fast-working rescue teams are a deterrent to panic. Here, trainees get practice lowering victim in a basket stretcher from damaged five-story building

alcoholism and mental illness due to excessive anxiety; occasional waves of hoarding; scare-buying of rural properties.

The people have been showing their concern for many months—but the government? For years, many federal officials have treated the subject of panic as if it were taboo. Only two years ago a government spokesman stated: "We don't know anything about panic. You can't study it. And what would you do with the results if you could?"

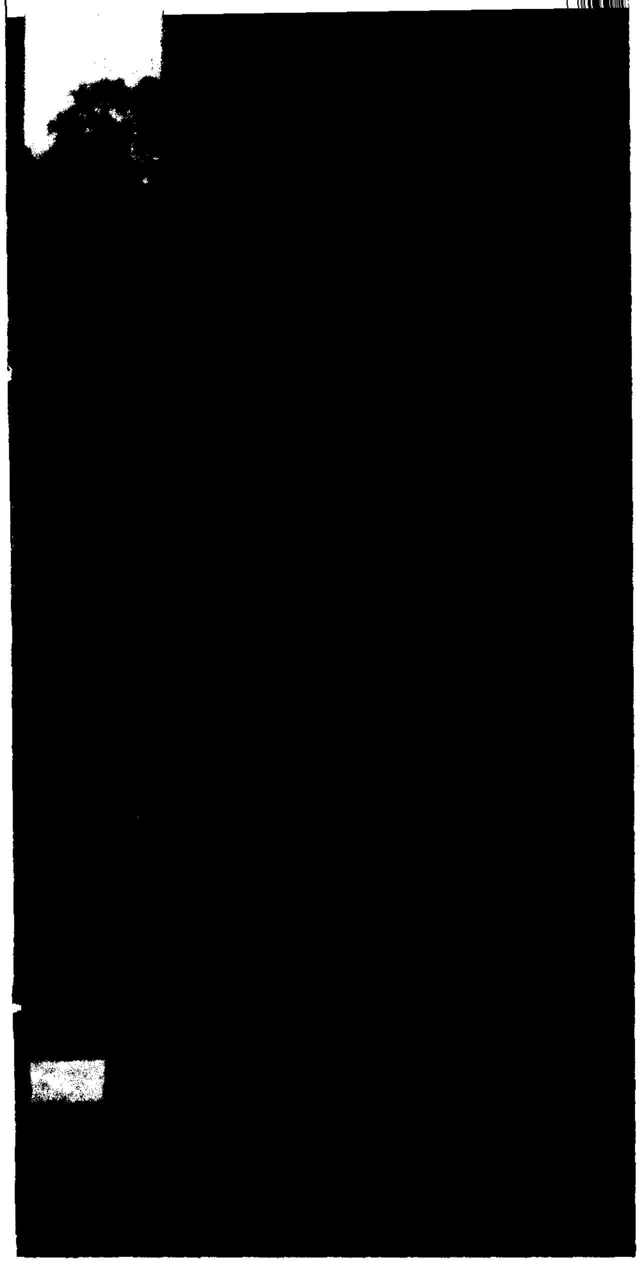
The fact is, we do know something about panic. For the last 20 years, studies have been conducted with increasing intensiveness. And the Eisenhower administration feels there's a great deal we can *do* about panic—if the facts are presented clearly and forthrightly to the American people.

The first fact we must face is that we, the citizens of the strongest nation on earth, are also the most panic-prone. The record amply demonstrates this characteristic.

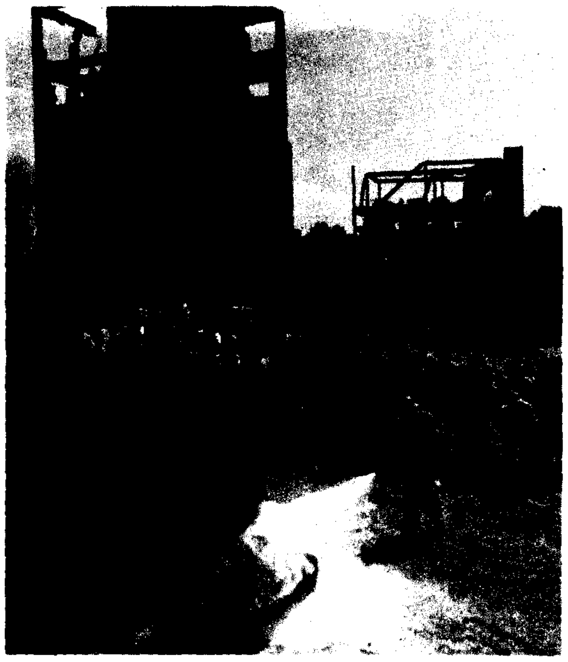
In the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago in 1903, the actual fire was so small that performances could have been given there a few days afterward. But one woman's scream started a panic just as the lights went out. Most of the 2,000 patrons surged toward the same inadequate exits. Only one person used a fire escape. Almost all of the 575 who perished were crushed in the frenzied crowd.

A similar fate befell most of the 491 victims of Boston's Cocoanut Grove night-club fire in 1942. A fallen man jammed the revolving door at the entrance as the panicked guests tried to get out the same way they had entered. Other paths to safety were overlooked.

Or consider what happened at a party in Calumet, Michi-



Civil Defense Administrator Peterson, wearing a dark blue helmet, watches as workers at Olney show how to remove a casualty from debris of a collapsed house



CD class gets instruction in fighting an oil fire with the latest dry chemical extinguishers

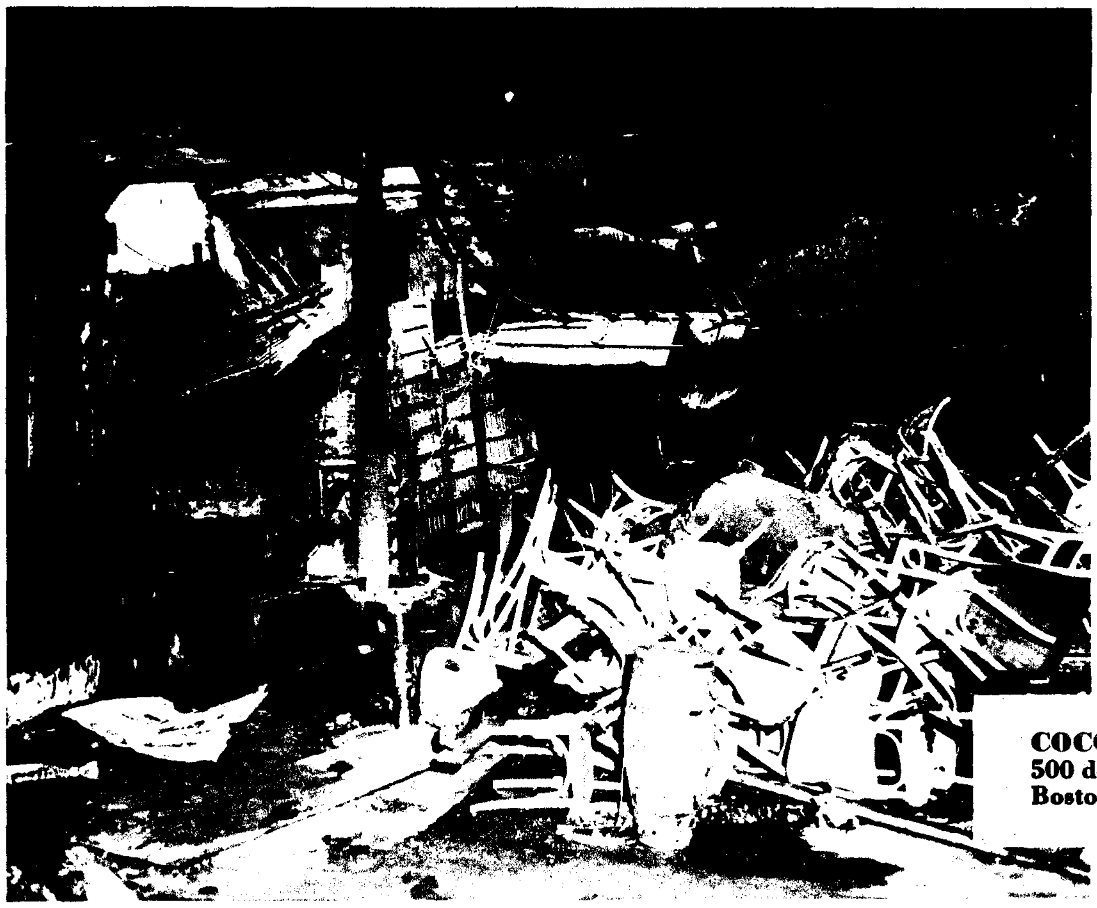
First aid is provided on the spot before bomb victims are moved from wreckage to safe areas

Trainees at Olney use pump to fight a fierce blaze like that caused by an incendiary bomb

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

gan, on Christmas Eve, 1913. The meeting place was a small social hall on the second floor of a two-story brick structure, and a single six-foot-wide stairway led to a door on the ground floor which opened inward. When the steam heat made the room stuffy, one woman fainted. A friend called for water. To another woman across the room, the cry for water had only one meaning. She screamed: "Fire!" By the time help arrived, a few minutes later, 73 people, mostly children, had lost their lives and the bodies were piled so high on the stairway that firemen had to enter by raising ladders to the second-floor windows.

Other more recent panics are the Texas City, Texas, disaster of April, 1947, when two explosions in the harbor made a torch of the water front and sent 40 per cent of the residents fleeing wildly from the city; the Detroit "Bloody Week" race riot of 1943, in which unfounded rumors ignited ex-



COCOANUT GROVE fire in 1942 caused almost 500 deaths, many due to panic. Frenzied patrons of a Boston night club rushed revolving door, jammed it

ACME

HARTFORD CIRCUS blaze nine years ago killed 168, most of them trapped inside tent. Note the survivors' terrified expressions

isting tensions and caused widespread looting and beatings, the death of 34 persons, the wounding of nearly 1,000, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property damage; and the terror in South Amboy, New Jersey, in May, 1950, when an ammunition explosion was followed by spontaneous rumors of A-bomb attack and poison gas, with the confusion heightened by fire sirens and a number of cars which went racing around town, apparently aimlessly.

Perhaps the classic example of panic in America occurred on Halloween Eve, 1938. Shortly after 8:00 P.M., a radio announcer in New York interrupted a program to report that a "huge, flaming object" had fallen on a farm near Trenton, New Jersey. Shortly thereafter, an "eyewitness" said he could see something crawling out of "the cylinder from Mars." Then the New Jersey State Militia was reported to have been called out, and only 120 of the 7,000 troops were said to have survived the "monster's" heat ray. Back in New York, another announcer described the destruction of the metropolis.

If you had tuned in late to the Orson Welles radio adaptation of the book, The War of the Worlds, that night, you could have calmed your fears simply by turning to another station on the dial; you'd have found the usual fare, uninterrupted by news flashes. Nearly 2,000,000 of the estimated 6,000,000 listeners apparently didn't do that. They accepted Welles's broadcast of a fantastic tale as a fact.

In Newark, families wrapped their faces in wet towels and besieged the police, demanding gas masks. In Providence, Rhode Island, some townspeople insisted that the city be blacked out. Along New York's Riverside Drive, pajama-clad refugees from the Martian invasion fled northward toward safety. The staff of a Memphis paper prepared an extra on the bombing of St. Louis and Chicago.

Something for the Reds to Consider

The Welles broadcast and its aftermath have been closely studied in many places—no doubt including the Soviet Union. If one fictional attack on New Jersey could create such an irrational disturbance in the United States, it must seem obvious to the Soviet strategists that a stockpile of A-bombs is not necessarily the decisive weapon in modern war. Nothing could more clearly reveal to them the weakest point in the world's strongest nation.

Fortunately, the Welles broadcast also spurred active American studies of panic behavior and prevention, aided by observations of troop and civilian reactions during World War II. Now that atomic, biological and nerve-gas devices have been added to the arsenal of terror, the intensity of the panic-research projects has been matched only by the increasing secrecy which seems to surround them.

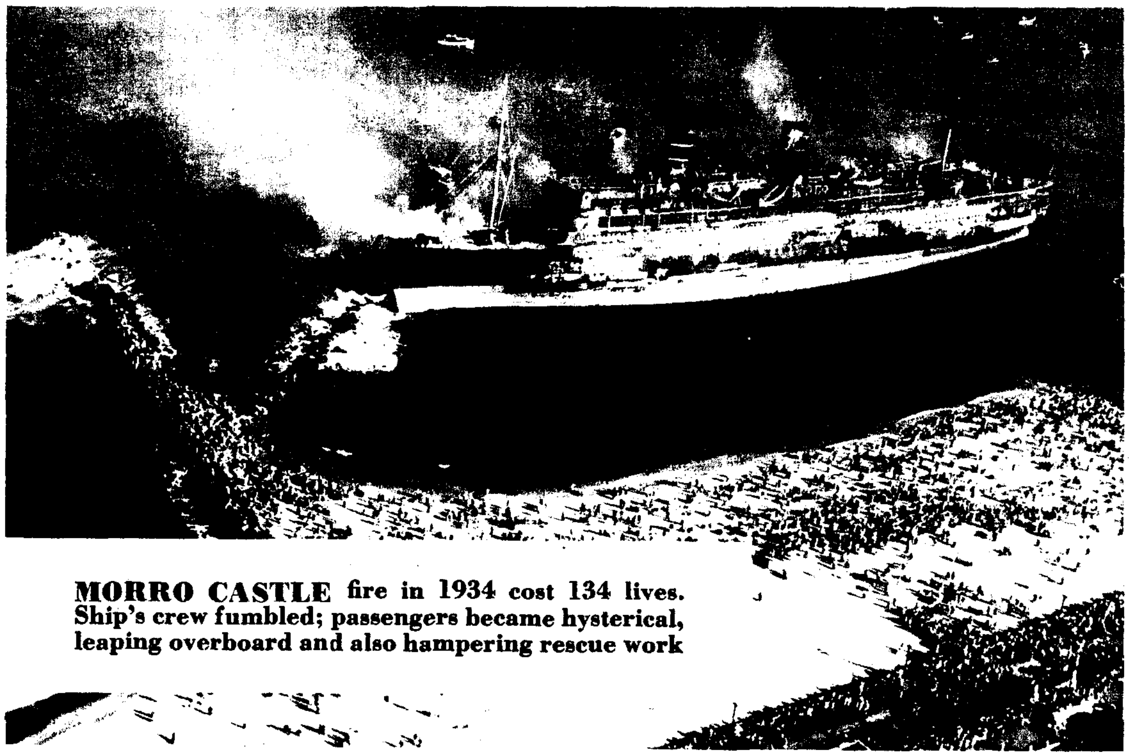
Today at least a dozen teams of psychologists are slowly but surely removing the guesswork from panic causes and manifestations. The Rand Corporation of Santa Monica has prepared important studies both on the psychological impact of peacetime disasters and on civilian behavior under air attack in World War II. Project East River—a civil defense study by civilian specialists and scientists from 10 Eastern universities—has amassed reports which clearly show the need of planning and adequate public-information facilities during a crisis.

One highly classified nonprofit organization in the West has carried out panic-probing experiments all over the nation and has made the results available to federal agencies. It has in recent months made significant findings on the role that confusion plays in starting panic; in the effects of fatigue and distractions on leadership; in developing chemical agents which may temporarily lessen a person's panic susceptibility; and in the possible integration of children in an effective panic-prevention program.

Although most of these research efforts are highly technical, the basic characteristics of panic are simple. Panic is simply uncontrolled fear. Its

CHUNGKING air-raid panic killed 1,000 in 1941. Lights in city's biggest shelter went out and the people inside it clawed frantically for the exits

ACME



MORRO CASTLE fire in 1934 cost 134 lives. Ship's crew fumbled; passengers became hysterical, leaping overboard and also hampering rescue work

WIDE WORLD

Test Yourself: Ho

This quiz is based on longer tests in official use across the nation. Although not conclusive, it will help sho

I.	**Put a check in the column that comes closest to your reaction.** **HOW DO YOU FEEL WHEN:**	**I'm not bothered**	**I become tense**	**It jars me badly**	**I blow up**
1.	**You are alone and your doorbell and telephone ring simultaneously?**	✓			
2.	**Someone crowds ahead of you in a line?**				
3.	**Someone near you talks persistently during a movie?**			✓	
4.	**A stranger jostles you and does not ask to be excused?**	✓			
5.	**You arrive at a station just after your train has pulled out?**				
6.	***You are cut off during a telephone conversation?***				
7.	**You see a picture of the bodies after a fatal accident?**				
8.	**A spider darts across your pillow?**	✓			
9.	**Your car stalls, blocking traffic at a busy intersection?**				
10.	**You are alone in an automatic elevator when it stalls between floors?**	✓			

III. **Extend one arm, holding a heavy book or book end, or any other object weighing about three pounds. Hold your other arm behind you. Now count the words in this paragraph:** ▶

Ample preparation beforehand actually remains the only effective practical way to prevent panic during any disaster. This means a thorough educational campaign initiated long before the disaster ever starts. Training, in order to be adequate, has to be inspirational as well as informational. This is the reason why we call such preparatory training an "educational campaign." If plain people do not know what to expect in a disaster, what to do when it happens, and what to do after it happens, then panic is sure to accompany every major disaster. And whenever you have panic among people, you will always have fatal results.

main symptom is violent, unreasoning action. Two causes most often produce this simultaneous frenzied activity and collapse of reason. The most dramatic is the shock of a strange and threatening experience. The other is the frustration of an individual or group when there seems to be no immediate solution for a dilemma. A person abruptly imprisoned in a collapsed building may beat his fists, or even his head, against a concrete obstacle, in an attempt to convince his subconscious that escape *is possible*—no matter how hopeless his situation may appear.

The Western researchers have had interesting results from animal experiments devised by one of the foremost pioneers in panic research, Dr. Paul Potter. The experiments are not intended to have any direct application to humans, but they do indicate areas for further probing of human traits.

In one test a laboratory mouse was released on a wide aluminum plate. Suddenly 70,000 volts of harmless but spectacular high-frequency electricity shot through its hide. Inch-long blue sparks crackled from every hair of the rodent's fur; the air became redolent with ozone.

Because of the low amperage and other current characteristics the mouse wasn't physically harmed—but it went berserk. Other mice subjected to the same bewildering experience also went mad. But a few kept their wits.

Returned to the plate for additional jolts, these rugged rodents kept comparatively calm and in successive tests actually began to enjoy the experience.

"If a man can survive the big jolt of panic," Dr. Potter told me recently, "he has a good chance of surviving anything similar after it."

In one significant respect, however, experiments have shown a great difference between animal and human nature. The most active and intelligent animals, such as dogs, monkeys and horses, are frequently the most panic-prone. Men appear to be *less* panicky when they're alert, well-informed and intelligent. Their emotional and intellectual capacities give them the ability to control their fear.

Less intelligent people are much more panic-prone; stupid and lethargic animals more panic-resistant. Porcupines, turtles and armadillos, for example, seem almost panic-proof, the first because

’anic-Proof Are You?

w susceptible to panic you are. When you're finished, score yourself by turning to the answers on page 109.

II. Time yourself on the next ten questions. You should answer them in ten minutes or less.

1. Several of the letters in the following series appear more than once. Which is the first letter to be repeated?

G K Z B D F R K Z B D F R

2. The opposite of ELATED is:
punctual prescheduled saddened punctuated

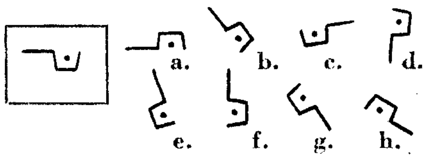
3. Some of the letters in the phrase below have the same numerical order in each word that they have in the alphabet. Which are they? (Example: If one of the words were CARD, you'd pick the letter D—fourth in the word and fourth in the alphabet.)

AMPLE PREPARATION AT ONCE

4. Are these relationships true or false?

Child is to adult as colt is to horse T F
Cabin is to man as hangar is to aircraft T F
Bite is to dog as buzz is to bee T F
North is to south as east is to west T F
Arm is to hand as leg is to foot T F
Chicken is to food as coal is to iron T F
Sing is to shout as whisper is to silence T F

5. Some of these symbols would, if rotated, be exactly like the one in the red box. Decide which they are, and circle them.



6. An auxiliary power plant uses a mixture of one part kerosene and three parts gasoline. How many pints of gasoline will it take to make three gallons of the mixture?

25 16½ 15 18 10

7. A is shorter than B and taller than C, who is not as short as D. Is D shorter than A?

YES NO

8. Circle the number which is incorrect in the following series:

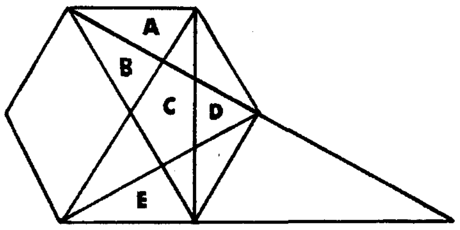
3 5 9 17 33 67 129

9. Which of these words would look exactly the same if seen reflected in a mirror?

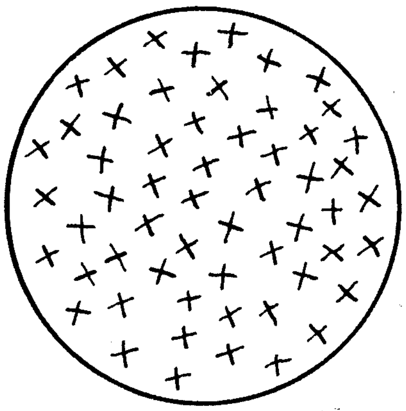
LETTER
BLOTTER
BETTER
MOTTO
GROTTO
ROTOR
OTTO
DETER
METER
DEFER
OTTER
FETTER

10. In how many different triangles is the letter E?

3 4 5 6 7



IV. Set an alarm clock ringing continuously on the table near you. Then count the crosses in the circle (right) without using a pencil to assist you. ▶



V. Time yourself on this test. How long does it take you to place a dot at the center of each of the zeros below?

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000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000

of its quills, the other two because of their shells. Due to their physical safeguards, they have not been forced to develop their intelligence by devising more active means of survival.

Some say the snowy owl is the most panic-proof animal in creation. A wild specimen sometimes can be picked from a fence post and carried to a cage without ruffling a feather. But whether the owl is stupid, or wise in panic-control devices, no one has ever discovered.

Curiously, tests have shown that the closest human counterpart to the unpanicky owl is the cowboy of the Western high plateaus, where the vast lonely spaces seem to weave into men an attitude of stoic calmness.

But even the cowboy rarely approaches the panic-resistance of the owl or the armadillo; few humans could. During World War II, tests were developed to measure the panic-proneness of small groups of military men. The tests not only included intelligence and psychological examinations, but also subjected the individual to alarming sounds, gruesome sights, unpleasant smells—after which the sugar and albumen in his blood stream were measured to find out how frightened he had been. Only eight per cent of the men tested appeared naturally panic-proof for most purposes, and another 21 per cent showed panic resistance.

Later tests have shown that in the United States about 83 per cent of the males and 55 per cent of the females could be made reasonably panic-resistant. The figures break down this way: potentially panic-proof—males 29 per cent, females 13 per cent; potentially panic-resistant—males 54 per cent, females 42 per cent.

The lower score for women doesn't mean they're naturally panicky. It indicates that since women face fewer everyday hazards and fear-provoking stimuli than men, they have had less practice in conquering fear. Actually, experiments show that women are the equals of men at developing a degree of panic immunity.

Children are a special problem. They are apparently naturally panic-resistant, but are highly susceptible to the fears of parents, teachers or other adults to whom they look for guidance. And they fear different dangers than adults. In England during World War II, a bombed-out bathroom

Women usually panic more quickly than men. Children? They can be calmed if they'

might bring expressions of glee, while a crushed toy in debris brought tears.

The experiments of the Western panic-probing organization show that children can be immensely useful to grownups during a disaster. Although they can't be left on their own, those over twelve will remain calm if they're kept busy and allowed to help the adults. They may carry messages or water, or distribute box lunches—or, most important, take care of children younger than themselves, so adults can handle rescue and survival tasks without interference by meandering moppets.

Young Children in a Monitoring System

In tests with young children divided into four age groups, the ten-to-twelve-year-olds showed themselves capable of caring for the one-to-three group, while the seven-to-nine-year-olds were more than a monitoring match for the less troublesome youngsters of 4 to 6. This children-watching-children arrangement freed many adults for other work and also decreased the panic-proneness of the adult group by lessening its anxiety about the children.

The tests avoided herding children aimlessly into a place where they had nothing to do but wait. The youngsters played simple games, matched colored picture cards, sang reassuring songs, and munched prepackaged food and chewing gum. The gum proved itself the most valued commodity: it kept the jaws active and discouraged screaming.

When groups of children were tested in shelter drills, it was found that daily drills quickly became meaningless, while weekly drills created too much excitement. But given three times a week, drills proved neither boring nor alarming. Like the other experiments with children, this test reaffirmed one fact above all—the most reliable single panic preventive in children is preparation and planned activity.

Because so many people are panic-prone, adult leadership is at a premium. There have been continuing experiments with selected groups of civilians and military men, to study the demands which may be made upon leadership in a crisis, and to prepare the trainees for those demands.

They take a six-week course under the sponsorship of the armed forces—a broad study of disaster control, with panic prevention as its most important goal. As part of the training, each group is subjected to prolonged ordeals. Because leaders must be able to make decisions and plans under duress, the trainees are forced to work out precise mathematical, tactical and other problems while trapped in unnatural and awkward positions for hours at a time (in one exercise, the trainee is cramped in a cubicle with a three-foot ceiling). They learn, by passing through a flaming room, that with proper protection humans can stand extraordinary heat for brief intervals. They are called upon to make split-second decisions after long periods without sleep or food. They are subjected to simulated experiences involving all the smells, sounds and horrors of accident and war.

The purpose of these ordeals is to measure and increase the trainee's ability to perform efficiently under highly distracting, unnatural and unnerving conditions. Some trainees—about one out of nine—are washed out of the program because they perform *too* well: they deliberately make themselves callous to the whole riptide of impressions beating in on them. Instead of preventing normal emotional reactions from interfering with their judgment, they obliterate emotion entirely. There's a difference, and it's important.

Fear itself is not panic; it's merely the raw material of panic. When you're under attack, fear is natural—even healthy. Few heroes of the battlefield have been without fear in the midst of their bravest actions. But they are using their fear, not letting it use them. We must realize that we *all* know fear. By trying to hide our fears, from ourselves and from others, we may place ourselves and our country in great danger.

Our agency, the Federal Civil Defense Administration, has broad responsibilities—installation of attack warning systems, stockpiling and distribution of supplies and equipment, providing scientific information. But it is very much aware that effective civil defense action depends upon the prevention of panic, both in areas which have been hit and those which may be hit next.

Studying Mass Disruptive Behavior

Consequently, aided by the National Research Council, the Institute of Social Research of the University of Michigan, and by many other groups (including those previously mentioned in this article), we have been gathering scientific findings on mass disruptive behavior under attack conditions. There are many questions which the scientists have not yet answered, but the information they have provided so far has given us a clear idea what our line of action should be.

It's more practical to prevent panic than to subdue it after it has begun. Project East River has recommended several basic steps for panic prevention, and we are acting on each of them. They are:

1) The public must know beforehand what it is up against and what to do about it.

2) We must have a vast pool of civil defense leadership, reaching right down to the family level, trained to prevent panic where it starts.

3) We must have broad emergency information facilities ready to give the people a swift, full account of what is happening before, during and after an attack—to calm their fears and help them make sound decisions.

Here is what we of the FCDA are doing in each of these three critical fields:

- Point One. When I took office, President Eisenhower stated that one of our major tasks was to "provide the public with a continuing flow of information on the danger we face." In accomplishing that, we have had invaluable aid from the nation's magazines, newspapers, radio and TV stations and schools. Scientists estimate that 52,000,000 Americans now know some of the requirements for protection against atomic attack. That's only a beginning, but it's a good one, unequaled by any other nation in the world, except perhaps Sweden and Russia.

PANIC STOPPERS

How to keep from being a victim of panic

FACE THE FACTS—**The more you learn, the safer you are. Insulate yourself against panic by finding out all you can about the enemy's weapons — A-bombs, germ and gas warfare, sabotage and rumor war. Misinformation and lack of information breed panic.**

GET READY AT HOME—**Preparedness is good preventive medicine against panic. Prepare and train your family so that the members can perform their duties like trained soldiers under fire. Here's how:**

1. Talk to your family about the dangers you face. Work out practice drills so you all know what to do—at home, at work or at school.

2. Get a civil defense emergency first-aid kit together and learn how to use it.

3. Put away a three-day emergency supply of food and water—enough to take care of the whole family and its special needs.

4. Build a home shelter if you live near a target area. If you can't build one, pick out the safest shelter area in your home. Personal shelter can help save your life.

5. Be sure you have a workable AM Radio, preferably battery-operated, in your shelter area. Remember the Conelrad frequencies—640 and 1240—where in an emergency you can get official news and civil defense instructions.

6. Take a Red Cross first-aid course as soon as possible. In the meantime, study the civil defense booklet, Emergency Action to Save Lives. You can get it at your local civil defense office or at the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. It costs five cents.

7. Practice fireproof housekeeping; learn how to fight small fires in your home before they can become big ones. There's a nickel government manual for that, too: Fire-Fighting for Householders.

8. Learn the simple steps your family should take to protect themselves against germ warfare. That calls for one more government pamphlet: What You Should Know about Biological Warfare. Cost: 10 cents.

GET LEADERSHIP TRAINING—**Invest a few hours a week in basic training for one of the organized civil defense services so that you will be ready for group action in any emergency.**

MAKE FEAR WORK FOR YOU—**Don't be ashamed of being scared. If an attack comes, you will be scared and so will everyone else. It is *what you do* when you are afraid that counts. Fear can be healthy if you know how to use it; it can make you more alert and stronger at a time when you and your neighbors must act to protect yourselves.**

SPIKE THAT RUMOR—**Don't swallow everything you hear. Recognize wartime rumor and gossip for what they are—enemy weapons of the most dangerous kind. Don't let the enemy play you for a sucker—don't pass on rumors. Check any story you hear. Make sure that the facts are from official sources before you repeat them.**

pt busy—and if the supply of chewing gum holds out

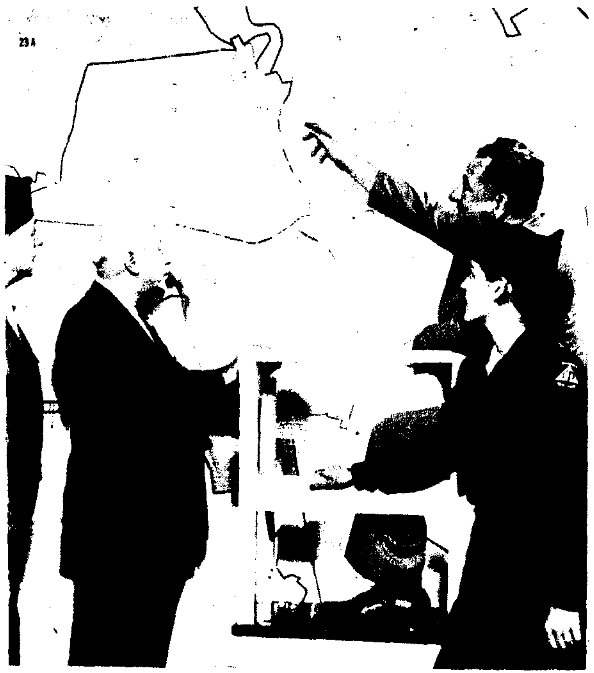
As funds permit, we of the Federal Civil Defense Administration are trying to familiarize all Americans with the realities of an atomic attack. Last March, 600 civil-defense leaders and people whose business is information watched an atomic blast at the Nevada Proving Ground. They were able to return to their communities with eyewitness accounts of the detonation and what it did to the test houses and manikins in the shelters and cars.

Many millions more had the dark shadows of the atomic bomb brought into their living rooms by TV and radio and the pictorial accounts in the nation's magazines and newspapers. To my mind, it was one of the greatest public education successes of our time, but it has to be repeated over and over before the facts of atomic warfare are anything like a personal reality to all of us.

Centers for Training in Leadership

- Point Two. There are now between four and five million civil defense workers and volunteers who are well along on their basic training—not counting a growing number of people with civil defense training in industry and in specialized groups. To broaden this corps of leaders, FCDA has trained 3,000 specialists at its training centers at Olney, Maryland, and St. Mary's, California. These instructors have taught 200,000 people in 650 civil defense schools operated by states and cities. In the past year this trained leadership was tested in about 2,000 exercises involving 2,000,000 civil defense workers. Within the next year these figures will be substantially expanded.
- Point Three. America is rapidly putting into effect a dynamic solution to the grave problem of making truth travel faster than rumor in times of national emergency. American citizens are more dependent upon mass communications than most other peoples. That dependence, potentially one of our greatest weaknesses in a disaster, can become one of our greatest strengths.

Scientists and government security planners have laid the groundwork for a whole new concept of emergency journalism, relying on the full voluntary co-operation of the mass information agencies. The federal government poses the problems, helps the newspapers and radio people where they need it and will go all out in providing them with a full, swift and accurate account of what is happening both nationally and locally during an emergency.



Civil defense work doesn't stop in peacetime. Here New York City officials map plans. L. to r., John Pringle, city CD chief Herbert O'Brien, Thomas McVeigh, Joan Vullo. Miss Vullo and Pringle wear new wardens' uniforms

To make this plan work, we have organized several stand-by information networks. Conelrad, for example, is the code name for the new system of radio emergency broadcasting which was ready for operation on May 15th.

It is the result of two years of intensive co-operative planning between the broadcasting industry and the government. Its purpose is twofold: to deny navigational aid to enemy bombers and, most important, to provide a sure, instant channel of information from defense officials to the public anywhere in the country.

Today it is possible for the President or any other key official to talk to every live radio set in the nation from one microphone. We are now ready to start broadcasting the essential facts of an emergency to the public, through the networks and local stations, within minutes after an attack warning is flashed. Under Conelrad you will receive vital civil defense information even while the bombs are falling—and right after they hit. Mark down these two Conelrad frequencies for your AM radio: 640 and 1240. In an emergency, turn the dial to either of them.

We have also encouraged planning for emergency newspaper editions. One of the most far-reaching developments in the past year has been the voluntary co-operation of a growing number of newspaper publishers and their staffs in putting out emergency newspaper editions as part of civil defense exercises.

During the recent Niagara-New York international civil defense exercise with Canada, the simulated attack situation made it impossible for the daily papers on the New York side to publish after the attack. Canadian publishers, because of advance planning, were able to deliver an emergency edition back into the attack area within a few hours after the bombs were supposed to have landed. Meantime, the public and civil defense forces on both sides of the river were kept in constant touch by Conelrad radio. They got full facts on the situation through the civil defense information center, manned jointly by skilled broadcasters and newspapermen under civil defense direction.

The Japanese gave us one tip on the importance of newspapers to public morale in a wartime emergency. An official postwar report on the Hiroshima disaster said:

"To prevent the spread of rumor and brace morale, 210,000 copies of out-of-town newspapers were brought in daily to replace the destroyed local newspapers." Obviously sound doctrine.

Critical Role of News Specialists

We can go a long way in licking the psychological impact of an enemy attack on this country if the information media are thoroughly aware of the critical role which they must play in our national survival, not as bystanders or casual observers, but as key participants—in preventing panic, saving lives and maintaining morale by getting the facts to the public with every bit of help the government can give them.

In the long run, of course, civil defense needs the participation of every American citizen. Panic, the most contagious of all diseases, begins with the individual. Panic prevention too begins with the individual—with you. At the beginning of this article, I addressed a question to you. You had just had the greatest shock of your life—an enemy A-bomb had just gutted your community and you were surrounded with the horrors of that disaster. What would you do?

If you panic, you will multiply the catastrophe. If you are prepared and remain calm you will be performing a service of tremendous value to yourself and your country—and probably the whole free world.

Elsewhere on these pages is a list of what I call panic-stoppers—safeguards which can help you in a crisis. But there's one that's not listed, and it's the best of them all—it costs nothing, and its power is limitless. It is faith. It may be faith in yourself, in your neighbors, in your leader, in your cause, your country, or in God. In the best sense, real faith is all of them working together. But whether it is faith in yourself or in a purpose or power exceeding your own limitations, it is the ultimate solution to the ultimate weapon.

Panic can be fought and conquered if a free people are informed, prepared, have useful activity, good leadership and sound faith. No nation can win which allows itself to be stampeded. None can be defeated which has a clear, unbreakable will to resist.

▲▲▲

Answers to

PANIC TEST

PAGE 106

Score each of the five parts separately, then divide the total by five. A score of less than 50 means you're likely to panic in an emergency. You're not very likely to panic if your score is between 50 and 70. If it's between 70 and 90, you're panic-resistant. Above 90, you're as close to being panic-proof as a human can be. Men should score a trifle higher than women.

I. Running down one column at a time, total the number of checks in each. Now multiply the total of the first column by three, the total number of checks in the second column by five, the total in the third column by seven and the total in the last column by ten. Add the revised totals of all the columns, and subtract the figure you get from 100. That's your score for part I.

II. You get more points for answering some of the questions correctly than for others. The number of points for each question is shown in the right-hand column below.

QUESTION	ANSWER	POINTS
1	K	4
2	Saddened	4
3	AEIAC	4
4 a	True	4
b	True	4
c	False	4
d	True	4
e	True	4
f	False	4
g	False	4
5	d, e, h	6
6	18	6
7	Yes	7
8	67	9
9	OTTO	12
10	7	20

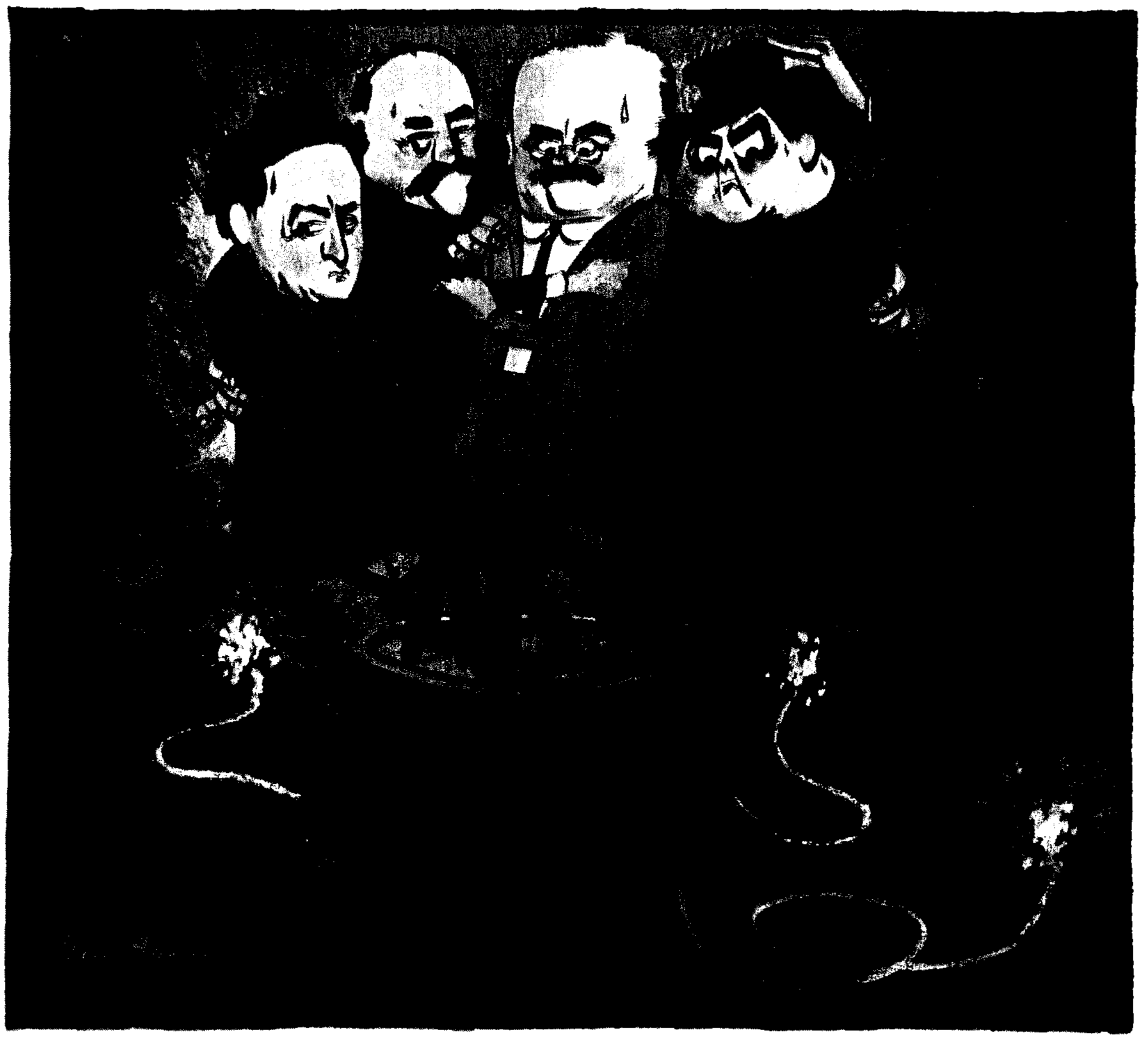
Add the number of points. Remember, you had a 10-minute time limit on this part of the test. If you finished in less than 10 minutes, increase your score by 10 per cent for each minute you saved.

III. The correct number of words in the paragraph is 103. If you got more or less than that total, take the number of words by which you missed, multiply your error by ten, and subtract that figure from 100. If you counted correctly, 100 is your score.

IV. There are 57 Xs in the circle. Score 20 points for each X you have counted over or under the correct figure, and subtract the total from 100.

V. How many seconds did it take you to place dots in all the zeros? Divide that number by two, and subtract the answer from 166.

Now add all your totals, divide by five, and you have your panic rating.



HARRY DEVLIN

A Man Named Goettling . . .

THIS EDITORIAL is certainly not the last retrospective piece that will be written about the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. It is a case that will be and should be remembered for years to come. But our purpose in writing about it now is to recall a contrast which was generally overlooked. Two days before the Rosenbergs were executed, a West German named Willi Goettling was shot by a Communist firing squad in East Berlin. There were no "Save Goettling" demonstrations; there was no time for them. Goettling was tried, sentenced and killed in the course of one day. Just why he was picked from among the thousands who rioted in protest against their conquerors' tyranny is not clear. But it was his unhappy fate to join the countless multitude who, over the years, have fallen victim to the summary process of Soviet "justice."

It is hardly necessary to point up the difference between the treatment of Goettling and the Rosenbergs. The atom spies had recourse to every avenue of appeal in the American juridical system during the almost two and a half years between their indictment and execution. Though there could be no question about their guilt, the courts examined their lawyers' repeated legalistic hair-splittings with patience and fairness. And while all this was going on, international Communism had ample time to organize a widespread "Save the Rosenbergs" campaign. Pickets marched and rallies assembled, here and abroad. Many well-meaning non-Communists, confused by the smoke screen of propaganda, forgot the enormity of the Rosenbergs' crime and rallied to their support.

It might seem, then, on the basis of these two dissimilar cases, that the free country we live in had lost to Communism a battle for favorable public opinion. But we believe that such an assumption would be false. For it will surely be remembered, as passing time lends perspective, that the highly publicized Rosenbergs were personally insignificant but unspeakably despicable traitors, while Willi Goettling, whose death the world hardly noticed, is a martyr to a cause for which men and women have laid down their lives through all the centuries of civilization.

Goettling is a symbol of the unrest, the consciousness of national pride, the thirst for liberty, independence and religious freedom which have been stirring in the Soviet-dominated countries since the death of Stalin. Both subjugators and subjugated seem to have felt the uncertainty which apparently exists in the Kremlin today, as witness the fate of the hapless Mr. Beria. Concessions have been made by the conquerors, but they have not been enough to quiet the ferment of discontent in the satellite countries. Nor has the discontent gone unnoticed in the free world.

When the Russians moved troops into East Berlin during the riots which cost Goettling his life, Major General Thomas Timberman, U.S. commander in West Berlin, said: "These two (Russian) divisions can tamp the place down for a while. What happens then I don't know. I do know what happens when you tamp down dynamite." And later Senator Wiley of Wisconsin said, "The Soviet high command is sitting on a powder keg of subjugated peoples —a keg that could blow sky-high overnight."

. . . and the Fight for Freedom

THESE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS and comments have moved us to reread a prophetic article by the distinguished historian Allan Nevins, called Tyrannies Must Fall, which Collier's published on October 20, 1951. In it Professor Nevins pointed out that "no power has ever succeeded in holding in permanent subjugation a chain of satellite countries as Russia is holding her neighbors. The situation in the East European chain of Soviet satrapies, however disguised, is essentially a revolutionary forcing-bed, which will someday blossom into widespread plots, demonstrations and uprisings."

Further on Mr. Nevins wrote, "A faint chance exists that a new leadership will emerge in Moscow which, appreciating the thirst of the Russian masses for more freedom and humanity, and recognizing the desire of the West for peaceful collaboration with the Russian people, will gradually relax both the aggressive external policy and the internal tyranny. The chances are that steps in this direction would be accelerated by revolutionary action."

Before the Red tyranny crumbles and collapses there will be many more Willi Goettlings. But guns and terrorism cannot forever repress the aspirations to freedom. And we cannot ignore the ages-old record of human history which says that tyrannies *must* fall. So it now seems that perhaps world diplomacy has entered a new phase, when the governments of free nations must be more than ever alert to avoid any overt acts which might provoke the Communists to a war of desperation, while at the same time they use every peaceable resource they possess to lend aid and encouragement to the enslaved, exploited, depressed peoples who are longing and struggling toward freedom.

No More Coplon Fiascoes

SEVERAL BILLS were introduced in the first session of the 83d Congress which would permit the use of wire-tap evidence in cases involving threats to the national security. After committee hearings it was decided, on the basis of testimony heard, that the bills should be rewritten.

We hope the next session will see a satisfactory bill passed, as we have no desire for any repetition of the Judith Coplon trial, in which a conviction for espionage was reversed because part of the evidence was obtained by wire tapping. And if such a bill is enacted, we also hope that the recommendations of Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers will be included.

Mr. Rogers urged that the use of wire taps be limited to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, since it is the "only agency of government charged with investigating offenses against the national security and defense for the purpose of prosecution." He might well have added that the FBI's record of nonpartisan, nonpolitical, tireless and efficient service over the years gives ample assurance that the innocent will not suffer in the process of the bureau's alert protection of the nation's safety.

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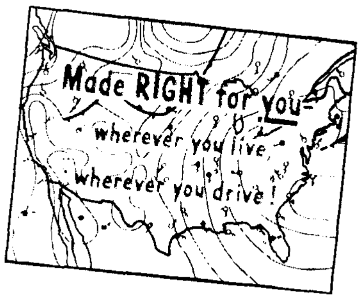

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